

Arcade Fire, My Heart Is An Apple

I'll admit I'm full of shit
That's how I know I love you
That's how I know I trust you,
You're not sure if there's a right or wrong
But it feels like there is when I treat you like this
I go outside

Texas, I won't come home
Not even if you call
I can't hear you at all
I can't explain why it's a sin the state I'm living in
I just feel so tired
I go outside

My mouth is full, your heart is an apple
My mouth is full, your heart is an apple
Pomme-pomme-pomme-pomme-pomme-pomme-pomme-pomme

Please don't even call
I can't hear you at all