

Brian Wilson

"My Jeanine"

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Van dyke parks

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

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