

# George Morgan, Little Green Apples

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 feeling 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  
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 knowing 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 oh 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 and autumn leaves and BB guns  
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  
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