

Eve Stole the Apple

Abigail Washburn

Old folks told me you're not coming home.
Old folks told me gotta move along.
Like a ripe ol' fruit on a borrowed vine
I hang around, oh, lord, I hang around.

Eve stole the apple from the tree good lord
I know she could be me, I know she could be me

Big brother told me I got something wrong.
Big brother told me sing a different song.
Like a tolling bell in its final hour
I'll make a sound, oh, lord, I'll make one sound.

Another man done gone he sang this song good lord
I know he could be me, I know he could be me

'Round the mountain there's another shore.
'Round the corner there's another door.
Like a bleeding man on his native soil
I'll stand my ground, oh lord, I'll stand my ground.

They nailed him to the cross for no sin good lord'
I know he could be me, I know he could be me

They nailed him to the cross
Another man done gone
Eve stole the apple
from the tree good lord
I know she could be me
I know she could be me
I know she could be me