

Underneath The Apple Trees

Dean Brody

I got the top off of my car,
Driving into the setting sun.
I got love in my heart,
Now I'm going to give it to someone.
Oh I haven't met you yet,
But I know where you will be.
Traveling this same road
With a backpack soul,
Out there, somewhere, just like me

Someday we will meet
And we'll park neath the apple trees
In an orchard, by a barn
Listen to some late night radio
Watch the satelllites and stars
And I will hold you in my arms,
Till we both fall asleep.
Underneath the apple trees.

Will I meet you on a bus,
Or a narrow street cafe,
Find you in a Sunday market,
Or a lonely park bench in the shade.
Do you like you coffee strong,
Do you sleep in when it rains.
All those little things about you girl,
I can't wait to learn someday.

You know I'm on my way,
And we'll park neath the apple trees,
In an orchard, by a barn.
Listen to some late night radio,
Watch the satelllites and stars.
And I will hold you in my arms,
Till we both fall asleep.
Underneath the apple trees, yeah.

When I was just a boy
I'd run barefoot beneath those leaves
Throwing rotten apples,
Building forts,
Rake the leaves.
I guess I never grew up
Cause I still believe in love
And that that day will come

And we'll park neath the apple trees,
In an orchard, by a barn.
Listen to some late night radio,
Watch the satelites and stars.
And I will hold you in my arms,
Till we both fall asleep.
Underneath the apple trees,
Underneath the apple trees.