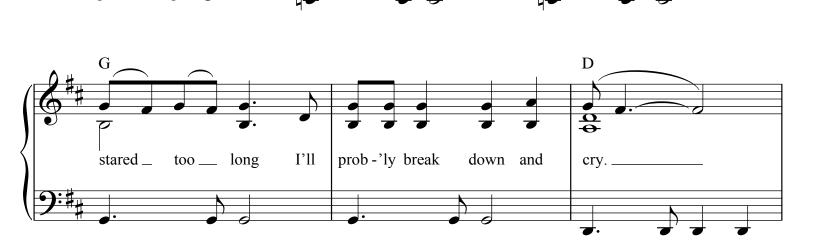
SWEET CHILD O' MINE



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Additional Lyrics

2. She's got eyes of the bluest skies, as if they thought of rain. I hate to look into those eyes and see an ounce of pain. Her 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. *Chorus*