

# Little Green Apples

Roy Drusky

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 runnin' off to school goodbye

She reaches out and takes my hand  
Squeezes it says, How you feelin' Hon  
And I look across at smilin' 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 Suess  
Disneyland and 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  
Knowin' she's busy  
And ask if she'd get away  
And meet me and may be grab a bite to eat

And she drops what she's doin'  
And hurries down to meet me and I'm always late  
But she sits waiting 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

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