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Little Green Apples

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Intros Dm/c/Dm/c

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 ya feelin', hon?"
 And I look across at smilin' lips
 that warm my heart and see my mornin' 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
 And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss
 or Disneyland, and Mother Goose, no nursery rhyme

God didn't make little green apples
 and it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
 And when my self 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 her if she could 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
 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'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 thing as make believe,
 puppy dogs, autumn leaves and BB guns

God didn't make little green apples
 And it don't rain in Indianapolis....