

Apple of His Eye

Seth Lakeman

The old man took one final sip, then lay a drinker's dream
From dusty vaults to autumn sun in ripe and rolling green
Spangled bronze and coral red, all crown a pungent sky
His harvest bleeds from noble trees and a thousand ripples fly

Chorus:

Sweet summer sun
Those drops of labour run
And shine,
Like the apple of his eye

For days and weeks, in blistering heat
These fruits will bruise and sigh
Orchard love and cider blood
Will drink the season dry
These presses grind, they creak and crush
One vat for every day
Fever burns and barrels churn
Ferment the words she laid
Chorus: