

# The Appleblossom Rag

Josh Ritter

Where's the queen of my parade?  
She ain't coming back.  
The only thing she left me is  
This appleblossom rag

Oh, the appleblossom rag  
Oh, such sweet refrain  
Hid underneath the chords, the thorns  
That cause such awful pain.

This new gang's the gang for me  
Always on the town  
Oh, the stories I could tell  
If I felt like it now.

This new gang's the gang for me  
I know all of their names  
And they know mine and them that don't  
All love me just the same.

Oh, the appleblossom rag  
Oh, for such a knife  
That from my blood could love unbraid  
Without taking my life.

This new girl's the girl for me  
Best girl that I know.  
Never asks me where I've been  
Or when I'm coming home.

This new girl's got a real fork-tongue  
I love the way she lies.  
A false young painted devil  
But, I know so it's alright.

Oh, that appleblossom rag  
Lord, I'm such a fool  
For things that sing so sweet and sad  
And are so goddamn cruel.

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