

Rolling Stones, My Girl

(Robinson/White)

I got sunshine, on a cloudy day.
When it's cold outside, I got the month of May.
I guess, you'll say,
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl) my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl.
I go so much honey, the bees envy me.
I've got a sweeter song, baby, than the birds in the trees.
I guess, you'll say,
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl) my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl.
Oooh oooh oooh oooh oooh.
Hey, hey, hey, hey.
Hey, hey, hey, hey. (oooh)
I don't need no money, or count my pay.
I've got all the riches, baby, one man can take.
I guess, you'll say,
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl) my girl
Talkin' 'bout my girl.
I got sunshine, on a cloudy day.
I even got the month of May.
(My girl) My girl. I'm talkin' 'bout my girl.