

# Smog, Red Apple Falls

The widow says  
It's hard to live  
With a man  
A man like me  
The widow says  
It's hard to live  
On the lonely version of love i give

And i've seen the way her eyes light up  
When she looks at the man in a family way  
He's made of iron and he knows the way

And when i think about my brother dying  
And my parents trying  
To slowly do themselves in  
Inch by inch, day by day  
And the telephone's ring  
Is like a banshee wail

The widow says i broke her first  
Of course i say, just the reverse  
And we cant get past this

Something she did  
On the 14th of June  
Because of something i said  
On the 13th of June  
And we can't get past this

And if we could lock our lips  
And block our noses  
And swim beneath the barriers  
And come up clean  
On the other side  
But we can't get past this