Apples

Kate Martin

Summer slips away
Like a patient on death row
And your eyes will turn to blue
In the reflection of the moon and I'm
Sorry I'm not with you
Even though I'm lying in your arms

If Option A is B
And Option B is hold me close
And if Option C is B
I guess I'm left here to make up my mind
I'm sorry I won't look you in the eye

Chorus

Ooh, I'm coming home for the weekend
Ooh, not to stay
Ooh, we built this bridge as big as Brooklyn
Ooh, it's gonna burn, tonight

Once upon a time
This nightmare was an aspiration
And I recall the days
When I could run away if I wanted
Now life is gonna feed me to the wolves

Lyrics submitted by Andrew Brown.

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