

Abigail Washburn

"Eve Stole the Apple"

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Old folks told me you're not coming home
Old folks told me, gotta move along
Like a ripe ol' fruit on a borrowed vine
I hang around, oh Lord, I hang around

Eve stole the apple from the tree, good Lord
I know she could be me, I know she could be me

Big brother told me I got something wrong
Big brother told me sing a different song
Like a tolling bell in its final hour
I'll make a sound, oh Lord, I'll make one sound

Another man done gone, he sang this song, good Lord
I know he could be me, I know he could be me

'Round the mountain there's another shore
'Round the corner there's another door
Like a bleeding man on his native soil
I'll stand my ground, oh Lord, I'll stand my ground

They nailed him to the cross for no sin, good Lord
I know he could be me, I know he could be me

They nailed him to the cross
Another man done gone
Eve stole the apple from the tree, good Lord
I know she could be me, I know she could be me
I know she could be me

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