

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

