

## Roger McGuinn

### "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  
And she reaches out and takes my hand and squeezes  
it and says how you feelin' hon  
And I look across at smilin' 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 little green apples and it don't rain in  
Indianapolis in the summertime  
And there's no such thing as Doctor Suess  
And 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 feelin' low I think about her face  
aglow and ease my mind  
Sometimes I call her up at home knowin' she's busy  
And ask her if she'd get away and meet me and maybe  
we could grab a bite to eat  
And she drops what she's doin' and she 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 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 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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