

# 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 doors fucking to one of my songs...

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