

Blind Pilot "White Apple"

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In shadow
In dark
In cold wind
Open up your heart
This time brushes
Your face
And one loved then
Every new shape
One loved then
Form what could
Not get left behind
And washed away

Some were seasons
Some just days
I'm bringing nothing with me
I mean to save

The feigned sweetness
This wick of light
This white apple
Full of bite
White apple
Full of what
Has slipped away from me
Full of flesh
Sweet as memory
Full of hope
Grown from a fallen tree
Full of life
I can't just let myself believe

So if I haunt you
If I do
If my shadow
Leans up on you too
No good intentions
No ways I talk
Just leave the light lit for you to walk
I leave the light lit for you to walk

