

# Sheryl Crow, Sweet Child O' Mine

He's got a smile that it seems to me  
Reminds me of childhood memories  
Where everything was as fresh as the bright blue sky  
Now and then when I see his face  
It takes me away to that special place  
And if I stared too long  
I'd probably break down and cry

Sweet child o' mine  
Sweet love of mine

He's got eyes of the bluest skies  
And if they thought of rain  
I hate to look into those eyes  
And see an ounce of pain  
His hair reminds me of a warm safe place  
Where as a child I'd hide  
And pray for the thunder  
And the rain  
To quietly pass me by

Sweet child o' mine  
Sweet love of mine

Where do we go?  
Where do we go now?  
Where do we go?  
Sweet child o' mine