

Hot Apple Pie "Annabelle"

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We should leave this old town,
Take the highway past the riverside.
And when the dust settles down,
We'll be rollin' 'cross The Great Divide.

Annabelle, come out of your shell.
I'll go with you where you wanna go.
Me an' you got a lot to do, you know it's true,
So tell your Mom an' Pa that Arkansas is callin' you.

Let's get lost in the woods,
Way up high on a mountain top.
An' if it stops feelin' good,
We'll be gone before the next dew drops.

Annabelle, come out of your shell.
I'll go with you where you wanna go.
Me an' you got a lot to do, you know it's true,
So tell your Mom an' Pa that Arkansas is callin' you.

You been dreamin' for a long ol' time...
Southern winds hit your wings.
On the front porch, way past suppertime,
I'll be there, to be your saint.
Oh, whoa, to hear you sing.

Annabelle, come out of your shell.
I'll go with you where you wanna go.
Me an' you got a lot to do, you know it's true,
So tell your Mom an' Pa that Arkansas is callin' you.
Callin' you.
Callin' you.

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