Pavement

Stolen Apple

It was on sale
for such a longtime
Tommy was the next
at the 1st of June

White violent light a crack in the night
empty wagons line
A tier smile

The grass grew up
along the railwaytracks
Jude was getting thinner
at the end of May
The banker rode
his white big horse
Little Jack said
Motherfucker!of course

Blue silken sky
and yellow straw
the glasses still break
on a dirty bowl
Winds blow the hay
against the fence
The white big horse
Begins his dance

Lyrics Submitted by Alessandro Pagani

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