

# Apple of His Eye

Seth Lakeman

The old man took one final sip, then lay a drinker's dream  
From dusty vaults to autumn sun in ripe and rolling green  
Spangled bronze and coral red, all crown a pungent sky  
His harvest bleeds from noble trees and a thousand ripples fly

Chorus:

Sweet summer sun  
Those drops of labour run  
And shine,  
Like the apple of his eye

For days and weeks, in blistering heat  
These fruits will bruise and sigh  
Orchard love and cider blood  
Will drink the season dry  
These presses grind, they creak and crush  
One vat for every day  
Fever burns and barrels churn  
Ferment the words she laid  
Chorus: