

The Rolling Stones

"My Girl"

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(Robinson/White)

I got sunshine, on a cloudy day
When it's cold outside, I got the month of May

I guess, you'll say,
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl) my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl

I go so much honey, the bees envy me
I've got a sweeter song, baby, than the birds in the
trees

I guess, you'll say,
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl) my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey (ooh)

I don't need no money, fortune or fame
I've got all the riches, baby, one man can claim

I guess, you'll say,
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl) my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl

I got sunshine, on a cloudy day
I even got the month of May
(My girl) My girl. I'm talkin' 'bout my girl

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