

Perry Como **"Complete Medley :"**

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Thank heaven for little girls
You were meant for me
A fellow needs a girl

Sing to me, mr. c., sing to me
The song that I've been waiting to hear,
Just for me, mr. c., just for me,
And everybody else will disappear . . .

Thank heaven for little girls
For little girls get bigger every day!

Thank heaven for little girls
They grow up in the most delightful way!

Those little eyes so helpless and appealing
One day will flash and send you crashin' thru the ceilin'

Thank heaven for little girls
Thank heaven for them all,
No matter where no matter who
For without them, what would little boys do?

< instrumental break >

Thank heaven . . . thank heaven . . .
Thank heaven for little girls!

You were meant for me
I was meant for you!
Nature patterned you, an' when she was done
You were all the sweet things rolled in one!

You're like a plaintive melody
That never lets me free
I'm content, the angels must have sent you
And they meant you just for me!

You . . .
Were . . .
Meant . . .
For me!

I . . .
Was . . .
Meant . . .
For you!

I'm content,
The angels must have sent you
And they meant you
Just for me!

A fella needs a girl, to sit by his side
At the end of a weary day
To sit by his side and listen to him talk
And agree with the things he'll say!

A fella needs a girl, to hold in his arms
When the rest of the world goes wrong
To hold in his arms and know that she believes
That her fellow is wise and strong!

When things go right and his job's well done
He wants to share the prize he's won
If no one shares and no one cares
Where's the fun of a job well done, or a prize you've
won?

A fella needs a home, his own kind of home
But to make his dream come
A fella needs a girl, his own kind of girl
My kind of girl is you!

< instrumental break >

A fella needs a girl, his own kind of girl
My kind of girl is you!

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