

# Brian Wilson, My Jeanine

I carry the torch for her in the orchard  
Apples were last name  
My Jeanine my Jeanine  
Each tree would ignite with blossoms of white  
And apple her hair enflame  
My Jeanine my Jeanine  
Jeanine in jean and calico  
A streak of mean don't let it show  
So when she tells her let her go  
Her yes may mean no  
I love her so  
We would meander now hand in hand in  
Our appalachian clime  
My Jeanine my Jeanine  
We bring in the spring and toss from the swing  
Along apple blossom time  
My Jeanine my Jeanine

Remember when life was North Carolina  
Two bits for Cokes and jokes at the diner  
Time was a magazine  
My Jeanine  
My Jeanine my Jeanine  
My Jeanine my Jeanine