

Little Green Apples

O.C. Smith
Robbie Williams

2 PAGES

Intro 2 quick bars...

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 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.

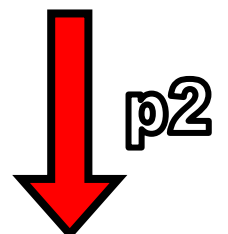
And if that's not loving me, - then all I've got to say,

God didn't make the little green apples, and it
don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time.

And there's no such thing as Dr. Seuss or Disney
land and mother goose, no nursery rhymes.

God didn't make the little green apples, and it
don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time.

And when myself is feeling low, I think about her
face aglow and ease my mind.



2.

(after beat 2 on the 5th)

Sometimes I call her up, at home, knowing she's busy.

And ask her if she can get away, meet me and maybe we can 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, & smiles when she first sees me, because she's made that way.

And if that's not loving me, - then all I've got to say,

God didn't make the little green apples, & it don't **snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes.**

And there's no such thing as make-believe, puppy dogs or autumn leaves, no bb guns.

God didn't make the little green apples, & 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. ///