

## Tears on Fresh Fruit

Sparklehorse

Just when you've found your way to the boiler room  
They come to dig you out with picks and shovels and  
acetylene torches  
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on  
fresh fruit  
Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a  
lullaby  
La la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la  
We're just trying to be free of our bodies  
Our stomachs full of liquor and our lungs full of water  
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on  
fresh fruit  
Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a  
lullaby  
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la  
la, la