

Bobbing for Apples

Regina Spektor

Bobbing for apples in Somalia,
The man with the iron curtain is following you,
No one's coming for tea time,
Except my own holy ghost.

You're somewhere far,
Probably drinking a whiskey,
I dating Jack Daniels, and Caleb and Swiss Miss, Nicky and tea,
Nachos with cocoa hey, to each his own.

Lovely people, lovely places,
I can't remember names and I can't remember faces,
Someone next door's fucking to one of my songs.

Hey, light fixture, you are much too bright,
Oh, won't you stay with me through the night,
Just grab a pillow tight,
And wait for the dizziness to pass.

Rock and roll, you ate my soul
You sucked dry my bones but you spit out my mole
I'll always opt to fall down these stairs in the end.

Lovely people, lovely places,
Drunken faces, slurring their phrases,
I'll always opt to fall down these stairs in the end.

You so jealous, I'm so lonely,
You'll never forgive me but I love you only,
I'll always opt to fall down these stairs in the end.

You so jealous, I'm so lonely,
You'll never forgive me but I love you only.

Someone next door's fucking to one of my songs (5x)