

Paul Kelly "Stolen Apples Taste the Sweetest"

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Stolen apples taste the sweetest
See them hanging in the pale moonlight
You won't feel those cuts and bruises
As you reach out for your prize in the night
Pluck them down and take that very first bite

"Don't tell anyone our secrets"
Said the farmer to his darling wife
Oh no, don't tell me
"There are some here in the districts
Not so happy with their lot in this mean, old life
Oh, sweetheart, won't you pass me the paring knife?"

Stolen apples plucked down in their prime
Stolen apples hanging heavy on my mind
Heavy on, heavy on my mind, oh, my mind
Oh, my mind

Eve called Adam in the garden
"Hey Adam, come over here and look at these, won't
you try some?"
"Oh, no," said Adam, "Ain't that forbidden"
"Come on now, baby," said Eve, "What could be wrong
What could be wrong with just one little one?"
So Adam bit and cried out, "That's the bomb, that's the
bomb"

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