

Sunny

Frank Sinatra

Never comb your hair, sun-ny!
Leave the breez-es there, sun-ny!
Let your stock-ing fall down,
For shock-ing the town is all that you do.
Smil-ing all the while, tom-boy
Where'd you get your smile from boy?
Lit-tle sun-ny girl,
Be my hon-ey girl, I'm for you!