

Cibo Matto, Apple

When apple leaves fall
You may feel something in your mind's eye
When the earth drinks in squall
You may plan to escape on the sly
Ohhhh, ohhh, ohhhhh, ohhh...
I heard her sobbing
Her tears tasted so sweet
I heard her singing
Her voice was gray beat
Ohhhh, ohhh, ohhhhh, ohhh...
When apple leaves fall
We will have to say good bye
When the earth drinks in squall
Your mind will be dry
I heard her sobbing
Her tears tasted so sweet
I heard her singing
Her voice was gray beat
Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh....