

# My Kind of Girl

Nat King Cole

She walks like an angel walks  
She talks like an angel talks  
And her hair has a kind of curl  
To my mind she's my kind of girl

She's wise like an angel's wise  
With eyes like an angel's eyes  
And her smile's like a kind of pearl  
To my mind she's my kind of girl

Groovy little face  
That face just knocks me off-a my feet  
Pretty little feet  
She's really sweet enough to eat

Boy, she looks a-like an angel looks  
She cooks like an angel cooks  
And my mind's in a kind of a whirl  
'Cause to my mind she's my kind of girl

Pretty little face  
That face just knocks me off-a my feet  
Pretty little feet  
She's really sweet enough to eat

Man, she looks like an angel looks  
And she cooks a-like an angel cooks  
And my mind's in a kind of a whirl  
'Cause to my mind she's my kind of girl  
And my heart's kinda full of joy  
'Cause she told me I'm her kind of boy  
My kind of girl  
Her kind of boy  
My kind of girl