

# Frank Sinatra, Hair Of Gold, Eyes Of Blue

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.