

Little Green Apples

Roy Drusky

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 runnin' off to school goodbye

She reaches out and takes my hand
Squeezes it 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'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 Suess
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 if she'd get away
And meet me and may be 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 ain't lovin' me
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