

# 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 seeingAll of those green apples  
I run into everydayThey 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 seeingAll of those green apples  
I run into everydayThey 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?

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