

These Apples

Barenaked Ladies

A friend brought me flowers, she said they were lilacs,
But I've never been good with plants.
Her next presentation, a new dictionary,
She circled the word "romance".

So enthusiastic, a little bit drastic,
I shaved her name in my head.
As she beheld it, she said I misspelled it;
Need more be said?

These apples are delicious!
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free?

She wrote me a letter as big as a phone book,
I've never been big on mail.
I sent her a postcard from somewhere near Lethbridge,
And wondered if it still went by rail.

I've never been frightened of being enlightened,
But some things can go too far.
Though sometimes I stammer and mix up my grammar,
You get what my meanings are.

These apples are delicious!
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free?

I'm not trying to sing a love song, I'm trying to sing in tune.
I know I am sometimes headstrong,
Falling in love, catching fire, I want to be consumed.
Wondering will I ever tire, will I ever tire?

These apples are delicious!
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free?