

# Van Morrison, Little Girl

Little girl, little girl  
Thought you were on your way to school  
Little girl, little girl  
Thought you were on your way to school  
Do you remember?  
You went and broke your teacher's rule

Well, I walked by your classroom  
I had to take a look  
I stopped a while and watched what you  
Had written in your book  
'Cause I love ya  
An' I don't care, a-what they say

Saw you from my window  
Standin' by the big oak tree  
I sat an' thought an' wondered, baby  
About how it used to be  
And miles and miles of golden sand  
A-walking, a-talkin', hand in hand  
And I've got you, in my soul  
I really do believe  
I've got you in my soul

Got you  
Got you  
Got you

I got you, in my soul  
In my, a-in my soul  
You're so sweet, angel  
I got you, a-in my soul  
I love you, I need you  
Wild child  
Oh child  
Whoa, child  
Oh-oh, child

FADES -  
Whoa, child  
Whoa, child  
Ah-ha  
Alright!  
Alright  
Child