

Cat Power, Red Apples .

I went down to the river to meet the widow
She gave me an apple and it was red
I slept in her black arms for a century
She wanted nothing in return I gave her nothing in return
The ghost of her husband beautiful as a horse
Pulled up an apple cart
Full of millions of red apples for us
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I went down to the river to meet the widow
She gave me an apple and it was red
I slept in her black arms for a century
She wanted nothing in return I gave her nothing in return
I went down to the river to meet that widow