

Your Song

It's a little bit funny, this feeling
inside
I'm not one of those who can easily
hide
I don't have much money, but, boy,
if I did
I'd buy a big house where we both
could live
*
If I was a sculptor, heh, but then
again, no
Or a man who makes potions in a
traveling show
I know it's not much, but it's the
best I can do
My gift is my song, and this one's for
you

And you can tell everybody this is
your song
It may be quite simple, but now that
it's done
I hope you don't mind, I hope you
don't mind that I put down in words
How wonderful life is while you're in
the world

I sat on the roof and kicked off the
moss
Well, a few of the verses, well,
they've got me quite cross
But the sun's been quite kind while I
wrote this song
It's for people like you that keep it
turned on
*

So excuse me forgetting, but these
things I do
You see, I've forgotten if they're
green or they're blue
Anyway, the thing is, what I really
mean
Yours are the sweetest eyes I've
ever seen

And you can tell everybody this is
your song
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it's done
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