

Joan Baez

"Where's My Apple Pie?"

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(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

Been sitting on old park benches
Brother, hasn't it been fun?
But you remember me from the trenches
I fought in World War One
Yes, you saw us off at the troop train
Smiling a brave goodbye
But where were you when we came home
To claim our apple pie

Oh where's our apple pie, my friends?
Where's our apple pie?
We've walked and wheeled from the battlefield
Now where's our apple pie?

World War Two was a favorite
God was surely on our side
The teenage kids enlisted with
The blessings of their daddys' pride
Well the wars may change but not so the glaze
In the young boys' eyes
When they cry out for their mamas
In the hours before they die

Oh where's our apple pie, my friends?
Where's our apple pie?
We've walked and wheeled from the battlefield
Now where's our apple pie?

I volunteered for the last one
And I don't want to moralize
But somehow I thought we deserved the best
For the way we threw away our lives
For we all believed in something
I know it wasn't very clear
But I know it wasn't rats in a hospital room
And a broken-down wheelchair

Oh where's our apple pie, my friends?
Where's our apple pie?
We've walked and wheeled from the battlefield

Now where's our apple pie?

Yes, Johnny finally got his gun
Before he got his apple pie
Now he hasn't got a hand to eat it with
But still he doesn't want to die
Because he prefers to go on fighting
And let his baby brother know
When the next time around the call goes out
It's "Hell no, we won't go!"

There'll be no World War Three, my friends
There'll be no World War Three
We've walked and wheeled from the battlefield
There'll be no World War Three

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