Sweet Child O' Mine

Scott D. Davis

She's got a smile that it seems to me
Reminds me of childhood memories
Where everything was as fresh as the bright blue skyNow and then when I see her face
She takes me away to that special place
And if I stare too long, I'd probably break down and cryWhoa, oh, oh, sweet child o' mine
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, sweet love of mineShe's got eyes of the bluest skies
As if they thought of rain
I'd hate to look into those eyes and see an ounce of painHer hair reminds me of a warm, safe place
Where as a child I'd hide
And pray for the thunder and the rain to quietly pass me byWhoa, oh, oh, sweet child o' mine
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, sweet love of mineWhoa, oh, oh, oh, sweet child o' mine
Oh, oh, oh, oh, sweet love of mineWhoa, oh, oh, oh, sweet child o' mine
Ooh, sweet love of mineWhere do we go?
Where do we go now?
Where do we go?Where do we go?
Where do we go now?
Oh, where do we go now?Where do we go?
Where do we go now?
(Sweet child)
Ooh, where do we go now?Where do we go?
Oh, where do we go now?
Oh, where do we go ?Where do we go now?
Where do we go?
Oh, where do we now?Now now now now now now now
Sweet child, sweet child o' mine

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