

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Andrew Brown.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>