## **Younger Girl**

## The Lovin' Spoonful

She's one of those girls, Who seems to come in the spring. One look in her eyes, And you forget everything, You had ready to say. And I saw her today, yeah.

A younger girl Keeps rollin' 'cross my mind. No matter how much I try, I can't seem to leave her memory behind. I remember her eyes, Soft dark and brown. Said she'd never been in trouble, Even in town A younger girl Keeps rollin' 'cross my mind.

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And should I hang around, Acting like her brother? In a few more years, They'd call us right for each other. And why, If I wait I'll just die, yeah.

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