

# Apple

Julia Michaels

Oh, I'd rather be kissing in Summer, somewhere in the sand  
In your apartment on the weekends  
Lift up my dress to see where you've been  
That's what I want and that's where I am  
Bite off an apple right from your fridge  
Come here and taste it right off my lips  
Spill your emotions into my hands  
That's what I want

I smell like a rose, can I have you in doses?  
No, I don't wanna fight, but I will if you like  
I don't swim, I just dive right into those blue-green eyes  
No, I don't wanna fight, I just, I just wanna be

Kissing in Summer, somewhere in the sand  
In your apartment on the weekends  
Lift up my dress to see where you've been  
That's what I want and that's where I am  
Bite off an apple right from your fridge  
Come here and taste it right off my lips  
Spill your emotions into my hands  
That's what I want

And da da da da da da  
The sun in our eyes, this love is blind  
Let's not decide whether we're too far gone  
'Cause I'd rather be

Kissing in Summer, somewhere in the sand  
In your apartment on the weekends  
Lift up my dress to see where you've been  
That's what I want and that's where I am  
Bite off an apple right from your fridge  
Come here and taste it right off my lips  
Spill your emotions into my hands  
That's what I want (that's what I want)

Oh oh, oh, oh da-da-dum  
That's what I  
Dum da-da-dum, oh  
That's what I