

The Apples In Stereo, Skyway

Forty times you may question your life
Fortified with a hunting knife
Before you find out if you survive
Questioning marks have turned into scars

For the record you remember the few, yeah,
Who for a second time you bid adieu
Forty days in the neon haze
Festering dreams are dressed in vagaries

You follow the skyway
You follow your right-of-way
You follow the streets and the cars
And the shadows and the stars.

Forty lessons you may hear from the sun, now
You never listened to a single one
Falling leaves whisper like thieves
Not that you mind you live on stolen time

(CHORUS)

Fists loaded with a furious disdain
Your ferocity will be your shame
Fast motion like a curious flame
The best I can do is to turn my back on you

(CHORUSx2)

Streets and the cars and the shadows an the stars