

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