My Girl

Words and Music by WILLIAM "SMOKEY" ROBINSON and RONALD WHITE

I've got sunshine,

on a cloudy day;

When it's

cold outside,

I've got the month of May.

Slowly
I guess you say, What can make me feel this way? My girl, 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.

Well,

I guess you say, What can make me feel this way?

My girl, talking 'bout my girl.

I don't need no money, fortune or
F \hspace{10cm} \textit{fame.} \hspace{10cm} Bb \hspace{10cm} F \hspace{10cm} I've got all the riches, baby,

Bb \hspace{10cm} \textit{one man can claim.} \hspace{10cm} F \hspace{10cm} Bb \hspace{10cm} F \hspace{10cm} Gm \hspace{10cm} Well, I guess

Bb \hspace{10cm} C \hspace{10cm} F \hspace{10cm} Gm \hspace{10cm} Bb \hspace{10cm} C \hspace{10cm} F \hspace{10cm} \textit{you say. What can make me feel this way? My girl,}

Bb \hspace{10cm} C7 \hspace{10cm} \textit{talking 'bout my girl.}
I've got sunshine on a cloudy day with my girl; I've even got the month of May with my girl. Talking 'bout,
talking 'bout, talking 'bout my girl. Woo! my girl.

That's all I can talk about, is my girl.