

# Apples don't fall from the tree - 1/1

Interprété par Cher.

When I was five  
I put on Mama's high heel shoes  
And paint my face  
And dance across the living room  
In Ruby's place  
Well the music was always playing  
Girls laugh while the men were sayin'

Chorus:

Apples don't fall far from the tree  
Hey, honey come sit on my knee  
Apples don't fall far from the tree  
And I remember Mama's tears  
When they said in a few years  
I'd be something to see

At seventeen I had me a diamond  
And a string of pearls  
The men said they preferred me  
To the other girls  
They took me to the best places  
But I could read it on their faces

(chorus)

Then when Mama died I made up my mind  
To get on a Grayhound , get out of this town  
And leave it all behind

But life goes on  
A child of three smiles up at me  
While she plays  
The man I love has never heard of "Rootbeers Place"  
When he holds her with affection  
And he uses that old expression

(chorus)