LITTLE GREEN APPLES

MODERATO

Tekst & muziek: BOBBY RUSSELL

And I wake up in the morning with my

heart down in my eyes and she says, "Hi!"

And I stumble to the breakfast table while the

kids are going off to school, good-bye.

And she reaches out and takes my hand

squeezes it says, "How you feelin' Honey."

And I look across at smiling lips that
There's no such thing as Doctor Blues.
There's no such thing as make believe.

2nd Time
Fade out for Fire

Disneyland and Mother Goose is no
puppy dogs and autumn leaves and
nursery rhyme.
B. B. guns.

And when my self is tippin' it low!

it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time.

God didn't make Little Green Apples and

God didn't make Little Green Apples and
think about her face a glow to ease my mind

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

And ask if she could get a-way and meet me and grab a bite to eat

And she drops what she's do-in' and hurry down to meet me and I'm always late.

D.S. al Fine

But she sits waiting patient-ly and smiles when she first sees me 'cause she's made that way.