

Frank Sinatra

"Hair Of Gold, Eyes Of Blue"

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I came down from Butte, Montana, for a little change of scene

And I stopped to stay in Santa Fe, where I met a pretty queen

Hair of gold, eyes of blue, lips like cherry wine

She's the prettiest gal I ever know and I'm gonna make her mine

Now I planned to leave on Monday, but she held me kinda tight

So I stood my ground and hung around and then I left on Friday night

Oh, hair of gold, eyes of blue, lips like cherry wine

The prettiest gal I ever knew and I'm gonna make her mine

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