

My Girl

The Mamas and the Papas

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day;
And when it's cold outside, I've got the month of May.
I guess you'll say
What can make me feel this way?
My girl - I'm talking 'bout my girl.

I've got so much honey the bees envy me;
I've got a sweeter song than the birds in the tree.
I guess you'll say
What can make me feel this way?
My girl - I'm talking 'bout my girl.

Hey, hey, hey...
Hey, hey, hey...

I don't need money, fortune, or fame;
I got all the riches, baby, that one man can claim.
I guess you'll say
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl, my girl) - talking 'bout my girl

(Hey, hey, hey - hey, hey, hey)
I've got so much honey the bees envy me
(Hey, hey, hey - hey, hey, hey)
I got a sweeter song than the birds in the tree
(Hey, hey, hey - hey, hey, hey)
Don't need no fortune, no money or fame
(Hey, hey, hey...)
But when I got my girl...