

Frank Ciampi "Little Girl"

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I hear you coming on a Friday night
Just when the moon is right
And you couldn't love another
We'll be getting high
And singing oh my baby wont you hold me tight
And we'll try to keep our heads above the clouds

Why don't we make your mother proud
You know I shouldn't be around

But I'll keep on believing there's still hope in this world
Tell me something do you want to be my little girl
My little girl

The lights are flashing and the music's right

Here on this Friday night
And I couldn't love another
You're a shinning star
We try to slow down but you always take it far
As we try to keep our heads above the clouds

Why don't we make your mother proud
You know I shouldn't be around

But I'll keep on believing there's still hope in this world
Tell me something do you want to be my little girl
My little girl

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