

# Daiquiri, Everything's Ruined

Things worked out better  
Than we had planned  
Capital from boy, woman and man

We were like ink and paper  
Numbers on a calculator  
Knew arithmetic so well

Working overtime  
Completed what was assigned  
We had to multiply ourselves

A bouncing little baby  
A shiny copper penny

And he spent himself  
Would not listen to us  
But when he lost his appetite  
He lost his weight in friends

Baby became a fat nickel so fast  
Then came puberty, exponentially  
Soon our boy became a million

People loved him so  
And helped him to grow  
Everyone knew the  
Thing that was best  
Of course, he must invest

A penny won't do, no (x4)

And he made us proud  
He made us rich  
And how were we to know  
He's counterfeit

Now everything's ruined, yeah (x8)