

# My Kind of Girl

Dean Martin

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 like a kind of pearl,  
To my mind, she's my kind of girl.  
A pretty little face,  
That face just knocks me off my feet,  
A 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 in a kind of whirl,  
To my mind, she's my kind of girl.  
Hmmm, 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,  
And she cooks like an angel cooks,  
And my mind in a kind of whirl,  
To my mind, she's my kind of girl.  
Yes, my poor heart's in a whirl,  
She's just my kind, she's a girl.  
And I'm glad.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>