

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)