

# Apples From a Tree

Mark Lanegan

Plucking apples from a tree  
And roses from the ground  
I am up in the air  
Never to come down

You are the part of me I lacked  
The mother I never knew  
The love I never had  
I came up on the streets  
Always doing bad

What would I leave behind  
Our memories to sell  
You singing me to sleep  
Always doing well

We won't meet again  
In this life or anymore  
I'm too far out at sea  
And you are on the shore

Good night, my love, good night  
Mind the way you go  
Going home tonight  
You will be alone  
I have taken flight

Plucking apples from a tree  
And roses from the ground  
I'm high up in the air  
And never coming down