

Apple Tree

Tall Heights

In truth, it's like the garden of a careless man
Unaffected by a mortal hand, yet perfectly tended
In bloom
Wild flourish of forgotten land
Like Eden couldn't find a garden hand
When paradise ended
Soon, while I assumed the harvest compromised
The brilliant chaos had me so surprised
By the fruits it extended

Well, time grows strange like an apple tree
Still I toil and I pine, I pine
Unknown and sung like a melody

Womb awakened her with life again
Like a river through a holy land
The conflict it's holding
And who's there? The glow of laughter just beyond the door?
The heartache stopped when sorrow cut it short
With her blood on the pine floor

Well, time grows strange like an apple tree
Still I toil and I pine, I pine
Unknown and sung like a melody someone else will write

La da da da da da
And it's playing without sound on the airplane seat backs now
The displays are ranging, calm then crazy
I look round and round for weather

Whether time grows strange like an apple tree
Still I hope, but I am fine, I'm fine
Unknown, it's unlike most anything, so it must be mine

So it must be mine