

# 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...