

Little Green Apples

Robbie Williams

Well, I wake up in the morning
With my hair down in my eyes
And she says hi
And I hurry to the breakfast table
While the kids are going 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 smiling lips that warms my heart
And I see my morning sun
And if that's not loving 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 Dr. Suess
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 feeling low
I think about your face aglow and ease my mind
Sometimes I call him up knowing he's busy
And ask if he could get away and meet me
And maybe grab a bite to eat
And he drops what he's doing and hurry's down to meet me
And I'm always late
He sits waiting patiently and smiles when he first sees me
Because he's made that way
And if that's not loving me
Then all I've got to say God didn't make little green apples
And it don't snow in Indianapolis when the winter comes
There's no such thing as make believe
Puppy dogs or autumn leaves, no B.B. guns
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And when my self is feeling low
I think about your face aglow and ease my mind

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