

## Stolen Apples Taste The Sweetest

Paul Kelly

Stolen apples taste the sweetest  
See them hanging in the pale moonlight  
You won't feel those cuts and bruises  
As you reach out for your prize in the night  
Pluck them down and take that very first bite

"Don't tell anyone our secrets"  
Said the farmer to his darling wife  
Oh no, don't tell me  
"There are some here in the districts  
Not so happy with their lot in this mean, old life  
Oh, sweetheart, won't you pass me the paring knife?"

Stolen apples plucked down in their prime  
Stolen apples hanging heavy on my mind  
Heavy on, heavy on my mind, oh, my mind  
Oh, my mind

Eve called Adam in the garden  
"Hey Adam, come over here and look at these, won't you try some  
?"  
"Oh, no," said Adam, "Ain't that forbidden"  
"Come on now, baby," said Eve, "What could be wrong  
What could be wrong with just one little one?"  
So Adam bit and cried out, "That's the bomb, that's the bomb"

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