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Dead Beat Punx "Pumpkin Pie"

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I try to put my life in a bag.

Take the first bus anywhere.

You'll probably see a tear escaping from my eye.

Ah you know where to find me my dear, In the dungeons of dreadfulness, Cold and emotionless, watching life pass me by

If I were a fruit I'd be something sour, You'd still be the apple of my eye. And if I had a time machine on nuclear power, Baby you'd still be my pumpkin pie.

I try to put my life in a bag. Take the first bus anywhere. You'll probably see a tear escaping from my eye.

If I were a fruit I'd be something sour, You'd still be the apple of my eye. And if I had a time machine on nuclear power, Baby you'd still be my pumpkin pie.

If I were a fruit I'd be something sour, You'd still be the apple of my eye. And if I had a time machine on nuclear power, Baby you'd still be my pumpkin pie.

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