

# Little Green Apples

**Bobby Goldsboro**

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 you feelin' hon  
Then I look across at smilin' lips that warm my heart and then I see my morning sun

And if that's not lovin' me  
Then all I've got to say

Is god didn't make little green apples  
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime  
There's no such thing as doctor 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 myself is feeling low  
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind

Sometimes I call her up at home knowing she's busy  
And ask her if she'd 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

Is god didn't make little green apples  
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes  
There's no such think as make believe puppy dogs and autumn leaves and BB guns  
God didn't make little green apples  
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime  
And when myself is feeling low  
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind