

Little Green Apples

B.J. Thomas

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 and squeezes it and says how you feeling 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 the little green apples, and it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time.
And there's no such thing as Dr. Seuss or Disney Land and Mother Goose, no nursery rhymes.
God didn't make the little green apples, and it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time.
And when myself is feeling low, I think about her face and go and ease my mind.

Sometimes I call her up, at home, knowing she's busy.
And ask her if she can get away, meet me and maybe we can 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, because she's made that way.

And if that ain't loving me, then all I've got to say,
God didn't make the 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 or autumn leaves, no bb guns.
God didn't make the little green apples, and it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes.