

Little Green Apples

Patti Page

And I wake up in the mornin'
With my hair down in my eyes and he says Hi
And I stumble to the breakfast table
While the kids are goin' off to school goodbye
And he 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 his face aglow and ease my mind

Sometimes I call him up at home knowin' he's busy
And ask him if he could get away and meet me
And maybe we could grab a bite to eat
And he drops what he's doin' and he hurries down to meet me
And I'm always late
But he sits waitin' patiently and smiles when he first sees me
'Cause he'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