

Sheryl Crow, Sweet Child O' Mine

He's got a smile that it seems to me
Reminds me of childhood memories
Where everything was as fresh as the bright blue sky
Now and then when I see his face
It takes me away to that special place
And if I stared too long
I'd probably break down and cry

Sweet child o' mine
Sweet love of mine

He's got eyes of the bluest skies
And if they thought of rain
I hate to look into those eyes
And see an ounce of pain
His 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 by

Sweet child o' mine
Sweet love of mine

Where do we go?
Where do we go now?
Where do we go?
Sweet child o' mine