

## **Patti Page**

# **"Little Green Apples"**

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And I wake up in the mornin'  
With my hair down in my eyes and he says Hi  
And I stumble to the breakfast table  
While the kids are goin' off to school goodbye  
And he reaches out 'n' takes my hand  
And 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  
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  
Or 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 my self is feelin' low  
I think about his face aglow and ease my mind

Sometimes I call him up at home knowin' he's busy  
And ask him if he could get away and meet me  
And maybe we could grab a bite to eat  
And he drops what he's doin' and he hurries down to  
meet me  
And I'm always late  
But he sits waitin' patiently and smiles when he first  
sees me  
'Cause he's made that way

And if that ain't lovin' me  
Then 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

FADE

God didn't make little green apples  
And it don't rain in Indianapolis

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