

Little Green Apples

Frank Sinatra

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,
Squeezes it, says, how you feelin' hon?
And I look across at smiling 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.
There's no such thing as Dr. Zeuss, Disneyland, and Mother Goose
no nursery rhyme.
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis when the winter comes.
There's no such thing as make-
believe, puppy dogs, and autumn leaves and B.B. guns.
Sometimes I call her up at home knowing she's busy
And ask if she could get away and meet me, and grab a bite to eat.
And she drops what she's doin' and hurries down to meet me, and
I'm always late.
But she sits, waiting patiently and smiles when she first sees
me
Cause she's made that way and if that's not lovin' me
Then all I've got to say.