

Miller Roger

"Little Green Apples"

Visit "[Little Green Apples](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Little Green Apples

Artist: Roger Miller (peak Billboard position # 39 in 1968)

Words and Music by Bobby Russell

Version by O.C. Smith hit # 2 that same year

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 schoolgoodbye

And she 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 her face aglow and ease my mind
Sometimes I call her up at home knowin' she's busy
And ask her if she could 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 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
Transcribed by Ronald E. Hontz
ronhontz@worldnet.att.net

Visit [Miller Roger](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.