

# The Supremes, My Guy, My Girl

(Wm. Robinson/R. White)

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  
I'm sticking to my guy like a stamp to a letter  
Like birds of a feather  
We stick together  
I'm telling you from the start  
I can't be torn apart from my guy

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day  
When it's cold outside  
I've got the month of May  
I guess you say  
What can make me feel this way?  
My girl, talking 'bout my girl

No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy

I've got so much, so much, so much honey  
That the bees envy me  
I guess you say  
What can make me feel this way?

There's not a man today  
Who could take me away from my guy (My guy)

I don't need money, fortune or fame

There's nothing you can buy  
Could make me tell a lie to my guy  
There's nothing you can do  
Could make me untrue to my guy

I guess you say  
What can make me feel this way?

There's not a man today  
Who could take me away from my guy (My guy)  
Nothing you can say could tear me away from my guy