

Poco, Here Comes That Girl Again

Here comes that girl again, sweet as the Southern wind
Dressed in her very best, old lace and calico and

Chorus:

It looks like love's got a hold on me
It looks like love, ooh, got a hold on me

Ribbons of sunlight fall all through her golden hair
Like some uncommon child, I have to stop and stare

(chorus repeats 2x)