# Get On Home

## Steve Miller Band

I wish I were an apple
Swingin' in an apple tree
Every time my baby came by
She'd take a bite of meTell me that she loves me
Call me sugar plum
Throw her arms around me
Till I thought my time had comeYou better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
I'm gonna marry you some dayYou know I love you honey
Love your kisses, too
There isn't a thing in this whole darn world
That I would not do for youTake me to the parlor, baby
Cool me with your fan
I swear you are the sweetest thing
In the sight of mortal manYou better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
I'm gonna marry you some dayYou better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
I'm gonna marry you some dayWhere you come darling
It must be from down south
I can tell, I can tell, I can tell pretty mama
By the bees buzzin' 'round your mouthNow way over yonder
On yonder's wall
Get down with me darling
Get down y'allYou better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get, you better get on home)
I'm gonna marry you some dayYou better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get, you better get on home)
I'm gonna marry you some dayYou better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get on home)
You better get on home (You better get, you better get on home)
I'm gonna marry you some day

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