

MA, I MISS YOUR APPLE PIE

**My broth-er Bill is in the Ar-my now –
We heard from him to-day –
His waist-line's get-ting back to nor-mal now –
Here's what he had to say –**

**Ma, I miss your ap-ple pie –
Ma, I miss your stew –
Ma, they're treat-ing me al-right –
But they can't cook like you,
Oh! Ma no-bod-y's spoil-ing me –
Like you used to do –
They won't let me stay –
In bed un-til noon –
At five for-ty five –
They play me a tune –
Oh! Ma, I miss your ap-ple pie –
And, by the way, I miss you too.**