

Bill Anderson, Little Green Apples

(Bobby Russell)

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're 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 morning sun.
And if that's not lovin' me then all I gotta 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'll call her up at home knowin' she's busy
And I'll ask her if she'd get away
And come downtown 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's not lovin' me then all I gotta say.

God didn't make little green apples
And it don't snow in Minneapolis
When the winter comes
There's no such thing 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
And when myself is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow
And ease my mind...