

JamPlay Wednesday Night Song-Writing Session  
Steve Eulberg and FRIENDS! 2/03/10

G  
Time to pick the apples.  
C Am  
They said they were ripe.  
D  
I think I'm gonna grab one,  
C G  
before I sleep tonight.  
Em C G  
oho before I sleep tonight.

I better run down to the orchard  
And shinny up a tree  
I'll grab a bright and shiny one  
for you and one for me.

I went down to alberkerky Albuquerque  
to try some apples there  
I reach up to snatch one  
and got a perfect pear.

I was sitting below the apple tree  
something hit my head  
Lord, I don't know assaulted me  
I thought that I was dead. but I'm glad that I ain't dead.

Beneath a big old apple tree  
Mr. Newton sat (like Mr. Newton at)  
the wind shook loose a big one  
that fell and smashed his hat. ( that fell and smashed my hat.)

Walked under an apple tree  
Something knocked me on my butt  
I'm glad it was an apple  
and not a coconut

We'll pick choose and toss the apples  
into our pickup truck  
But there are so many of them Then we will skedaddle  
Don't know which one to pluck. and not push our luck

Then we will skedaddle  
in that grampa's pickup truck

These JamPlay Subscribers  
contributed to the lyrics for this  
song:

suzieq  
crib  
boatman  
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Larry Price  
rockersongz  
mgap  
lupinus  
research  
andriand

We'll take 'em home to grammaw  
So she can cook 'em up.

Then we will skedaddle  
In grampa's panel van  
We'll take 'em home to grammaw  
She'll put 'em in a can.

my dog likes big red apples,  
and my horse she likes 'em too,  
when I've only got one apple,  
I don't know what to do...

Life is so confusin' to the likes of me  
but I'll always remember that good ol' apple tree  
where that tasty little apple knocked the hell  
out of big ole me

Now all this talk of apples,  
you might think that I'm a fruit,  
but as long as I've got apples,  
I just don't give a hoot...

Grandma will cook em  
and make some apple sauce.  
Grandpa will eatem and  
sit upon the pot

I like caramel on my apples and  
I like apples in my pies  
but my favorite kind of apples  
are the apples of your eyes

I've munched 'em out in Wash-ing-ton  
and down by New Orleeens.  
Eatin' that apple in the sunshine  
is all it takes to please.

In the hills of old virginia,  
where my childhood used to be,  
Grandpaw's Apple Orchard,  
it is the place to be, my favorite place to be  
Oh, Oh, It's the place to be.

So enjoy that falling apple  
while you still have the time

and taste the fallin' fruit  
while it's falling to the ground

My love is like an apple  
at heart she's really sweet (her flesh is really sweet)  
But the cyanide in the core of her  
Will knock you off your feet.