

# Cliff Richard, With A Girl Like You

Gaye,  
Won't you let me have a say  
In the way you behave,  
I won't last another day  
If you decide to go away.

CHORUS:

You're the tray of nice things  
I upset yesterday,  
The display of bright rings  
I let slip away.

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Oh Gaye,  
You allay my every fear  
In a most extraordinary way,  
If I thought that I could find  
my way without you  
I would not ask you to stay.

CHORUS:

You're the tray of nice things  
I upset yesterday,  
The mainstay of my dreams  
That I let slip away.

\*\*\*\*

Gaye,  
Won't you let me have a say  
In the way you behave,  
I won't last another day  
If you decide to go away.

Don't go away,  
Oh please stay,  
Don't go away,  
Please stay.