

Little Green Apples

Chris Martin

Oh, 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
She reaches out and takes my hand
And squeezes it and 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 the little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
There's no such thing as Doctor Seuss
Disneyland and Mother Goose, and no nursery rhyme
Jah didn't make the 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, yes
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

Well, if that not lovin' me
Then all I've got to say

God didn't make the little green apples
And it don't snow in Indianapolis in the winter time
There's no such thing as Doctor Seuss
Disneyland and Mother Goose, and no nursery rhyme
Jah didn't make the little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And when my life is feelin' low
I think about her face aglow and ease my mind