

I Love Apple

The Mekons

wake to wine on a bedside table
warm skin between your arms
underwear lying on the floor
bedroom door shut tight
spilling milk and say i'm ready!
you will be my guide
i judge you and i wait to shed a tear
tell me please all the things i want to hear
you decide i am the one
the one you want this afternoon
down in the ale house on avenue b
you bought me a stout
before i could choke it down
i heard you shout,
"i like the apple and i like a pear,
i like your curly black hair"
beating on the mattress
with doubt and pleasure
you take that warmth to your face
and get buried in the treasure
romantic men begin to sing,
"la la"
i caught a cab way down town
i saw you on the corner of mott
selling fake watches in a hand me down gown
just trying to make a buck
i like the apple and i like a pear
i like your curly black hair