

Pine Away

The Apples In Stereo

Evening, the sky is glowing
underneath us the grass is slowing down
on its way up to the sun.

Lying around devoting
time to watching the stars exploding
on into space one by one.

Takes me to a distant place and time
this is not the first time I have pined.
Puts me in a distant state of mind,
this is not the first time I have pined,
I pine away.

I love the older people,
they seem to live in a world of simple life
where simple pleasures still belong.

Years past, they contemplated
how the world was less complicated
years before they came along.

Takes me to a distant place and time
this is not the first time I have pined.
Puts me in a distant state of mind,
this is not the first time I have pined,

I pine after my home, the yard
the olden days, the faraway
weird star that rained over it all

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time to watching the stars exploding
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Takes me to a distant place and time
this is not the first time I have pined.
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this is not the first time I have pined,
I pine away...