

# Eve Stole the Apple

Abigail Washburn

Old folks told me you're not coming home.  
Old folks told me gotta move along.  
Like a ripe ol' fruit on a borrowed vine  
I hang around, oh, lord, I hang around.

Eve stole the apple from the tree good lord  
I know she could be me, I know she could be me

Big brother told me I got something wrong.  
Big brother told me sing a different song.  
Like a tolling bell in its final hour  
I'll make a sound, oh, lord, I'll make one sound.

Another man done gone he sang this song good lord  
I know he could be me, I know he could be me

'Round the mountain there's another shore.  
'Round the corner there's another door.  
Like a bleeding man on his native soil  
I'll stand my ground, oh lord, I'll stand my ground.

They nailed him to the cross for no sin good lord'  
I know he could be me, I know he could be me

They nailed him to the cross  
Another man done gone  
Eve stole the apple  
from the tree good lord  
I know she could be me  
I know she could be me  
I know she could be me