

# Nana Mouskouri, My Kind Of Man

So strong are his arms  
When they bring down a tree  
But tender when they touch me

So straight does he walk  
That the wind steps aside  
But I know he is gentle inside

The kids in the town  
Always follow him around  
Cause they know in their innocent way  
That his two hands are so strong  
Could never do wrong  
Though he is tired,  
He'll stop and he'll play

His eyes are so blue  
And his smile's like the sun  
All my worries are wrapped up in love  
He is my hopes and my dreams  
And everything seems to say  
He's my kind of man  
The right kind of man for me