

# Get On Home

Steve Miller Band

I wish I were an apple  
Swingin' in an apple tree  
Every time my baby came by  
She'd take a bite of me

Tell me that she loves me  
Call me sugar plum  
Throw her arms around me  
Till I thought my time had come

You better get on home (You better get on home)  
You better get on home (You better get on home)  
You better get on home (You better get on home)  
I'm gonna marry you some day

You know I love you honey  
Love your kisses, too  
There isn't a thing in this whole darn world  
That I would not do for you

Take me to the parlor, baby  
Cool me with your fan  
I swear you are the sweetest thing  
In the sight of mortal man

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Where you come darling  
It must be from down south  
I can tell, I can tell, I can tell pretty mama  
By the bees buzzin' 'round your mouth

Now way over yonder  
On yonder's wall  
Get down with me darling  
Get down y'all

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You better get on home (You better get, you better get on home)  
I'm gonna marry you some day

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