

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, but then again no,
Or a man who makes potions in a travelling 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.

Chorus:

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.

Repeat Chorus

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.