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 goin' off to school, good-bye

And 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

And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss

Or Disneyland, and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme
God 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

Some-times 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

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

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

CHORUS and fade
LITTLE GREEN APPLES - Bobby Russell

4/4

Dm                     A+                      Dm7                      G7                            C
And I wake up in the mornin' with my hair down in my eyes, and she says "Hi"
Dm                     A+                      Dm7                      G7                            C
And I stumble to the breakfast table, while the kids are goin' off to school, good-bye
Gm7                     C7                           Gm7                     C7
And she reaches out and takes my hand and squeezes it and says "How ya feelin', hon?"

Dm                     A+                     Dm7                          G7                       C
And I look across at smilin' lips that warm my heart, and see my mornin' sun
Dm7         G7  Dm7  G7                    Dm7         G7  Dm7  G7
And if that's not lovin' me,
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
CMA7  C6   CMA7
God didn't make the little green apples,
CMA7  C6   CMA7
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
CMA7  C6   CMA7
And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss
Or Disneyland, and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme

CMA7  C6   CMA7
God didn't make the little green apples,
CMA7  C6   CMA7
And when my self is feelin' low
CMA7  C6   CMA7
I think about her face aglow, and ease my mind

Dm7                     G7                            C
Some-times I call her up at home knowin' she's busy
Dm7                     G7
And ask her if she could get away and meet me, and maybe we could grab a bite to eat
Gm7                     C7                     Gm7                     C7                      F                      Fm6
And she drops what she's doin', and she hurry's down to meet me, and I'm always late
Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7
But she sits waitin' patiently and smiles when she first sees me, cause she's made that way
Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7                     Dm7         G7
And if that's not lovin' me,
CHORUS  and fade