Bad Apple

Scott Matthews

Bad apple, rotten and dried
You can taste the demise in the bite.
No friends, you barely begun,
The worm and his army's arrived.

You wished the branch that grew strong
Would've helped you along in the queue.
Instead, you're left on your own,
Wasted and tasteless are you.

Stagnant with infested regret,
No longer a taste to pursue.
I fell some time ago,
I wasn't ready to roll and be bruised.

My core's been under attack
And the thing that I lacked was a shield.
No fight and unable to cry
'Cause my juices had dried in the field.

Oh well.

I land my feet in the dirt,
So is this the moment for me?
To take root and cast a shade in the sun,
Rise like a big apple tree.

Oh, well, maybe it's meant to be,
Buried amongst dead leaves,
Biding my time 'til the dirt takes hold of me.
It was hell, but now there's a tale to tell,
The sun sent a card to get well.
The bad apple's broken the spell.

Bad apple, rotten and dried,
That's what they used to call me.
Bad apple, rotten and dried.

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