

My Kind of Girl

Nat King Cole

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's like a kind of pearl
To my mind she's my kind of girl

Groovy little face
That face just knocks me off-a my feet
Pretty little feet
She's really sweet enough to eat

Boy, she looks a-like an angel looks
She cooks like an angel cooks
And my mind's in a kind of a whirl
'Cause to my mind she's my kind of girl

Pretty little face
That face just knocks me off-a my feet
Pretty little feet
She's really sweet enough to eat

Man, she looks like an angel looks
And she cooks a-like an angel cooks
And my mind's in a kind of a whirl
'Cause to my mind she's my kind of girl
And my heart's kinda full of joy
'Cause she told me I'm her kind of boy
My kind of girl
Her kind of boy
My kind of girl