

I eat a mango and I'm feeling like a little honey can roll  
Star fruit so simple and I'm feeling like a little honey can roll  
How could I feel so-so when I'm feeling like a little honey can roll  
Tart but not total and I'm feeling like a little honey can roll

When I was young I thought fruit was an infinite thing  
I'd be sad to wake up and find all of my cherries are charred or they're rot  
ted to ruin

It seems we all can't last  
Oh Pink Lady your days so distinguished are a movement so fluid  
So smooth against my palm  
Reminisce of the days when they all praised your sweet Red Delicious

When a farmer picks a good thing (When you think you don't know you don't know what comes next)  
Then a kid he picks a good thing (When you think you don't know you don't know what comes next)  
Then a chef she makes a good thing (When you think you don't know you don't know what comes next)  
Then a mayor eats a good thing (When you think you don't know you don't know what comes next)

Ripe and whole we can move outside us

Take for me take for me pictures of valleys with lemons hung  
Dangling dangling they will be released every little piece does make a one  
Brown on the ground can you show me a way I can simplify  
Comfort me comfort me after the battles and sleepless nights

I'm just a rush  
Rush to blow upon the fire  
You're just a rush  
Rush to blow open my mind

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When I want fruit I can find it wherever I please  
What if I crack my eyes and find dudes on the street waiting in lines or scr  
ounging for berries?

I'm losing things so fast  
One day maybe I'll have a cool kid with a Granny but I don't have a pose for  
applesauce on clothes  
Reminisce of the days when my mom made it all seem delicious

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Why should I rush?  
Rush to blow upon the fire  
Why do I rush?  
Rush to blow upon the fire

One the eagle  
Two the noble  
Three the lizard  
Four the soul