

Bill Anderson

"Little Green Apples"

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And I wake up in the mornin'
With my hair down in my eyes and she says, "Hi"
And I stumble to the breakfast table
While the kids are goin' off to school goodbye

And she reaches out and takes my hand
And squeezes it and says how you feelin' hon
And I look across at smilin' lips that warm my heart
And see my morning sun
And if that's not lovin' me then all I gotta say

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
There's no such thing as Doctor Sues
Disneyland and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And when myself is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind

Sometimes I'll call her up at home
Knowin' she's busy
And I'll ask her if she'd get away
And come downtown and meet me

And maybe we could grab a bite to eat
And she drops what she's doin'
And she hurries down to meet me
And I'm always late

But she sits waitin' patiently
And smiles when she first sees me
'Cause she's made that way
And if that's not lovin' me then all I gotta say

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes
There's no such think as make believe puppy dogs
And autumn leaves and BB guns

God didn't make little green apples

And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And when myself is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind

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