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Steve Poltz "Forbidden Fruit"

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She hopped in my car Faster than bar time "Honey, would you Like a date?", she said

It wasn't even an original line
And my pants, they tightened
And my face grew taut
And in my mind, my mother said
"You'd better not"

Then again she always told me That I wouldn't like the taste of beer Hmm, and she slid real close to me She said I need not fear

I looked like
I was caught in headlights
With the eyes
Of a lonely deer

Forbidden fruit
I'll scale your thorny vine
To reach the top
I'll scrape and twist my spine

Forbidden fruit
Man, what a joyous meal
It tastes so sweet
I'll even eat the peel

If they told me that I shouldn't Then I would Man, bad must mean good Bad, bad, good

She thrust a tape
In my cassette deck
She seemed a little eager
I said, "This sounds
Just like a, a T.V. ad"
She said it was Bob Seger

And the smoke danced Loops from a cigarette And her fingernails Were silver like a shiny jet

And her lipstick stained The filter as she twirled it Like a pink roulette wheel, hmm

"And would you like a gamble?"
She said, "Let's go back to my flat
For a extra fifty dollars
I'll make you purr like an atomic cat"

Forbidden fruit
I'll scale your thorny vine
To reach the top
I'll scrape and twist my spine

Forbidden fruit
Man, what a joyous meal
It tastes so sweet
I'll even eat the peel

If they told me that I shouldn't Then I would Man, bad must mean good Bad, bad, good

We sat on her floor Connected like a human train I talked on and on, about my life Her interest, she just feigned

As she layed me Down on a single bed And the roof dripped Rain all around my head

And my ankles They filled with beads of sweat And the money Looked so green, hmm

And she looked right through me As if I were her window And when we both were empty The neon left an eerie glow

Forbidden fruit

I'll scale your thorny vine To reach the top I'll scrape and twist my spine

Forbidden fruit Man, what a joyous meal It tastes so sweet I'll even eat the peel

If they told me that I shouldn't Then I would Man, bad must mean good Why does bad always feel so good?

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