

The Apple Stretching

Grace Jones

The sun comes swaggering across the harbor
And kisses the lady waiting in the narrows
And she already plenty shaky stands there
Blushing, clutching the torch of liberty
Uptown Luigi who don't speak English so good
Is having an accident
Backing his dump truck into the fence
The tin cans go clattering down the lane
A drowsy bum thinks it's thunder
And pulls the news over his head to stop the rain
No, it ain't Judgment Day
No, it ain't Armageddon
It's just the apple stretching and yawning
Just morning
New York putting its feet on the floor
It's just the apple stretching and yawning
Just morning
New York putting its feet on the floor
Suburban refugees fleeing the cracked cisterns
Worm ridden fruit trees stream out Grand Central
Pleased to be breathing bagels and pollution
In Time Square new graffiti, old revolutions
A bag lady is cursing the waiter for giving her a free coffee
Lucky he's a Jesus freak moonlighting
At the Acme discount store over in Queens
The burglar alarm starts to scream
A cop whips out his gun, fires one and yells, "Freeze!"
No, it ain't World War IV
No, it ain't World War IV
It's just the apple stretching and yawning
Just morning
New York putting its feet on the floor
Nearby the Hudson a hooker makes a U
To help a blind man to his pew in the park
Some long ago home training jars the memory
The bag lady says, "Thank you" and curtsies
The herd of beaten tourists limp homeward
Having bitten off more than they could chew
Moaning them old big city blues
Miss Liberty depicts her qualms and grins
Another subway starts rattling
And Luigi's cans go clattering down the hill
No, it ain't some kind of ill wind
No, it ain't the world coming to an end
Just the apple stretching and yawning
Just morning
New York putting its feet on the floor
It's just the apple stretching and yawning
Just morning
New York putting its feet on the floor
Sunny New York

Sunny New York

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