

Seekers

"When Will The Good Apples Fall"

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I may be a rich man's daughter
And have servants of my own.
I can snap my fingers,
And I could have anything I want.
Sometimes I look out my window,
See lovers, hand-in-hand, walk by.
They see the diamonds I wear
But not the tears of envy in my eye.

Oh, when will the good apples fall on my side of the
fence?
When will I taste the sweet fruits of life?
When will the sun smile for me, through great cloudy
skies above?
When will I find my true, true love?

Well, my daddy says, "Don't worry,"
And my daddy says, "Just wait.
I'm going to find you a rich man's son,
And bring him to our gate."

Sometimes I look out my window,
See lovers, hand-in-hand, walk by.
Daddy doesn't know it:
There are some things that money just can't buy.

Oh, when will the good apples fall on my side of the
fence?
When will I taste the sweet fruits of life?
When will the sun smile for me, through great cloudy
skies above?
When will I find my true, true love?

When will I find my true, true love?
When will I find my true, true love?
When will I find my true, true love?
(Repeat and fade)

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