

The Apples In Stereo, Where We Meet

I wanna land on my feet
leave a hole in the street
every day

I wanna sleep on the stone
in the light all alone
every day

And in the street that's where we meet

I wanna stand on my hands
I wanna sit in the sand
every day

I wanna sleep all around
chase the light on the ground
every day

And in the street that's where we meet

And in the street dust on our feet