## 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