

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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