

Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White

Pat Boone

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white
When your true lover comes your way
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white
The poets say

The story goes that once a cherry tree
Beside an apple tree did grow
And there a boy once met his
Bride to be long, long ago

The boy looked into her eyes
It was a sight to enthrall
The breezes joined in their sighs
The blossoms started to fall

And as they gently carressed
The lovers looked up to find
The branches of the two trees
Were intertwined

And that is why the poets always write
If there's a new moon bright above
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white
When you're in love

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