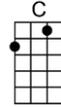
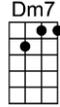
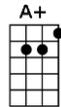
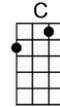
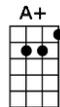


LITTLE GREEN APPLES (BAR)-Bobby Russell

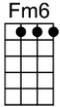
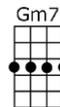
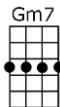
4/4



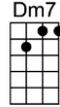
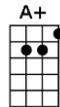
And I wake up in the mornin' with my hair down in my eyes, and she says "Hi"



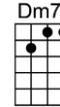
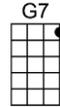
And I stumble to the breakfast table, while the kids are goin' off to school, good-bye



And she reaches out and takes my hand and squeezes it and says "How ya feelin', hon?"

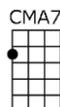
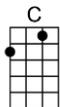


And I look across at smilin' lips that warm my heart, and see my mornin' sun

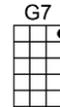
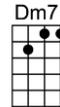
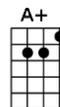
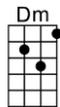
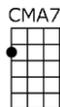
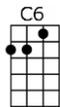


And if that's not lovin' me,

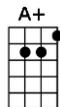
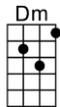
then all I've got to say



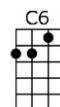
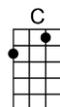
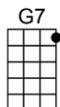
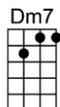
God didn't make the little green apples,



And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

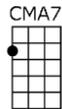
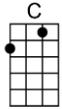


And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss

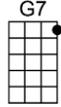
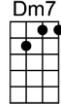
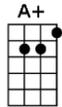
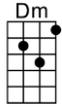
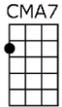
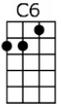


Or Disneyland, and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme

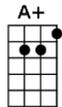
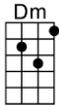
p.2. Little Green Apples



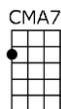
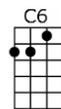
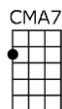
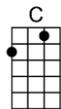
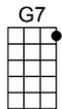
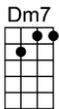
God didn't make the little green apples,



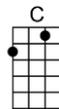
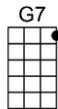
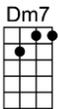
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime



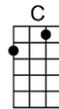
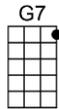
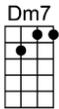
And when my self is feelin' low



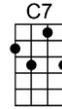
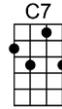
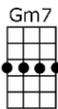
I think about her face aglow, and ease my mind



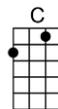
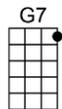
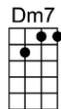
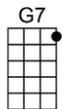
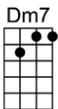
Some-times I call her up at home knowin' she's busy



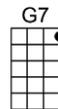
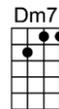
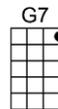
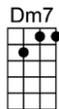
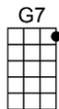
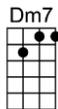
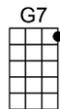
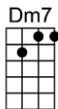
And ask her if she could get away and meet me, and maybe we could grab a bite to eat



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 F Fm6
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, then all I've got to say

C CMA7
God didn't make the little green apples,
C6 CMA7 Dm A+ Dm7 G7
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
Dm A+
And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss
Dm7 G7 C CMA7 C6 CMA7
Or Disneyland, and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme

C CMA7
God didn't make the little green apples,
C6 CMA7 Dm A+ Dm7 G7
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
Dm A+
And when my self is feelin' low
Dm7 G7 C 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 C
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 hurries down to meet me, and I'm always late
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C
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
And if that's not lovin' me, then all I've got to say

CHORUS and fade