

# John Mellencamp

## "Fruit Trader"

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Written by: John Mellencamp

Cain told Abel, "Brother, you'd better get busy  
We got watermelon burnin' up out there in the sun"  
Abel said, "Cain, brother, you're drivin' me silly  
Raisin' up this fruit trader bull, you know it ain't no fun"

We're just yellin' in the dark  
We're just pissin' in the wind  
From underneath the sheets that we pray from  
Better let a little bit of this goodness get in

So Cain rose up and he slay his brother  
The human soul and violence sometimes can be the  
next of kin  
And feelings are real in moments of desperation  
When the lowest dimension of the animal is let in

We're just yellin' in the dark  
We're just pissin' in the wind  
From underneath the sheets that we pray from  
Better let a little bit of this goodness get in

Ain't got no purpose, ain't got no direction, I ain't got  
no morals  
Ain't got no politics, ain't got no particular point of view  
What I've got is plenty of time on my hands, Ol'  
Skinny's playground  
Hey, Lord, tell me again, what you want me to do?

We're just yellin' in the dark  
We're just pissin' in the wind  
From underneath the sheets that we pray from  
Better let a little bit of this beauty  
Better let a little bit of this goodness get in

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