

Andy Williams - Little Green Apples

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Tom: Ab
                                                               And when myself is feeling low
  Intro: Fm Bb7
                                                               I think about her face and go and ease my mind
                                                                                            Gbm
                                                                                                                    E E Abm
                                                                              Gbm
And I wake up in the morning
                   Fm
                                                     Eb7 C7-
                                                               Sometimes I call her up at home knowing she's busy
With my hair down in my eyes and she says hi
                                                               Gbm
                                                                                 Gbm
                                                               FFF
And I stumble to the breakfast table
                                                               And ask if she could get away and meet me and maybe we can
              Fm
                                                           Eb7 grab a bite to eat
                                                               Bm
While the kids are going off to school goodbye
       Bbm
                          Eb7
                                                               And she drops what she's doing and she hurries down to meet me
And she reaches out and takes my hand
                                                               and I'm always late
                    Eb7
                                                     Ab7 Abm
                                                               Gbm
Squeezes it and says how you feelin' hon
                                                               But she sits waiting patiently
          Fm
                                                                                     Gbm
And I look across at smiling lips
                                                               EEEE
                         Bb7
                                                               And smiles when she first sees me cause she's made that way
              Fm
That warm my heart and see my morning sun
                                                                                           Gbm B7
                                                                                                       Gbm
                                                               And if that ain't loving me then all I've got to say
                                                                                       Gm
And if that's not loving me
                                  then all I've got to say
                                                               God didn't make little green apples
God didn't make little green apples
                                                               And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
                                                               And there's no such think as make-believe,
And there's no such thing as Doctor Suess
                                                               Puppy dogs or autumn leaves and BB guns
                                                                                       Gm
                                                               God didn't make little green apples
Or Disneyland and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme
God didn't make little green apples
                                                               And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes
                                                       Fm
                                                                                               Gm
                                                               And there's no such think as make-believe
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
                                                               Puppy dogs or autumn leaves and BB guns
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Acordes

