

Dionne Warwick

"Little Green Apples"

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

And he reaches out and takes my hand and squeezes
it
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've got to say

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
There's no such thing as Dr. Seuss
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 his face aglow to ease my mind

Sometimes I call him up at work
Knowin' he's busy
And ask him if he could get away and meet me
For a bite to eat

And he drops what he's doing
And hurries down to meet me and I'm always late
But he there waitin' patiently and smiles when he first
sees me
'Cause he's made that way

And if that's not lovin' me then all I've got to 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
The puppy dogs and autumn leaves and the BB guns

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
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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
There's no such thing as Dr. Seuss

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