

She's Just My Style

Gary Lewis & The Playboys

Every time I see her she don't even look my way,
Maybe she will notice me, but then what would I say?
I would say what's on my mind,
But the words are hard to find,
But I'm gonna try to tell her anyway.

Don't you know that she's just my style,
Everything about her drives me wild,
Don't you know that she's just my style,
Everything about her drives me wild,
Don't you know that she's fine, so fine.

Other guys who meet her may not think she's much to see,
I can't begin to tell you what she always does to me,
Maybe it's the clothes she wears,
Or the way she combs her hair,
Oh, that makes me want to tell her that I care.

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