

# My Guy

by William "Smokey" Robinson (1964)

G G Am D

G G6 Gmaj7 G6 G G6 Gmaj7 G6  
Nothing you can say, can tear me a-way from my guy.  
G G6 Gmaj7 G6 B7 B7 B7 B7  
Nothing you could do, 'cause I'm stuck like glue, to my guy.

Am Bm Am Bm  
I'm sticking to my guy, like a stamp to a letter;  
Am Bm Am (n.c)  
Like birds of feather; we, stick together.  
G Bm Am D7 G Em Am D  
I can tell you from the start; I can't be torn apart from my guy.

Nothing you could do, could make me be un-true, to my guy.  
Nothing you could buy, could make me tell a lie, to my guy.

I gave my guy my, word of honour;  
To be faithful; and I'm gonna.  
You'd best be believing; I won't be deceiving my guy.

Am Am6 Am Am6  
As a matter of o-pinion; I think he's tops;  
Am Am6 G Gmaj7  
My opinion is; he's the cream of the crop.  
Em Bm Em Bm  
As a matter of taste; to be exact;  
Am A7 D7 D7  
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.

Am Bm Am D7  
He may not be a movie star;  
Am D7 Am Am  
But when it comes to being happy; we are.  
G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7 G  
There's not a man today, who can take me away from my guy.