Tribes "Bad Apple"

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A bathtub with a stranger Made love to a Cajun dancer Then several hours later Life's a little shorter. The drink that overwhelmed me Such confusion owns the beauty A poison for the lonely For all the world to see When you're out of time This bad apple's no friend of mine

So what you want So what you need Cause who you love Aren't what they seem When all you have you got for free The things you do you don't believe The mistakes you've made just never leave When all you have you got for free

A picture of Jesus on your windshield A Sunday afternoon Drive for miles and miles together Just me and you. Wasted out and I feel younger A million miles away The day I die gets a little closer Still here to stay. When you're out of time This bad apple's no friend of mine

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