

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, yeah, and this one's for you

And you can tell everybody that 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.

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