

Frank Sinatra "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

And I stumble
To the breakfast table
While the kids
Are going off
To school goodbye
And she reaches out
Takes my hand
Squeezes it, says
How you feelin' hon?

And I look across
At smiling lips
That warm my heart
And see the morning sun
And if
That's not lovin' me
Then all
I've got to say
God didn't make
Little green apples
It don't rain
In Indianapolis
In the summertime

There's no such thing
As Dr. Seuss
Disneyland
And Mother Goose
Is no nurs'ry rhyme

God didn't make
Little green apples
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
Knowing she's busy
And ask if she
Could get away
And meet me
And grab a bite to eat
She drops
What she's doin'
Hurries down to meet me
And I'm always late

But she sits
Waiting patiently
And smiles
When she 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
It don't snow
In Minneanapolis
When the winter comes

There's no such thing
As make-believe
Puppy dogs
And autumn leaves
And B.B. guns

God didn't make
Little green apples
In the summertime
There's no such thing
As Dr. Seuss
Disneyland
And Mother Goose
Is no nurs'ry rhyme

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