

Dean Martin "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

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 lovin' me then all I've got to say

God didn't make a little green apples
It don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
No such thing as Doctor Seuss
Disneyland or Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme

God didn't make a little green apples
And it ain't gonna rain in Indianapolis in the
summertime
When myself is feelin' low
Think about her face aglow and 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
Then she drops what she's doin' 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 a little green apples
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

God didn't make a little green apples
And it ain't gonna rain in Indianapolis in the
summertime

When myself is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind
To ease my mind, to ease my mind

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