

Steve Miller Band, Get On Home

(Trad. Arr./Lyrics by Steve Miller)

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

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)
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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

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

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