

Apple Carts

Damon Albarn

Pull the apple carts
Up from silvery hill
Higher until heaven revealed
On the out of dawn, respawn To great authority
Singing hallelujah hallelujah
Love does reign
In the kingdom of the broken heart
The blackbird sings
And the moon it laughs
As war begins, dance
Now burn the apple carts
Burn them until a great fire begins
To glow in the sky
There beneath the stones, recharge
From great austerity
Raining down from above
Distant is love
Our distain In the kingdom of the broken heart
A blackbird sings
And the sun it laughs
As war begins, dance Pull the apple carts high up on the hill
Set the cores alight
A sea of glass is real
Pass the barley out to prevailing winds
Where it lands and grows
The blackbird will sin

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