

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.