

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.