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Your Song (4 part)

Reference number PT0686

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 travellin' 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 ev'rybody, 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 ev'rybody, 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 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. Oo oo.