

Nancy Wilson - Little Green Apples

Tom: Ab

Intro: Fm7 Bb7

Verse

And I wake up in the morning
C7-
With my hair down in my eyes and she says hi
And I stumble to the breakfast table
Eb7 C7-
While the kids are going off to school goodbye
And she reaches out and takes my hand
Squeezes it and says how you feelin' hon
And I look across at smiling lips
That warm my heart and see my morning sun
Bb7
And if that's not loving me then all I've got to say
Melody
God didn't make little green apples
Fm7 Fm7 Bb7
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime
And there's no such thing as Doctor Suess
Eb7 Eb
Or Disneyland and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme
God didn't make little green apples
Fm7 Fm7 Bb7
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

And when myself is feeling low

I think about her face and go and ease my mind
Sometimes I call her up at home knowing she's busy
And ask if she could get away and meet me and maybe we can grab a bite to eat
And she drops what she's doing and she hurries down to meet me and I'm always late
But she sits waiting patiently
And smiles when she first sees me cause she's made that way
And if that ain't loving me then all I've got to say
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes
And there's no such think as make-believe,
Puppy dogs or autumn leaves and BB guns
God didn't make little green apples
And it don't snow in Minneapolis when the winter comes
And there's no such think as make-believe,
Puppy dogs or autumn leaves and BB guns

Acordes

