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...