

Fruitcakes

Jimmy Buffett

(Spoken:)

"You know I was talking to my friend Desdemona the other day she runs this space station and bake shop down near Boomtown. She told me that human beings are flawed individuals. The cosmic bakers took us out of the oven a little too early. And that's the reason we're as crazy as we are and I believe it." "Take for example when you go to the movies these days, you know.

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 the Junior Mints go in the movies. I don't want a 12 lb. Nestle's crunch for 25 dollars. I

WANT JUNIOR MINTS!"

"We need more fruitcakes in this world and 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 in the kitchen)

Fruitcakes on the street (Fruitcakes on the street)

Struttin' naked through the crosswalk

In the middle of the week

Half-baked cookies in the oven (Cookies in the oven)

Half-baked people on the bus (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, mud slides

They've got sushi in the mall

Water bars, brontasaurs, chinese modern lust

Shake and bake life with the quake

The secret's in the crust

Chorus:

Fruitcakes in the kitchen (Fruitcakes in the kitchen)

Fruitcakes on the street (Fruitcakes on the street)

Struttin' naked through the crosswalk

In the middle of the week

Half-baked cookies in the oven (Cookies in the oven)

Half-baked people on the bus (People on the bus)

There's a little bit of fruitcake left in everyone of us (Spoken:)

"Speakin' 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 spent 90 jillion dollars trying to get a look at Mars
I hear universal laughter ringing out among the stars
Chorus:
Fruitcakes in the galaxy (Fruitcakes in the galaxy)
Fuitcakes on the earth (Fruitcakes on the earth)
Struttin' naked towards eternity
We've been that way since birth
Half-baked cookies in the oven (Cookies in the oven)
Half-baked people on the bus (People on the bus)
There's a little bit of fruitcake left in everyone of us (Spoken:)
"Religion! Religion! Oh, there's a thin line between Saturday
night and Sunday morning. Here we go now.
Alright, alter boys." Mea Culpa Mea Culpa Mea Maxima Culpa
Mea Culpa Mea Culpa Mea Maxima Culpa Where's the church, who took the steeple
Religion is 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 its the WASP and the Jew
Tell me what's goin on, I ain't gotta clue (Spoken:)
"Now here comes the big ones. Relationships! We all got 'em, we
all want 'em. What do we do with 'em?
Here we go, I'll tell ya." She said you gotta 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 lightning
And a harmless lightnin' bug
Chorus:
Fruitcakes in the kitchen (Fruitcakes in the kitchen)
Fruitcakes on the street (Fruitcakes on the street)
Struttin' naked through the crosswalk
In the middle of the week
Half-baked cookies in the oven (Cookies in the oven)
Half-baked people on the bus (People on the bus)
There's a little bit of fruitcake left in everyone of us (Spoken:)
"The future. Captain's log, stardate two thousand and something." 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 preach
Get Jah lost in the reggae mon
As I walk along the beach
Stay in touch with my insanity really is the only way

Its a jungle out there kiddies
Have a very fruitful day
Hey.Chorus:
Fruitcakes in the kitchen (Fruitcakes in the kitchen)
Fruitcakes on the street (Fruitcakes on the street)
Struttin' naked through the crosswalk
In the middle of the week
Half-baked cookies in the oven (Cookies in the oven)
Half-baked people on the bus (People on the bus)
There's a little bit of fruitcake left in everyone of us(Spoken:)
"That's right, you too. Yeah those crumbs are spread all around
this universe. I've seen fruitcakes. I saw this guy in Santa
Monica rollerskate naked through 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've got
fruitcakes. Spread them crumbs around. That's right, we want
'em around. Keep bakin' baby. Keep bakin'."

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>