

The Appleblossom Rag

Josh Ritter

Where's the queen of my parade?
She ain't coming back.
The only thing she left me is
This appleblossom rag

Oh, the appleblossom rag
Oh, such sweet refrain
Hid underneath the chords, the thorns
That cause such awful pain.

This new gang's the gang for me
Always on the town
Oh, the stories I could tell
If I felt like it now.

This new gang's the gang for me
I know all of their names
And they know mine and them that don't
All love me just the same.

Oh, the appleblossom rag
Oh, for such a knife
That from my blood could love unbraid
Without taking my life.

This new girl's the girl for me
Best girl that I know.
Never asks me where I've been
Or when I'm coming home.

This new girl's got a real fork-tongue
I love the way she lies.
A false young painted devil
But, I know so it's alright.

Oh, that appleblossom rag
Lord, I'm such a fool
For things that sing so sweet and sad
And are so goddamn cruel.

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For things that sing so sweet and sad
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