

My Guy

Diana Ross and the Supremes

Nothing you could say can tear me away from my guy
Nothing you could do 'cause I'm stuck like glue to my guy
I'm sticking to my guy, like a stamp to a letter
Like birds of a feather, we, stick together
I'm telling you from the start, I can't be torn apart from my guy
Nothing you could do, could make me be untrue
to my guy
Nothing you could buy could make me tell a lie to my guy
I gave my guy, my word of honor, to be faithful, and I'm gonna
You'd better be believing, I won't be deceiving my guy
As a matter of opinion, I think he's tops
My opinion is he's the cream of the crop
As a matter of taste to be exact
He's my ideal, as a matter of fact
No muscle bound man could take my hand from my guy
No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy
He may not be a movie star but when it comes to being happy, we are
There's not a man today who can take me away from my guy
No muscle bound man could take my hand from
my guy
No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy
He may not be a movie star but when it comes to being happy, we are
There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy
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