

# 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 and 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