

## APPLESAUCE

She was just a city girl  
Moved up to Sebastopol  
Up there where the apples grow  
Sweet and rosy in the sun  
Tiny house of tongue and groove  
Had a little orchard too  
That's where I used to visit her  
For a little country fun

One day she called me on the phone  
Said that she was all alone  
And she could use a hand up there  
Fruit was falling off the trees  
Tied a ladder to my car  
No place would have been too far  
She smiled as I picked apples  
I smiled 'cus she picked me

And we made applesauce  
With a little bit of cinnamon  
You can call it baby food  
Call it what you like  
Touchin' one another  
Mixin' it together  
We made applesauce all night

There were baskets on the table  
Baskets in the pantry too  
You could hardly walk on through  
All the baskets on the floor  
I said, "How you gonna eat all this?"  
And she gave me a little kiss  
She said, "We'll make a batch of applesauce.  
And then we'll make some more."

So we made applesauce

Didn't have a cookbook, Didn't have a recipe  
Just had to feel our way, That felt fine by me

That was a long time ago  
Now the trees are way too old  
They're not bearin' fruit no more  
But we don't even care  
We got neighbors bringing baskets by  
Sometimes they even bring a pie  
'Cus they know what we like to do  
In the crisp October air

We like to make applesauce...

Grandbabies in the kitchen  
Toddlers in the orchard too  
We're gonna make applesauce  
For the rest of our lives  
And we can still make applesauce all night.