## 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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