

Buffett Jimmy

"Fruitcakes"

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You know I was talking to my friend Desdemona the
other day,
She runs the space station and bait shop down near
Boomtown.
She told me that human beings were flawed
individuals, that the cosmic
bakers took us out of the oven a little too early, and I
believe it.

Take for example when you go to the movies these
days.
They try to sell you this jumbo drink 8 extra ounces of
watered down
Cherry Coke for an extra 25 cents, I don't want it, I don't
want that much
organization in my life.
I don't want other people thinking for me.
I want my Junior Mints! Where did Junior Mints go in the
movi?
I don't want a 12lb. Nestles Crunch for 25 dollars.
I want Junior Mints!
We need more fruitcakes in this world.
Less bakers!
We need people that care!
I'm mad as hell and I don't want to take it anymore!!

Chorus:
Fruitcakes in the kitchen
Fruitcakes on the street
Struttin' naked through the crosswalk
In the middle of the week

Halfbaked cookies in the oven
Half baked people on the bus
There's a little bit of fruitcake left in everyone of us.

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 mud slides
They got sushi in the mall
Water bars, Brontosaurus
Chinese modern lust
Shake and bake life with the quake
The secret's in the crust.

Chorus

Speaking of fruitcakes--How 'bout the government,
your tax dollars at work.

We lost our Martian rocket ship
The high paid spokesman said
Looks like that silly rocket ship
Has lost its cone-shaped head

We spend ninety jillion dollars
Trying to get a look at Mars
I hear universal laughter
Ringin out among the stars

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.

Religion, religion. OH there's a thin line between
Saturday night and
Sunday morning.
Here we go now.
All right altar boys.

Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa
Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa

Where's the church, who took the steeple
Religion's in the hands of some crazy ass people
Television preachers with bad hair and dimples
The God's honest truth is it's not that 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 the born again look, it's the WASP and the Jew
Tell me what's goin on I ain't got a clue.

Here come the big ones--Realationships--We all got

'em, we all want 'em.
What do we do with 'em?

Here we go I'll tell ya
She said you've 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 lighting
And a harmless lightning bug.

Chorus

The future--Captain's log--Star date 2000 and sometin'

We're seven years from the millenium
That's a science fiction fact
Stanley Kubrick and his buddy Hal
Now don't look that abstract

So I'll put on my Bob Marley tape
And practice what I preache
Get Jah lost in the reggae 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

That's right. You too. Those crumbs are spread all
around this
universe. I've seen fruitcakes. I saw this guy in Santa
Monica roller
skate naked thru the crosswalk. Down in New Orleans,
in the French market
there are fruitcakes like you cannot believe. New York,
forget it,
fruitcake city. Down island we got fruitcakes. Spread
them crumbs
around. That's right. We want 'em around. Keep bakin'
baby, keep
bakin'!

That's for all you Parrot Heads out there!! :)

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