

## Sunny

Frank Sinatra

Never comb your hair, sun-ny!  
Leave the breez-es there, sun-ny!  
Let your stock-ing fall down,  
For shock-ing the town is all that you do.  
Smil-ing all the while, tom-boy  
Where'd you get your smile from boy?  
Lit-tle sun-ny girl,  
Be my hon-ey girl, I'm for you!