

The Apple

Hannah Fury

So blame me
But you didn't see me do it
Poor baby, please
Trouble has always grown on trees
So blame me
But you didn't see me do it
Poor baby, please
Trouble has always grown on trees
And I don't care what you say to me
Ha!
I don't even like blue eyes
They're usually too light
I don't even like things that are so bright
I can't stand the glare
So take this if you dare
Then you can belong to me
And you can be wrong for me
So blame me
But you didn't see me do it
Poor baby, please
Trouble has always grown on trees
I don't care what you say
You're just being fake
I'm telling the truth
Like I do always
You'd do it too, if you were brave
The sweetest things are often laced
And you can be wrong for me
Mirror, mirror on the wall
If I can't have one, I'll take them all
I'll take Gael Garcia Bernal
I'll take a man that I can haunt
And who can be wrong for me
Who will be all wrong for me