Abigail Washburn, Eve Stole The Apple

Old folks told me you're not coming home. Old folks told me gotta move along. Like a ripe ol' fruit on a borrowed vine I hang around, oh, lord, I hang around.

Eve stole the apple from the tree good lord I know she could be me, I know she could be me

Big brother told me I got something wrong. Big brother told me sing a different song. Like a tolling bell in its final hour I'll make a sound, oh, lord, I'll make one sound.

Another man done gone he sang this song good lord I know he could be me, I know he could be me

'Round the mountain there's another shore.
'Round the corner there's another door.
Like a bleeding man on his native soil
I'll stand my ground, oh lord, I'll stand my ground.

They nailed him to the cross for no sin good lord' I know he could be me, I know he could be me

They nailed him to the cross Another man done gone Eve stole the apple from the tree good lord I know she could be me I know she could be me I know she could be me