

Little Green Apples

Dean Martin

And I wake up in the morning
With my hair down in my eyes and she says hi
And I stumble to the breakfast table
While the kids are gonna to school goodbye
She reaches out and takes my hand
And squeezes it and says how you feeling hon
And I look across at smiling lips
That warm my heart and see my morning 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
There's no such thing as Doctor Sues
Disneyland or Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And when myself is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind

Sometimes I call her up at home knowing she's busy
And ask if she could get away and meet me and grab a bite to eat
Then she drops what she's doin' and 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
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
When myself is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind
To ease my mind to ease my mind