

Diana Ross, My Guy

Nothing you could say could tear me away from my guy (my guy)
Nothing you could do, 'cause I'm stuck like glue to my guy (my guy)
I'm sticking to my guy like a stamp to a letter
Like birds of a feather, we stick together
I'm tellin' you from the start
I can't be torn apart from my guy

Nothing you could do could make me untrue to my guy (my guy)
Nothing you could buy could make me tell a lie to my guy (my guy)
I gave my guy my word of honour to be faithful, and I'm gonna
You best be believing I won't be deceiving my guy

As a matter of opinion I think he's tops
My opinion is he's the cream of the crop
As a matter of taste, to be exact
He's my ideal, as a matter of fact

No muscle bound man could take my hand from my guy (my guy)
No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy (my guy)
He may not be a movie star, but when it comes to bein' happy, we are

There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy

No muscle bound man could take my hand from my guy (my guy)
No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy (my guy)
He may not be a movie star, but when it comes to bein' happy, we are

There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy
(What you say ?)
There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy
(One more time)
There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy