I brought an apple pie to bed and
set it down beside my head.

And when I fell asleep that night the
Ap-ples in the pie took flight.

They sailed up to the smi-ling moon who ate them with his

star-ry spoon. He sprink-led them with su-gar stars and

gave one to his best friend, Mars.
It's no use taking pies to bed unless the moon has first been fed.

I brought an apple pie to bed...

circa 1' 45"