

Bloodstone

"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 take 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 Doctor Suess
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 to ease my mind

Sometimes I call her up at home knowin' she's busy
And ask her if she could get away and meet me
And get a bite to eat
And she drops what she's doing
And 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'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

And when myself is feeling low
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind

She keeps on loving you

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