

The Worm in Every Apple

Kevin Devine

Seems like every bird I see sings her siren song for me
Though there's music sounding sweetly in my home
And I admit I get confused by each arbitrary muse
But every dog is duty bound to chase his bone
Seems like everywhere I look there's another scheming crook
In a posture I know closely as my own
And I'm trying to address it, but I'm good at making messes
So snap the bracelets, I'm confessing, cut my throat
And I thought it'd quiet down by now
Yeah, I thought it'd all just straighten out
But I can see i was mistaken
Nothing settles
Nothing's sacred
Just the whole truth sitting sour in my mouth
And I thought it'd quiet down, you know
Yeah, I thought it'd all just sorta slow
But passivity is reckless
When it's true love you're protecting
You're the worm in every apple, laying low
Seems like every bird I see sings her siren song for me