

# LORDE, Fallen Fruit

To the ones who came before us  
All the golden ones who were lifted on a wing  
We had no idea the dreams  
We had were far too big  
Far too big

And we will walk together  
Psychedelic garlands in our hair  
Through the halls of splendour  
Where the apple trees all grew  
You'll leave us dancing on the fallen fruit

From the Nissan to the Phantom – to the plane  
We will disappear in the cover of the rain  
Took the great minds and the vapors  
And a pocket full of seed  
It's time for us to leave

And we will walk together  
Psychedelic garlands in our hair  
Through the halls of splendour  
Where the apple trees all grew  
You'll leave us dancing on the fallen fruit