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A D A
Well I woke up in the morning, blues on my radio
D D5 A A6 A7
I woke up in the morning, blues on my radio
E7 A(E ↑ 5)
Took a bite out of an apple—cops came knocking at my door.
G# G G# F E E6 E7
(*Kid—you're in trouble!*)

Well I asked “Mr. Policeman, hey what did I steal?”
I asked “Mr. Policeman, hey what did I steal?”
“You’re mixing big blues with an apple,
man, we’re busting you for Look and Feel.”

(Seems that McIntosh apple came from Redmond, Washington.)

They took my apple and my radio and threw me into jail.
Took my apple and my radio and threw me into jail.
Had to sell off my computer just to pay my bail.

(Five thousand dollars!)

Well, I went into the courthouse, and there to my surprise,
I went into the courthouse, and there to my surprise,
I saw two hundred lawyers in identical rainbow striped ties.

(Funny little bite taken out of the end, too.)

Well they opened up the box with all the evidence inside;
They opened up the box with all the evidence inside;
Just then a mouse ate up the apple, swelled up, turned blue and died.

*(Man, I just knew that apple was rotten.
Won't even mention the big blue mouse.)*

Judge said “Kid, you’re lucky—we’re gonna have to let you go.”
Judge said “Kid, you’re lucky—we’re gonna have to let you go.
But next time you see an apple, kid, you better just say no.”

(Maybe a tangerine? How about a Cray?)

Well, next time you see an apple, you know you’d better just refuse.
Well, next time you see an apple, you better not sing the blues.
Or else they’ll hit you with those Apple Look and Feel Lawsuit Blues.

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HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky’s songbook