

Apricots

Lisa Mitchell

You will find me
In the fruit trees
With the dappled light
On my legs
The ground far below
The apricots are warm

And the man at the party
Said most of love
Is letting it go
And I remembered crying
When I first fell for you

So I think I knew
I think I mourned you
I think I knew
I was always going to lose you

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I think I mourned you
I think I knew
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