

Red Apple Falls

Smog

The widow says

It's hard to live

With a man

A man like me

The widow says

It's hard to live

On the lonely version of love I give
And I've seen the way her eyes light up
When she looks at the man in a family way
He's made of iron and he knows the way
And when I think about my brother dying
And my parents trying
To slowly do themselves in
Inch by inch, day by day
And the telephone's ring
Is like a banshee wail
The widow says I broke her first
Of course I say, just the reverse
And we can't get past this
Something she did
On the 14th of June
Because of something I said
On the 13th of June
And we can't get past this
And if we could lock our lips
And block our noses
And swim beneath the barriers
And come up clean
On the other side
But we can't get past this

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