



My Kind of Girl

She walks like an angel walks,
She talks like an angel talks,
And her hair has a kind of curl
To my mind, she's my kind of girl.

She's wise like an angel's wise,
With eyes like an angel's eyes,
And her smile is a kind of pearl
To my mind, she's my kind of girl.

Little girl, let me kiss you,
Let me hold you tight,
And if only for one night, baby,
I wouldn't mind.

She looks like an angel looks,
She cooks like an angel cooks,
And my mind's in a kind of whirl
To my mind, she's my kind of girl.

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