

Faron Young "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
Then I look across at smilin' lips that warm my heart
and then I see my morning sun
And if that's not lovin' me then all I've got to say
Is 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 no nursery rhyme
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

Sometimes I call her up at home knowing she's busy
And ask her if she'd get away 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 ain't lovin' me then all I've got to say
Is 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

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