

My Jeanine

Brian Wilson

I carry the torch for her in the orchard
Apples were last name
My Jeanine my Jeanine
Each tree would ignite with blossoms of white

And apple her hair inflame
My Jeanine my Jeanine
Jeanine in jean and calico
A streak of mean don't let it show

So when she tells her let her go
Her yes may mean no
I love her so
We would meander now hand in hand in

Our appalachian clime
My Jeanine my Jeanine
We bring in the spring and toss from the swing
Along apple blossom time

My Jeanine my Jeanine
Remember when life was North Carolina
Two bits for Cokes and jokes at the diner
Time was a magazine

My Jeanine
My Jeanine my Jeanine
My Jeanine my Jeanine