

# 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.