

# 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' 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 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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