

# Watching The Apples Grow

Stan Rogers

It's early up Ontario farm, Chicken crow for day  
I wish I grew Annapolis apples up above Fundy Bay  
Oh it seems so far away

On the ridge above Acadia's town to the valley down below  
The evening shadow falls upon the families listening to  
the radio  
And watching the apples grow.

Down on the farm, back among the family, away from  
Ontario  
Hear the ladies singing to the men, dancing it heel and  
toe  
And watching the apples grow.

Ontario, y'know I've seen a place I'd rather be  
Your scummy lakes and the City of Toronto don't do a damn  
thing for me  
I'd rather live by the sea.

I've watched the V's of geese go by, the foxfoot in the  
snow  
I've climbed the ridge of Gaspereaux Mt., looking to the  
valley below  
And watching the apples grow.

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