

Barenaked Ladies "These Apples"

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A friend brought me flowers, she said, "They were
lilacs"

But I've never been good with plants
Her next presentation, a new dictionary
She'd circled the word "Romance"
So enthusiastic, a little bit drastic
I shaved her name in my head
And as she beheld it, she said, "I misspelled it"
Need more be said

These apples are delicious
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free?

She wrote me a letter as big as a phone book
I've never been big on mail
I sent her a postcard from somewhere near Ithaca
And wondered if it still went by rail
I've never been frightened of being enlightened
But some things can go too far
Though sometimes I stammer and mix up my grammar
You get what my meanings are

These apples are delicious
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free?

I'm not tryin' to sing a love song, I'm tryin' to sing in
tune
I know I am sometimes headstrong
Falling in love, catching fire, I wanna be consumed
Wondering will I ever tire, will I ever tire, will I ever tire?

These apples are delicious
"As a matter of fact they are," she said
Can all this fruit be free?

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