

# Little Green Apples

Ray Price

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 and 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 loving 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 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 feeling low I think about her face aglow and ease my mind  
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 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 cause she's made that way  
And if that ain't loving 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  
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