

Roy Drusky, 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 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 maybegrab 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 then all I've got to say
God didn't make little green apples...