

Ozma, Apple Trees

deep inside my eye, there is part of you
You still look the same, except you're grown up now
so much time has passed since i saw you last

an apple pie, the number pi
i studied you in math class
and did all my work but never got your digits

take a number like 5, times 10, times 10 again
500 miles of apple orchards to defend

deep inside my core, there is part of you
you still look the same, except you're upside down
and why are you still in my eye?
will your memory ever die?

an apple tree, a family tree
we'll plant ours together
the roots will hold forever and forever

so what can i say? i won't delay, i'm leaving today (i'm leaving today)
500 miles of apple orchards in my way

a macintosh, a macintosh
you messaged me all winter
and i wrote replies but still felt like a loser

pack an apple to eat, go hit the street, get on your feet
500 miles of apple orchards 'til we meet

so i'm taking a stand
with apple in hand
i pull up my sleeve (pull up my sleeve)
it's time that i make like an apple tree and leave