

21 B Dm/A B

knows that it is wrong The flo - wers smell like

x(x)1x x(x)xx x(x)5x

25 C B Dm/A Gm Dm

su - gar the fruit will bite the tongue.

x(x)3x x(x)1x x(x)xx

29

x(x)1x x(x)xx x(x)1x x(x)xx

1. She meets him in October; he loves her by November -
 By the next September, it burns down to an ember.
 Love is less than logic; he knows that it is wrong:
 The flowers smell like sugar; the fruit will bite the tongue.

2. He saw her first in autumn; she loved him by the winter -
 It was the chill that caught him, the snow that dragged her under.
 She thought that love would ripen; he hoped a while too long.
 The flowers smelt like sugar; the fruit soon bit the tongue.

3. "I met you by the wayside; I kissed you by the hedge,
 But the touch of tongue on lips was all an empty pledge.
 The petals fell; it came to fruit; it seemed as sweet as song.
 The flowers smelt like sugar; sour fruit bit my tongue."

4. "Love is a green apple; friendship is a flower -
 But friendship lasts a lifetime, and love a little hour.
 I was yearning to take root with you, but I did not belong.
 I thought you'd taste like sugar, but you turned and bit my tongue."