

Raffaëla

"My Guy"

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Nothing you can say,
Can tear me away,
From my guy.
Nothing you could do,
'cause I'm stuck like glue,
To my guy.
I'm sticking to my guy,
Like a stamp to a letter,
Like birds of a feather,
We, stick together,
I'm tellin you from the start,
I can't be torn apart from my guy.

Nothing you could do,
Could make me be untrue,
To my guy.
(My Guy)
Nothing you could buy,
Could make me tell a lie,
To my guy
(My Guy)
I gave my guy,
My word of honor,
To be faithful,
And I'm gonna,
You'd best be believing,
I won't be deceiving,
My guy.

As a matter of opinion,
I think he's tops,
My opinion is,
He's the cream of the crop,
As a matter of taste,
To be exact,
He's my ideal,
As a matter of fact.

No muscle bound man,
Could take my hand,
From my guy.

(My guy)
No handsome face,
Could ever take the place,
Of my guy,
(My guy)
He may not be a movie star,
But when it comes to being happy,
We are,
There's not a man today,
Who can take me away,
From my guy.

No muscle bound man,
Could take my hand,
From my guy.
(My guy)
No handsome face,
Could ever take the place,
Of my guy,
(My guy)
He may not be a movie star,
But when it comes to being happy,
We are,
There's not a man today,
Who can take me away,
From my guy.
(what'cha say?)

There's not a man today,
Who could take me away,
From my guy.
(Tell me more!)

There's not a man today,
Who could take me away,
From my guy.

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