

My Kind of Girl

Wayne Newton

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 a smile kind of like a pearl
To my mind, she's my kind of girl

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

She looks like an angel looks
She cooks like an angel cooks
And my mind's in a kind of whirl
To my mind, she's my kind of girl

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

She looks like an angel looks
She even cooks like an angel cooks
And my mind's in a kind of whirl
To my mind, she's my kind of girl

And my heart's kind of full of joy
'Cause she told me, I'm her kind of boy