

# Little Green Apples

Bill Anderson

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 gotta 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 Sues  
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'll call her up at home  
Knowin' she's busy  
And I'll ask her if she'd get away  
And come downtown 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's not lovin' me then all I gotta 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  
And when myself is feelin' low  
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind