

Cher, Apples Don't Fall Far From The Tree

When I was five
I put on mama's high heel shoes
And paint my face
Dance across the living room
At Ruby's place
Where the music was always playing
Girls were alive
While the men were saying

[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
Men said they preferred me
To the other girls
They took me to the best of places
But I could read it on their faces

[Chorus]

Then when mama died
I made up my mind
To get on a gray hound
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
A man I loved
Has never heard of Ruby's place
When he holds her with affection
And he uses that old expression

[Chorus]