

# Hot Apple Pie, Slowin' Down The Fall

Watchin' the neon flicker,  
Familiar smell of liquor in the air.  
It's late an' no-one knows my name or face...  
Think I've found the perfect place to disappear.

Me an' Freddy Fender, the bartender,  
The last teardrop falls on the couple on the floor.  
Hearts that can't recover...  
We understand each other behind those swingin' doors.

I just need some time to think,  
Somethin' strong to drink...  
A moment to recall.  
With this kind of hurt, sometimes the whiskey works...  
Sometimes it don't at all.  
But at least I'm slowin' down the fall.

This is my chair an' table,  
Sometimes I'm even able to control my life.  
Yeah, now an' then I forget the shape I'm in,  
But it all begins again tomorrow night,

When I'll need some time to think,  
Somethin' strong to drink...  
A moment to recall.  
With this kind of hurt, sometimes the whiskey works...  
Sometimes it don't at all.  
But at least I'm slowin' down the fall.

I just need some time to think,  
Somethin' strong to drink...  
A moment to recall.  
With this kind of hurt, sometimes the whiskey works...  
Sometimes it don't at all.  
But at least I'm slowin' down the fall.  
At least I'm slowin' down the fall.