

# Red Apples

## Smog

I went down to the river  
To meet the widow  
She gave me an apple  
It was red I slept in her black arms for a century  
She wanted nothing in return  
I gave her nothing in return  
I gave her nothing in return The ghost of her husband  
Beautiful as a horse  
Pulled up an apple cart  
Full of millions of red apples for us

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