

## **Bj Thomas**

### **"Little Green Apples"**

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And I wake up in the morning with my hair down in my eyes  
And she says hi  
Then I stumble to the breakfast table while the kids  
Are going off to school, oodbye.

Then she reaches out and takes my hand and squeezes it  
And says how you feeling hon  
And I look across at smiling lips that warm my heart  
And see my morning sun.

And if that's not loving me, then all I've got to say:

God didn't make the little green apples  
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time  
And there's no such thing as Dr. Seuss or Disney Land  
And Mother Goose, there's no nursery rhymes.

God didn't make the little green apples  
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time  
And when myself is feeling low, I think about her face  
and go  
And ease my mind.

Sometimes I call her up, at home, oh, I know she's  
busy.  
And ask her if she can get away, meet me for a a bite  
to eat.  
And she drops what she's doing and she hurries down  
to meet me  
And I'm always late  
But she sits waiting patiently, and smiles when she first  
sees me  
Because she's made that way.

And if that ain't loving me, then all I've got to say:

God didn't make the little green apples  
And it don't snow in Minneapolis in winter time  
And there's no such thing as make-believe

Puppy dogs or autumn leaves, no bb guns.

God didn't make the little green apples  
And it don't snow in Indianapolis in the summer time  
And there's no such thing as Dr. Seuss or Disney Land  
And Mother Goose, there's no nursery rhymes.

God didn't make the little green apples  
And it don't snow in Indianapolis in the summer time...

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