

**The Worm In The Apple**  
**Ezra Furman & The Harpoons**

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The Worm in the Apple  
Inside the Human Body

Tuning: Standard EADGBE

Capo: 3

This is just a preliminary chord chart. There are some variations I m missing here, but the chords themselves are right. Still working out the intro. If anyone has any videos of them playing this, it would be a great help. Email me with suggestions/comments/slander. I ll post it, soon, with the chords throughout.

**G**

I m gonna sit on a big fluffy cloud

**Em**

Looking down at the tops of the heads of the crowds

**A**

Moving round and around the dark center of town

**C**

With their eyes all searching for something that can t be found

**G**

I m gonna laugh at the top of my lungs til

**Em**

I can t quite remember just what the joke was

**A**

But the laughter will fill up my body with love

**C**

Which is always what I ve been told I m supposed to want

**G C D C**

And I m gonna fly on a plane to the sky

**G C D C**

Which my mind will devise using science that s been forgotten

**G C D C**

Cause I m getting bored of the town of New York

**G C D C**

How the world s been transformed into a big apple and it s gotten so rotten

While all the world makes money so stoically  
I will be building my home out of poetry  
Scraps of old volumes, wire and glue,  
Will be something, though feeble, it s all I can do  
In the back of the room my fingers will shake

With the fury of someone with something to make  
That will take him so far, far away from this place  
That he ll never look back at all the worms and the snakes

And they ll lick at my heals, but they aren t even real  
I will twirl and wheel through the skyway, high over the steeple  
And I ll take you with me and we ll grow old and lovely  
We ll eat fine apples from the tree of knowledge of good and evil  
You won t know about that

Burning with all the things I must do  
To get free of the wasteland of wire and glue  
I am wandering from cage to cage at the Bronx zoo  
And I m renaming all of the animals  
I can t just wait on my knees in the chapel  
To be bitten into like a worm in the apple  
I m digging for freedom, it s all for a shovel  
I m dirty; my fingertips hurt me

The kids of Atlantis, magazines beneath the mattress  
With their names in the atlas of heartbreak are calling my name  
And I m feeling baffled, the worm in the apple,  
But the cold water tap will rain down upon me  
And nothing will be the same  
It s all gonna be different now  
I hope.