

Little Green Apples

Bobby Russell

[C]... **And I [Dm] wake up in the morning**
With my hair down in my [G7] eyes and she says [C] Hi
And I [Dm] stumble to the breakfast table
While the [G7] kids are going off to school,.. [C] Goodbye.
And she [C7] reaches out and takes my hand and squeezes it
And says how you [Dm] feeling hon?
And I [G7] look across at smiling lips that warm my heart,
And see my [C] morning sun.

And if that's not [Dm] loving me [G7]
then all I've [Dm] got to say, [G7] is....

[C] **God didn't make the little green apples,**
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the [Dm]summer time... [G]
And there's no [Dm] such thing as [G] Dr. Seuss
Or Disney [Dm] Land and [G] Mother Goose, no nursery [C] rhymes.

[C] **God didn't make the little green apples,**
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the [Dm] summer time...[G7]
And [Dm]when myself is [G7] feeling low,
I [Dm] think about her [G] face and go and [C] ease my mind.

Some-[Dm]-times I call her up, at home, [G7] Knowing that she's [C] busy.
And ask [Dm] her if she can get away and meet me
and [G7] maybe we can grab a [C] bite to eat.
And she [C7] drops what she's doing and she hurries down to meet me,
and I'm [Dm] always late. [G7]
But she [Dm] sits waiting [G7] patiently,
and [Dm]smiles when she first [G7] sees me, because she's [C] made that way.

And if that ain't [Dm] loving me, [G7]
then all I've [Dm] got to say,.. [G7]

[C] **God didn't make the little green apples,**
and it don't snow in Minneapolis
when the [Dm] winter comes.[G7]
And there's [Dm] no such thing as [G] make-believe,
[Dm]Puppy dogs or autumn [G] leaves, no [C] BB guns.
[C] **God didn't make the little green apples,**
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the [Dm] winter comes...[G7]

(hum, don't sing)

And there's [Dm] no such thing as [G] make-believe,
[Dm]Puppy dogs or autumn [G] leaves, no..... [C] end