

## 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...