

# Bad Apples

Guns N' Roses

Diamonds and fast cars  
Money to burn  
I got my head in the clouds  
I got these thoughts to churn  
Got my feet in the sand  
I got a house on the hill  
I got a headache like a mother  
Twice the price of my thrills

And it's a cold day, it's a continental drift  
I said this traffic is hell  
Can you give me a lift  
And I'll try to paint a story  
Got your pictures to tell  
Yeah you got to make a living  
With what you bring yourself to sell

I got some genuine  
Imitation  
Bad apples  
Free sample  
For your peace o' mind  
Only \$9.95  
I got my camera back from customs  
Got my law fees up to date  
Hell they must've seen me comin'  
Ain't this life so fuckin' great

When the shit hit the fan  
It was all I could stand  
Yeah, well I'm a frequent flyer  
My body's breathing while it can  
But what I don't understand is that  
My world ain't gettin' no brighter

If I could touch the sky  
Well I would float on by  
While everybody's talkin'  
Hell I'm just another guy  
If it were up to me  
I'd say just leave me be  
Why let one bad apple  
Spoil the whole damn bunch

Gold and caviar  
Now whyn't you pour my apathy  
I'd have all my bases covered  
If I could teach my hands to see  
But now we're down in the deep end  
Where they'd love to watch you drown  
I said your laundry could use washing  
We'll hang it up all over town

I said Hollywood's like a dryer  
An we're down on sunset strip  
An you'll be suckin' down the clorox  
'Til your life's all nice and crisp

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Boy