

Apple Tree

Marika Hackman

Here I hang from the apple tree
Oh, take a little bite, take a bite for me
The pain, it keeps me sane for I am more than a taste

The taste in the mouths of the starving crowds
Oh, pulling at the leaves, pulling off to me
In feet first, the savage thirst
Oh leave me be, leave me be

Leave me be, I'm tired
I feel so damn cold
Hold me like a child
'Cause I feel so damn old
I got so damn old

Here I hang for the sated crowd
To look upon my eyes, look upon my mouth
And say "we were there that day
I saw a face, heard a sound"

But now I sit where they used to be
A quiet little scene of an apple tree
White roots and balanced fruit
The winter glowed on her leaves

Hold me like a child
'Cause I feel so damn cold
Bind me like I'm wild
'Cause I feel so damn old
I got so damn old
And I feel so damn old
I got so damn old