

J. J. Cale **"My Gal"**

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Now my gal don't like them red red roses
She don't like perfume
Now my gal ain't got no fancy notions
She just likes to make love all night and sleep all
afternoon

Now my gal don't drive no Cadillac car
She's got no place to go
She's just undecided, fake it trough the day
The night time is the right time, you know
Night time is the right time, you know

She can't sing and she can't dance
She can't walk too well
She can't cook and she can't sew
But boy she can sure raise Hell

My my my, she sure gets high
My my my my my
My my my, she sure gets high
My my my my my

My my my, she sure gets high
My my my my my
My my my, she sure gets high
My my my my my

My my my, she sure gets high
My my my my my

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