

Alabama, My Girl

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day
And when it's cold outside girl I've got the month of May
Oh, I guess you'd say what can make me feel this way
My girl, my girl, my girl, talkin' bout my girl, my girl
I've got so much honey the bees envy me
I've got a sweeter song baby than the birds in the trees
Well, I guess you'd say what can make me feel this way
My girl, my girl, my girl, talkin' bout my girl, my girl
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
I don't need no money, fortune, or fame
I've got all the riches baby one man can claim
Well, I guess you'd say, what can make me feel this way
My girl, my girl, my girl, talkin' bout my girl
My girl, talkin' 'bout my girl
On a cloudy day with my girl
I've even got the month of May with my girl
Talkin' 'bout, talkin' 'bout my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl, my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl, my girl