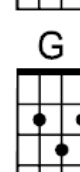
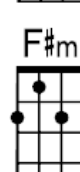
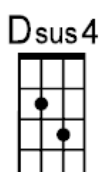
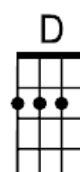
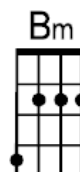
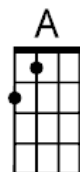


# Sister Golden Hair

Gerry Beckley

Bm G D// Dsus4// D F#m F#m Bm A G G

Well I tried to make it Sunday, but I got so damn depressed  
That I set my sights on Monday and I got myself undressed  
I ain't ready for the altar but I do agree there's times  
When a woman sure can be a friend of mine



Well, I keep on thinkin' 'bout you, sister golden hair surprise  
And I just can't live without you, can't you see it in my eyes?  
I been one poor correspondent, and I've been too, too hard to find  
But it doesn't mean you ain't been on my mind

Will you meet me in the middle, will you meet me in the air?  
Will you love me just a little, just enough to show you care?  
Well I tried to fake it, I don't mind sayin', I just can't make it

Bm G D// Dsus4// D F#m F#m Bm A G G

<Repeat gray box>

Ooo wop do wop, ooo wop do wop. Ooo wop do wop, ooo wop do wop

<Repeat>

Ooo wop do wop, ooo wop do wop one two three four