

These Apples

Barenaked Ladies

A friend brought me flowers, she said, "They were lilacs"
But I've never been good with plants
Her next presentation, a new dictionary
She'd circled the word "Romance"
So enthusiastic, a little bit drastic
I shaved her name in my head
And as she beheld it, she said, "I misspelled it"
Need more be said These apples are delicious
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free? She wrote me a letter as big as a phone book
I've never been big on mail
I sent her a postcard from somewhere near lethebridge
And wondered if it still went by rail
I've never been frightened of being enlightened
But some things can go too far
Though sometimes I stammer and mix up my grammar
You get what my meanings are These apples are delicious
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free? I'm not tryin' to sing a love song, I'm tryin' to sing in tune
I know I am sometimes headstrong
Falling in love, catching fire, I wanna be consumed
Wondering will I ever tire, will I ever tire, will I ever tire? These apples are delicious
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free?

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