

## Ray Price

# "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 and takes my hand  
Squeezes it and says how you feelin' hon  
And I look across at smiling lips  
That warm my heart and see my morning sun

And if that's not loving 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

There's no such thing as Doctor Suess  
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 myself is feeling low  
I 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

And she drops what she's doing  
And she hurries down to meet me and I'm always late  
But she sits waiting patiently  
And smiles when she first sees me 'cause she's made  
that way

And if that ain't loving 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

There's no such think as make believe  
Puppy dogs and autumn leaves and BB guns  
God didn't make little green apples  
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

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