

# Mason Proper, My My (Bad Fruit)

All the waterfalls kick up the mist and lay the haze  
on some little island off the coast of un muy hermoso bay  
And the Mexicans married the box and Remedios  
Tragically, she ended after an apocalyptic dose  
My my, oh you sad, sad satellite  
Godspeed rotten apple of my eye  
Bad fruit, you're a waste of space in the jar  
My my, can't you say goodbye?  
All the clouds came down, dressed up in heat lightning and slacks  
They filed in the amphitheater bantering in social packs  
And the maestro (the conductor) frowned, noting the audience all adults  
suddenly conducted a symphony of a billion volts  
My my, oh you sad, sad satellite  
Godspeed rotten apple of my eye  
Bad fruit, you're a waste of space in the jar  
My my, can't you say goodbye?  
Every window crashed, shattered down from every skyscraper  
within the city limits.  
Oh, what a day. Oh, what a din it's been.  
And the office ogres all turned to granite  
as the unfiltered sunlight hit them for the first time ever  
and the last time.  
So we wait for day to come  
but the sun won't show it's face  
and our bodies grow indistinct  
til we all just fade away.