



# APPLE ON A STICK

Original Lyrics by: Unknown

Apple on a stick makes me sick,  
Makes my heart beat two-forty-six,  
Not because you're dirty,  
Not because you're clean,  
Just because you kissed a boy behind a magazine.

Girls, boys, have a lot of fun,  
Here comes Johnny with a pickle up his bum,  
He can wobble he can wobble  
He can even do the splits,  
But I bet ya ten bucks that he can't do this.

Close your eyes and count to ten,  
If you muck it up you're not my friend.  
(eyes closed)

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,  
You didn't muck it up so you're my best friend.



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