

a Woman's Love

Don Covay

My woman's love
Is so, so, divine
Yes, it is people
My woman's love
Is sweeter, sweeter, than honey
Ten times

Let me tell ya about my woman

I'm so thankful
My-my-my-my, my, my
For this little woman of mine
Oh, yeah

My woman's love
Is so tender and warm
So tender and warm
My woman's love
Makes me, makes me
A happy, happy, home

Let me tell ya about my woman

Well, the so called friends
Turn their backs
Oh, she comfort me
All alone, yeah

And let me tell ya
Let me tell ya

(A woman)
Who'll cook my food
(A woman)
Who'll wash my clothes
(A woman)
Who'll make my bed
And when I have a headache
Who'll rub my achin' head

Ooh, nobody, nobody, nobody
(Nobody-nobody-nobody)
But my woman

Oh, she's worth more
Than silver or gold
Precious, a precious treasure
Is her love to hold

FADES-

My-my-my-my-i-hi-i, woman love.

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