

## These Apples

### Barenaked Ladies

A friend brought me flowers, she said they were lilacs,  
But I've never been good with plants.  
Her next presentation, a new dictionary,  
She circled the word "romance".

So enthusiastic, a little bit drastic,  
I shaved her name in my head.  
As she beheld it, she said I misspelled it;  
Need more be said?

These apples are delicious!  
"As a matter of fact they are," she said  
Can all this fruit be free?

She wrote me a letter as big as a phone book,  
I've never been big on mail.  
I sent her a postcard from somewhere near Lethbridge,  
And wondered if it still went by rail.

I've never been frightened of being enlightened,  
But some things can go too far.  
Though sometimes I stammer and mix up my grammar,  
You get what my meanings are.

These apples are delicious!  
"As a matter of fact they are," she said  
Can all this fruit be free?

I'm not trying to sing a love song, I'm trying to sing in tune.  
I know I am sometimes headstrong,  
Falling in love, catching fire, I want to be consumed.  
Wondering will I ever tire, will I ever tire?

These apples are delicious!  
"As a matter of fact they are," she said  
Can all this fruit be free?