Little Green Apples

Roger Miller

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, goodbyeAnd she reaches out and takes my hand
And squeezes it and says, how you feelin' hon
And I look across at smilin' lips that warm my heart
And see my mornin' sunAnd if that's not lovin' me then all I've got to sayGod didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And there's no such thing as Doctor Suess
And Disneyland and Mother Goose is no nursery rhymeGod 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 mindSometimes I call her up at home knowin' she's busy
And ask her if she'd get away and meet me
And maybe we could grab a bite to eatAnd 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 wayAnd if that ain't lovin' me then all I've got to sayGod 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, autumn leaves and BB gunsGod didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

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