

# One Bad Apple

G D A D  
Farmer Dan was an orchard man, he loved his daughter, he **loved his land**

G D E A  
He loved to work that fertile ground, his cider was the best around.

D A D  
And all it takes is one bad apple, one bad apple, one bad apple  
A D A D  
All it takes is one bad apple, to ruin that batch of cider.

Honey Gold was pure and sweet, so firm of flesh, so ruby-cheeked,  
So ripe and ready, oh me oh my, she was the apple of her daddy's eye.

An abandoned farm across the row was a place where all the wild things grow,  
They'd gone to seed, they turned to weed, and they were known to interbreed.

Pippen was a feral child. He grew up fast; he grew up wild.  
So full of sap, so young and bold, said "I want a piece of Honey Gold.  
And I'm going to be that one bad apple, that one bad apple, that one bad apple.  
I'm going to be that one bad apple that finally gets inside her."

It might have been the vernal wind, or the birds and the bees through the apple trees;  
But it was fate, they could not wait; they just had to cross pollenate.

Dan tried in vain, but he could not hide her. That wild strain got in the cider.  
But the fruit was sweet, and the yield got bigger. You just can't beat that hybrid vigor.  
All it took was one bad apple, one bad apple, one bad apple.  
All it took was one wild apple to sweeten up the cider.

Intro hook/V1C1V2C2/hook/V3C3V4C4/hook/V5C5C6V6/outro hook