

Obsessed

"Little Green Apples"

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Oh 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 'n' takes my hand
squeezes it 'n' says "How ya feelin', hon?"
And I look across at smilin' lips
That warm my heart and see my mornin' sun

And if that's not lovin' me
Then all I've got to say
Oh God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And there's no such thing as Doctor 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 my self 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 if she could get away
And meet me and grab a bite to eat
And she drops what she's doin' and hurries down to
meet me
I'm always late
She sits waitin' patiently, smiles when she first sees me
'cause she's made that way

If that's not lovin' me
Whoa all I've got to say
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes
And there's no such thing as make-believe
Puppy dogs, autumn leaves 'n' BB guns

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
Hey, and when my self is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow to ease my mind

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