

Joy Electric, Apples Of Gold

It's overcast and lovely still
The apple trees on distant hills
Are dripping maple, winter white
With hope I search on moonless nights
Sing me sweet sweet songs of springtime

And say where there's apples made of gold
And I'll surely believe
Say where I'll never become old
And I'll surely believe

You said these hours would come and go
Like harvest at the noonday
The apple blossoms and Christmas snow
Represent our futures
Sing me sweet sweet songs of springtime

And say where there's apples made of gold
And I'll surely believe
Say where I'll never become old
And I'll surely believe

Rosewood, the secret scents of childhood
The backyard to the fabled tales of love
Sing me sweet sweet songs, and say where....