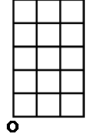
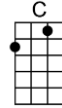
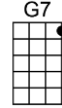
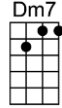
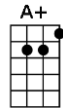
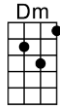


SING D

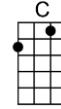
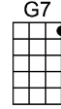
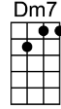
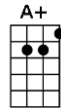
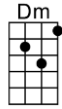


# LITTLE GREEN APPLES (BAR)-Bobby Russell

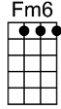
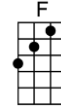
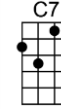
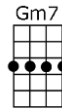
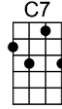
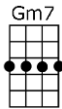
4/4



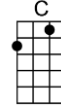
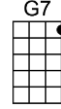
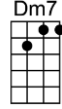
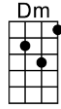
And I wake up in the mornin' with my hair down in my eyes, and she says "Hi"



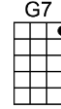
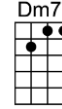
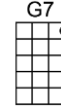
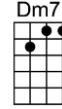
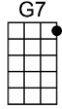
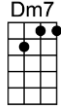
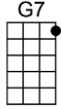
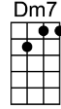
And I stumble to the breakfast table, while the kids are goin' off to school, good-bye



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

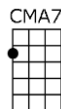
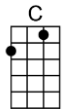


And I look across at smilin' lips that warm my heart, and see my mornin' sun

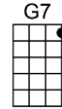
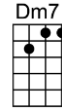
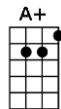
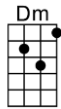
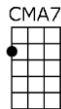
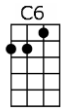


And if that's not lovin' me,

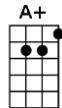
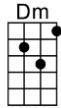
then all I've got to say



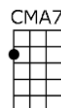
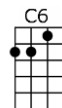
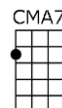
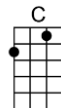
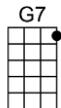
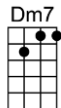
God didn't make the little green apples,



And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

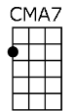
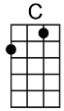


And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss

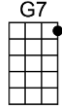
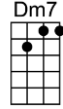
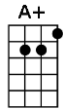
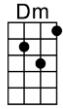
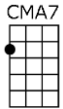
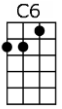


Or Disneyland, and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme

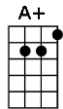
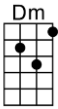
**p.2. Little Green Apples**



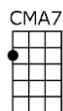
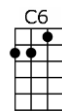
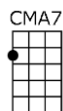
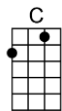
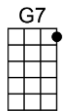
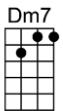
**God didn't make the little green apples,**



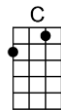
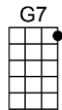
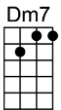
**And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime**



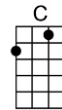
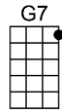
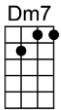
**And when my self is feelin' low**



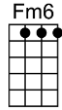
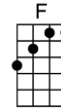
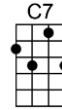
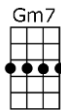
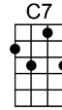
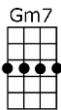
**I think about her face aglow, and ease my mind**



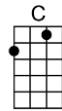
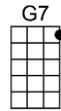
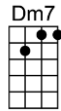
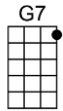
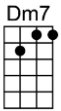
**Some-times I call her up at home knowin' she's busy**



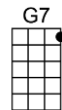
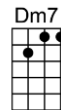
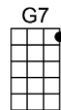
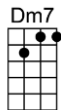
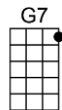
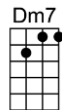
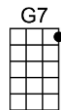
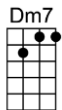
**And ask her if she could get away and meet me, and maybe we could grab a bite to eat**



**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