

Bobbing for Apples

Regina Spektor

Bobbing for apples in Somalia
The man with the iron curtain is following you
No one's coming for tea-time except my own holy ghost
You're somewhere far, probably drinking a whiskey
I'm dating Jack Daniels and Caleb's with Miss Nikki Tine
Nachos with cocoa -- hey, to each his own
Lovely people, lovely places
I can't remember names and I can't remember faces
Someone next door's fucking to one of my songs
Hey light fixture, you are much too bright
Oh, won't you stay with me through the night?
Just grab a pillow tight
And wait for the dizziness to pass
Rock and roll, you ate my soul
You sucked dry my bones but you spit out my mole
I'll always opt to fall down these stairs in the end
Lovely people, lovely places
Drunken faces, slurring their phrases
I'll always opt to fall down these stairs in the end
You're so jealous, I'm so lonely
You'll never forgive me but I love you only
I'll always opt to fall down these stairs in the end
Someone next door's fucking to one of my songs...

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