

Little Green Apples

O. C. Smith - 1968

Am **Am7** **D7** **G**
And I wake up in the morning with my hair down in my eyes and she says, "Hi"
Am **Am7** **D7** **G**
And I stumble to the breakfast table while the kids are going off to school, goodbye
G7 **C** **Cm**
And she reaches out an' takes my hand squeezes it says, "How you feelin' hon."
Am **D7** **Am** **D7** **G**
And I look across at smiling lips that warm my heart and see my morning sun.

Am D7 Am D7 Am D7 Am D7
And if that's not lovin' me then all I got to say,
G **Am**
God didn't make Little Green Apples and it don't rain in Indianapolis summer time,
Am7 D7 Am Am7 D7
There's no such thing as Doctor Suess, Disneyland and Mother Goose is no
G
nursery rhyme.

G **Am** **Am7**
God didn't make Little Green Apples and it don't rain in Indianapolis summer time,
D7 Am Am7 D7 G
And when myself is feeli' low I think about her face a glow to ease my mind

Am Am7 D7 G
Sometimes I call her up at home knowing she's busy
Am Am7 D7 G
And ask if she can get away and meet me and grab a bite to eat
G7 C Cm
And she drops what she's doni' and hurries down to meet me and I'm always late.
Am D7 Am D7 G
But she sits waiting patiently and smile when she sees me 'cause she's made that way.

Am D7 Am D7 Am D7 Am D7
And if that ain't lovin' me then all I got to say,
G
God didn't make Little Green Apples and it don't snow in Minneapolis when the
Am Am7 D7
winter comes,
Am Am7 D7 G
There's no such thing as make believe puppy dogs and autumn leaves and B.B guns.
G **Am** **Am7**
God didn't make Little Green Apples and it don't rain in Indianapolis summer time,
D7 Am Am7 D7 G
And when myself is feeli' low I think about her face a glow to ease my mind