

# Apple. Apples.

## Trophy Scars

Like the doctors  
We wanted to fix your heart  
Well my baby and I dance in my kitchen  
My baby is like a doctor  
She cures me when I'm sick Well... And you all are all the little doctors  
And I'm a doctor  
We're the same  
We're the same It's not our fault we're to blame  
It's our songs  
It's your job  
It's the place where we're from Some will notice some wont  
Some care but most don't  
We know how it goes  
But we defiantly don't. Yeah, and its true  
We're shallow and scared but its cool  
And I know that it's cold  
And its cold all-alone in our houses  
When our houses are houses not homes Ask your parents your friends your siblings yourself  
Why we wait so damn long to ask for some help  
My sister Samantha reads books in her room While I keep my door is locked when I'm writing for you  
Like my best friends  
You can tell I haven't been myself  
Myself is you as a writer and other writers Like a writer you second guess  
Every time you guess  
We keep guessing till our little heart stops  
Then it stops And it's in the people you see at work everyday  
It's in the people in the streets  
Or in homes everyday It's in my girlfriend on the phone in her bed at night  
It's in your boyfriend in the halls at your school  
Am I right? And if we're lucky to have met them and have something to share  
We get so wrapped up in timing  
Location and what's fair You love it or you hate it  
And it's somewhat the same  
You're living and dying like everything  
Everyday We got problems  
Yeah we got cancer  
We lose our girlfriends  
Our mothers our brothers Then we gain some friends and we love them for them  
And we'll be great parents great uncles, cousins

Our hearts are little clocks screaming "TICK tock  
Tick tock!" We go tick-tick tick tock  
Yeah we all tick tock tick tock  
An Apple is an apple  
And an apple is the same  
And an apple a day keeps these nightmares away.

Lyrics provided by  
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