The Apple Tree

Squeeze

Power station by the river
Grinding slowly to a stop
Clock still ticking on the mantle
Flames still flicker on the log
Coffee brewing in the kitchen
Where the door is open wide
Glass upon a hovered carpet
Eyes are glowing in the nightIt's the silence you can see
Hearing shadows behind meAll the buildings standing empty
All the trains are standing still
Cars are scattered by the roadside
There's no top upon the hill
Nails have scratched upon the outside
Of the empty chapel door
But i don't think that the fatherWants to live there anymore
There's no bone for you to pick
No more wax around the wickShot the arrow from the circle
At the apple on the tree
From a garden that was eden
Strange the fruit it bears for me
And the wind will spread the fire
And the rain will ever fall
If no one reads the writing
That's been written on the wallUnderneath the apple tree
There's a ghost who waits for meThe apple tree shakes its arms
Its fruit falls
Its fruits are tasting strange
The apple tree is shaking

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