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## I Won't Mind

Reference number PT0339

I won't mind sitting by your cradle,  
singing to you softly far into the night.  
I won't mind playing peek-a-boo for hours  
to see that look of wonder, wonder and delight.  
Soon they'll be asking,  
"Where is Baby's nose?  
Where is Baby's shoe?  
Where is Baby's hat?  
Clever little boy," they'll say.  
"Lizzie taught him that."

I won't mind reading you a story,  
quacking like a duck, chirping like a bird.  
I won't mind when you ask me to repeat it  
'til you can say it with me, knowing ev'ry word.  
You needn't worry  
if there's choc'late on your hands,  
jelly on your face,  
porridge on my skirt.  
Run to me, and I'll be there  
to hold you when you hurt.

They'll say "Auntie Lizzie can't say no,"  
they'll say, "Auntie Lizzie's spoiling you,"  
they'll say, "Auntie Lizzie's wrapped around your finger."  
I'll say, "Yes, it's true."

I won't mind knowing that your mother  
showers you with kisses, bakes your fav'rite bread.  
I won't mind when I see your father lift you  
and swing you to his shoulders high above my head.  
They may be busy;  
I can take you skating,  
I can take you sledding,  
flying down the hill.  
If they won't build a snowman,  
Auntie Lizzie will.

They'll say,  
"Auntie Lizzie holds too tight,"  
they'll say, "Auntie Lizzie can't let go,"  
they'll say,  
"Auntie Lizzie's really not your aunt anyway."  
You'll say, "No, that isn't so."

In my heart,  
I will keep a secret,  
foolish little secret hidden from the rest.  
In my dream, you're my very own, my very own,  
and I blanket you with love  
as I hold you to my breast.

Lizzie, he's not yours.  
Lizzie, in his life your part is very small.  
But if one day a toy should break,  
or maybe playing patty cake,  
you call me "Mamma" by mistake,  
I won't mind at all.