

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