

Various Artists "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 '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
Oh, 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
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 to ease my mind

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

She drops what she's doin'
And 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, 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

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 to ease my mind

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