

## Sparklehorse "Apple Bed"

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Of horses wet with melted ice  
They would not heed my advice  
And burdened limbs of its weight  
To break and rot a whispered fate

Please doctor, please

Around me, in a bloody sea  
To breach the hive and smoke the bees  
You can be my friend you can be my dog  
You can be my life, you can be my fog

Please doctor, please

The witches will return to their sticky tree knots  
I will feel the sun, I will feel the sun  
I will feel the sun coming down

I wish I had a horse's head  
A tiger's heart, an apple bed

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