

# Come Bite the Apple

Mother Love Bone

I said, how did I get here?  
What song did I sing, yeah?  
And just what have I done  
To deserve such a thing?

You said, I heard all that before  
So won't you give it up, baby  
And stop using me, boy  
I've heard all that before

So bring me an apple, I'm crying  
I've been persecuted like a dying man

The spirit provides me  
In a show, no mean martyr days, yeah  
The spirit it gives  
But it also can take away, yeah yeah

You say, I heard all that before  
So won't you give it up, baby  
And stop using me, boy  
I've heard all that before  
Take a trip on the other side of hell

So come bite the apple, I'm run down  
Like Sodom to Gomorrah, all dead now, all dead now, all dead now

So please stop to laugh and pity me  
My soul means well, but I'm sorry  
My skin, it is weathered  
And I'm nervous, yes, I am  
My future was in my hands  
Till I washed it all away  
I washed it all away, washed it all away

I said get along, little sister  
I heard you're doing well  
I said get along, little sister  
Heard you're doing well, yeah

Said get along, little sister  
Heard you're doing well  
I heard you're doing well  
I said get along, little sister  
Heard you're doing well  
I heard you're doing well  
I said show me to you

Said between  
Send me song  
Sing me a real real song  
Sing me real song  
Sing me real song  
Come on, yeah