

John Flynn

"Oh To Eat An Apple"

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Jesus Christ, eat your apple, it's raining cats & dogs
If Happy-Go-Lucky can dance with a girl & then Cain
killed his Abel in fog
& I'm in denial of one or two things, and three or four
besides
and I'll suffer you if you look in my eye like the
moon has its turn on the tides, on the tides
She sits on the front of the bus like a teacup,
christening glass with her gaze
and I'm right behind watching her with my knees up
and stretching the time with my ways
I like the rivers in cities, they've always been there, you
see,
I like the feeling of falling through time & that's
what the rivers can be, to me

I never you an instant, but I knew you the instant I saw
that the river went by & you cast it your eye & we
weren't on the bus anymore
I hate the feelings of guilt that I get when I'm alone or
in crowds,
then I'm with friends and it's fine once again & it's
not such a sin to be proud

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