

Help She Can't Swim

"Apples"

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meet me in the garden
we can pick some apples
smoke until we can't see
living in a bubble

steal food from the larder
maybe get some sparklers
use a candle to light our way
hold hands in the dark

we can talk about girls
that are really pretty
we can prearrange
a day trip to the city

we can contemplate
living like we're fools
we can count the hours
we wasted being at school

we can wonder why
we never got accepted
we can wonder how
we always felt neglected

maybe it was to be expected

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