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 giveAnd 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 wayAnd 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 wailThe widow says I broke her first
Of course I say, just the reverse
And we cant get past thisSomething she did
On the 14th of june
Because of something I said
On the 13th of june
And we can't get past thisAnd 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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