Little Green Apples  
Bobby Russell

(chords for last line of chorus 1)

v1:

Am G Am7 D7

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, goodbye
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

chorus 1:

Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7

And if that's not lovin' 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 ~~
And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss
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 my self is feelin' low,
I think about her face aglow to ease my mind

v2:

Am Am7 D7 G Gmaj7 G6 Am Am7 Am7 D7 G Gmaj7 G6

Sometimes 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 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

chorus 2:

Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7

And if that's not lovin' me, then all I've got to say
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winters come ~~
And there's no such thing 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 ~~
And when my self is feelin' low,
I think about her face aglow to ease my mind

ending (FADE):

G
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MeTX5zPt7k