

Green Apples

Bracket

I really don't like the taste
Of all those green apples
They don't seem to go away
I am tired of seeing All of those green apples
I run into everyday They are the cause of my troubles and pain
They are the reason for the wind and rain
I wish they all were dead
Why can't I just paint them red? I really don't like the taste
Of all those green apples
They don't seem to go away
I am tired of seeing All of those green apples
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They are the reason for the wind and rain
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Why can't I just paint them red?

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