

Facing New York, Apple Sugar Cider

Oakland, winter, quiet night.
This might be my favorite time.

The house is silent, the room is red.
Baby, can we go to bed?

And I know,
I don't think we could be together.
And I know,
I shouldn't say we could be together.

Brush my teeth and slip inside,
Where we may lose track of time.

Moon lights your face barely blue.
Apple Sugar Cider with you.

Apple sugar cider,
No wood to start fire,
Apple sugar cider,
No match, no spark, or lighter,
Apple sugar cider,
No heat, no touch, I'm tired