

## Milk and Apples

Jets to Brazil

now she's milk and she's apples  
you're scotch and segregation  
lips like molasses  
you're smiling saccharine sidewalks

crashing the car just to make a connection each week  
greasing the palm of the grease monkey keep it discreet

while she types and she answers  
you pay for information  
wonder what are the chances  
just pray there's conversation

taking your faith past her desk on a mid day drive  
radio filling aborting your mission drive by

you're in the bathroom playing dead  
i just know numbers now i'm feeling  
what am i feeling what am i feeling and what i feeling  
i can't cut though to you

caught yourself while undressing  
nude in a cold reflection  
hands probe assessing  
slow pills to change the painting

running the ship over rocks as the sirens sing storms  
taking the water to heart as you make for the shore

she's milk and apples  
and i'm on nine