

# Fruit Cakes

# Capo 2

Human beings are flawed individuals. The cosmic bakers took us out of the oven a little too early, that's why we're as crazy as we are. We need more Fruitcakes in this world! Less bakers! We need people that care! I'm mad as hell, and I don't wanna take it anymore!

Chorus: -----

C D G C D G

Fruitcakes in the kitchen, fruitcakes on the street  
Struttin' naked through the crosswalk in the middle of the week  
Half-baked cookies in the oven, half baked people on the bus  
There's a little bit of fruitcake left in everyone of us

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Paradise, lost and found. Paradise, take a look around  
I was out in California where I hear they have it all  
They got riots, fires, and mudslides. They got sushi in the mall  
Water bars and brontosaurus, Chinese modern lust  
Shake and bake life with the quake, the secret's in the crust

**Chorus:**

C D G C D G
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Spoken: Speakin' of Fruitcakes, how 'bout the government?

"We lost our martian rocketship", the high-paid spokesman said  
Looks like that silly rocket ship has lost its cone-shaped head  
We spend 90 jillion dollars, tryin' a get a look at Mars  
I hear Universal laughter ringin' out among the stars

**Chorus:**-----

Fruitcakes in the Galaxy, Fruitcakes on the Earth  
Struttin' naked towards Eternity, we've been that way since birth  
Half-baked cookies in the oven, half-baked people on the bus  
There's a little bit of Fruitcake left in everyone of us

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Spoken: Religion, religion, oh there's a thin line between Saturday night and Sunday morning

Mea Cupa mea cupa, mea maxima cupa Mea Cupa mea cupa, mea maxima cupla

Where the church, who took the steeple  
Religion's in the hands of some crazy ass people  
Television preachers with bad hair and dimples  
the gods honest truth is, it's not the simple.

It's the buddhist in you, it's the pagan in me  
it's the muslim in him she's catholic ain't she  
It's that born again look, it's the WASP and the Jew  
Tell me what's going on, I ain't got a clue

CDG CDG

Chorus

Spoken: Here comes the big one – relationships, we all got em, we all want em, what do we do with em. He we go I'll tell ya...

She said you got to do your fair share, now cough up half the rent  
I treat my body like a temple, you treat yours like a tent  
But the right word at the right time, may get me a little hug  
That's the difference between lightning and a harmless lightning bug

Chorus

The future, captains log 2000 and something

We're a few years past the millenium, that's a science fiction fact  
Stanley Kubrick and his buddy Hal, now don't look that abstract  
So I put on my Bob Marley tapes and practice what I preach  
Get jah lost in the reggie mon, as I walk along the beach

Stay in touch with my insanity, really is the only way  
It's a jungle out there kiddies, have a very fruitful day

Chorus

Spread those crumbs around, that's right we want em around. Keep baking baby, keep baking.