

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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