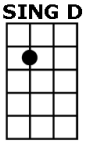
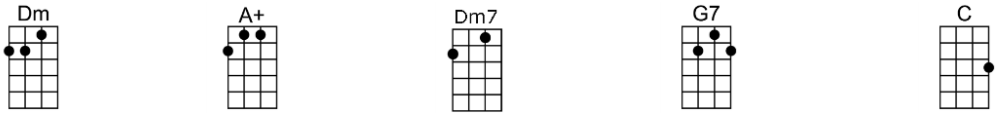
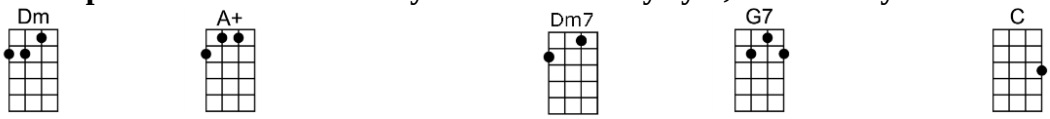


LITTLE GREEN APPLES-Bobby Russell

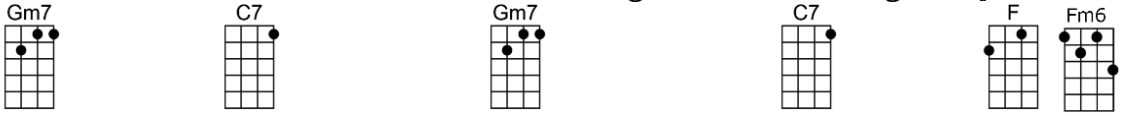
4/4



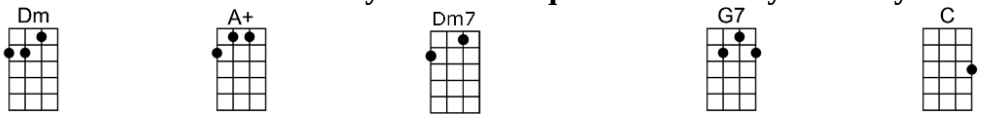
And I wake up in the mornin' with my hair down in my eyes, and she says "Hi"



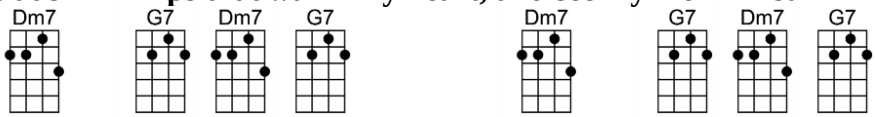
And I stumble to the breakfast table, while the kids are goin' off to school, good-bye



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

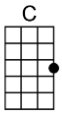
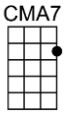
God didn't make the little green apples,

And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

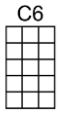
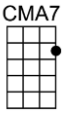
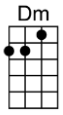
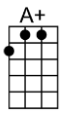
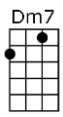
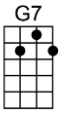
And there's no such thing as Doctor Seuss

Or Disneyland, and Mother Goose is no nursery rhyme

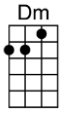
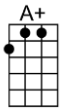
p.2. Little Green Apples

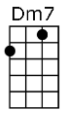
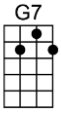
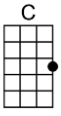
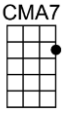
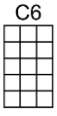
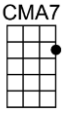
God didn't make the little green apples,

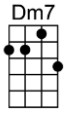
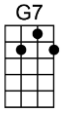
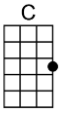
And it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime

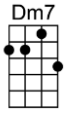
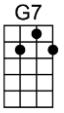
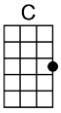
And when my self is feelin' low

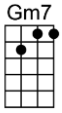
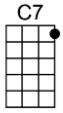
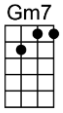
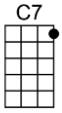
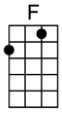
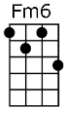
I think about her face aglow, and ease my mind

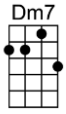
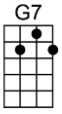
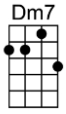
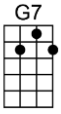
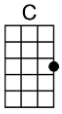
Some-times I call her up at home knowin' she's busy

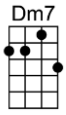
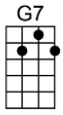
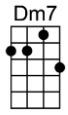
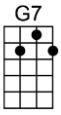
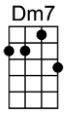
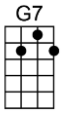
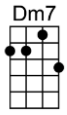
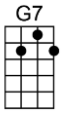
And ask her if she could get away and meet me, and maybe we could grab a bite to eat

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
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