

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