

Tom Jones "Little Green Apples"

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Well, I wake up in the mornin'
With my head down in my eyes and she says, "Hi"
And I stumble to the breakfast table
While the kids are goin' off to school, "Goodbye"

Then she reaches out takes my hand and squeezes it
Says, "How you feelin', hon'?" that's what she says
Then I look across at smilin' lips
That warm my heart and see my mornin' sun

And if that's not lovin' me
(Lovin' me)
Then all I've got to say
(Got to say)

God didn't make the little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And there's no such thing as Doctor Suess
Disneyland, no mother goose, no nursery rhymes

God didn't make the 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

If that's not lovin' you
If that's not lovin' you

Sometimes I call her up at home knowin' she's busy
I asked her, I asked her if she could get away
And meet me and grab a bite to eat

Then she drops what she's doin'
Hurries down to meet me and I'm always late
But she sits waitin' patiently, smiles when she first sees
me
'Cause she's made that way

And if that's not lovin' me
(Lovin' me)
Then all I've got to say
(Got to say)

God didn't make the little green apples
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes
And there's no such thing as make believe
No puppy dogs, no autumn leaves, no BB guns

God didn't make the 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

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