

## **Perry Como**

# **"My Kind Of Girl"**

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She walks, like an angel walks,  
she talks like an angel talks!  
And her hair has a kind of curl  
to my mind, she's my kind of girl!

She's wise, like an angel's wise,  
with eyes like an angel's eyes!  
And a smile like a kind of pearl  
to my mind, she's my kind of girl!

Pretty little face  
that face just knocks me off of my feet!  
Pretty little feet  
she's really sweet enough to eat!

She looks, like an angel looks,  
she cooks like an angel cooks!  
And my mind's in a kind of whirl  
to my mind, she's my kind of girl!  
Pretty little face  
that face just knocks me off of my feet!  
Pretty little feet  
she's really sweet enough to eat!

She looks, like an angel looks,  
she cooks like an angel cooks!  
And my mind's in a kind of whirl  
to my mind, she's my kind of girl!

And my heart's kind of full of joy  
because she told me  
I'm her kind of boy!

That lady's my kind of girl!

Words and Music by Leslie Bricusse, 1961

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