Little Green Apples

Vicki Lawrence

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 'n' takes my hand
And squeezes it 'n' says "How ya 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 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 mindSometimes 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 wayAnd if that ain't 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 'n' BB guns

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