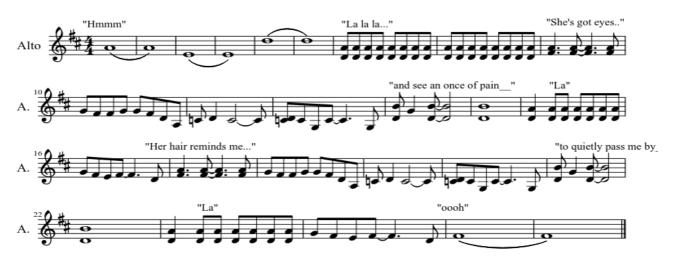
## Sweet Child Of Mine

For Choir

Guns 'n Roses (Arr. Zac Wasula)



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