

Sister Golden Hair

Galbraith, Declan

Well I tried to make it Sunday, but I got so damn
depressed
That I set my sights on Monday and I got myself
undressed
I ain't ready for the altar but I do agree there's
times
When a woman sure can be a friend of mine

Well, I keep on thinkin' 'bout you, sister golden hair
surprise
And I just can't live without you; can't you see it in
my eyes?
I been one poor correspondent, and I been too, too hard
to find
But it doesn't mean you ain't been on my mind

Will you meet me in the middle; will you meet me in the
air?
Will you love me just a little, just enough to show you
care?
Well I tried to fake it, I don't mind sayin', I just
can't make it

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Doo wop doo wop ...