A fellow needs a girl, to sit by his side At the end of a weary day To sit by his side and listen to him talk And agree with the things he'll say!

A fellow needs a girl, to hold in his arms When the rest of the world goes wrong To hold in his arms and know that she believes That her fellow is wise and strong!

When things go right and his job's well done
He wants to share the prize he's won
If no one shares and no one cares
Where's the fun of a job well done, or a prize you've won?

A fellow needs a home, his own kind of home But to make this dream come A fellow needs a girl, his own kind of girl My kind of girl is you!

A fellow needs a girl, his own kind of girl My kind of girl is you!