

Apple. Apples.

Trophy Scars

Like the doctors
We wanted to fix your heart
Well my baby and I dance in my kitchen
My baby is like a doctor
She cures me when I'm sick

Well... And you all are all the little doctors
And I'm a doctor
We're the same
We're the same

It's not our fault we're to blame
It's our songs
It's your job
It's the place where we're from

Some will notice some wont
Some care but most don't
We know how it goes
But we defiantly don't.

Yeah, and its true
We're shallow and scared but its cool
And I know that it's cold
And its cold all-alone in our houses
When our houses are houses not homes

Ask your parents your friends your siblings yourself
Why we wait so damn long to ask for some help
My sister Samantha reads books in her room

While I keep my door is locked when I'm writing for you
Like my best friends
You can tell I haven't been myself
Myself is you as a writer and other writers

Like a writer you second guess
Every time you guess
We keep guessing till our little heart stops
Then it stops

And it's in the people you see at work everyday
It's in the people in the streets
Or in homes everyday

It's in my girlfriend on the phone in her bed at night
It's in your boyfriend in the halls at your school
Am I right?

And if we're lucky to have met them and have something to share
We get so wrapped up in timing
Location and what's fair

You love it or you hate it
And it's somewhat the same
You're living and dying like everything
Everyday

We got problems
Yeah we got cancer
We lose our girlfriends
Our mothers our brothers

Then we gain some friends and we love them for them
And we'll be great parents great uncles, cousins
Our hearts are little clocks screaming "TICK tock
Tick tock!"

We go tick-tick tick tock
Yeah we all tick tock tick tock
An Apple is an apple
And an apple is the same
And an apple a day keeps these nightmares away.