

# Little Green Apples

Roger Miller

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 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 Suess  
And 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 call her up at home knowin' she's busy  
And ask her if she'd get away 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 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 think as make believe  
Puppy dogs, autumn leaves and BB guns

God didn't make little green apples  
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime