

# Grace Jones, The Apple Stretching

The sun comes swaggering across the harbour,  
And kisses the lady waiting in the narrows,  
She already plenty shaky stands there,  
Blushing, clutching the torch of liberty,  
Uptown Luigi who dont speak english so good,  
Is having an accident,  
Backing his dumptruck into the fence,  
The tin cans go clattering down the lane,  
A drowsy bum thinks its thunder,  
And pulls the news over his head to stop the rain.  
No, it ain't judgement day,  
No, it ain't Armageddon,  
It's just the apple stretching and yawning, just morning.  
New York putting it's feet on the floor,  
It's just the apple stretching and yawning, just morning,  
New York putting it's feet on the floor.  
Suburban refugees fleeing the cracked cisterns,  
Worm ridden fruit trees stream out Grand Central,  
Please to be breathing bagels and pollution.  
In Time Square new graffiti, old revolutions,  
A bag lady is cursing the waiter for giving her a free coffee  
Lucky he's a Jesus freak moonlighting,  
At the Acme discount store over in Queens,  
The burglar alarm starts to scream,  
A cop picks out his gun fires one and yells, "FREEZE!"  
No, it ain't Worl War Four,  
No, it ain't World War Four,  
It's just the apple stretching and yawning, just morning,  
New York putting its feet on the floor.  
Nearby the Hudson a hooker makes a 'U',  
To help a blind man to his pew in the park,  
Some long ago home training jars the memory,  
The bag lady says 'Thank you' and curties.  
The herd of beaten tourists limp homeward,  
Having bitten off more than they could chew,  
Moaning them old big city blues,  
Miss Liberty depicts her qualms and grins,  
Another subway starts rattling,  
And Luigi's cans go clattering down the hill.  
No, it ain't some kind of ill wind,  
No, it ain't the world coming to an end,  
Just the apple stretching and yawning, just morning,  
New York putting its feet on the floor.