## **Red Apples**

**Cat Power** 

I went down to the river To meet the widow She gave me an apple And it was red

I slept in her black arms For a century She wanted nothing in return I gave her nothing in return

The ghost of her husband Beautiful as a horse Pulled up an apple cart Full of millions of red apples for us Full of millions of red apples for us

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I went down to the river To meet the widow