

Ray Price, Little Green Apples

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 going off to school goodbye
And she reaches out and takes my hand squeezes it and says how you feelin' hon
And I look across at smiling lips that warm my heart and 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 Doctor Sues
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 feeling 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
And she drops what she's doing and she 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 loving me then all I've got to say
God didn't make little green apples
And 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