

Your Song

Billy Paul

It's a little bit funny, Lord, 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 mansion where we both could live
If, if I was a sculpture, Lord, honey, but then again, no
Or a man who makes potions in a travelin' show
I know it's not much, I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do
You gave a gift, Lord, and I'm gon' sing it for you
And you can tell everybody that this is your song
It may be quite, quite simple but that's how it's done
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind what I wrote down in words,
words
How wonderful life is when you're in the world, world
If, if, if I was on a rooftop I'd kick off my shoes
I'll write a few verses, and then I get the blues
But the sun's been quite, quite kind while I wrote this song
It's for people like you and people like me
I want to, I want to keep turnin' on
So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do, Lord
You see, you see I've forgotten if they're green or blue
Anyway the things is, anyway the thing is, what I really mean
Your are the sweetest eyes, you've got the sweetest eyes
The clearest eyes I've ever seen, I hope you know that
I hope you, I hope you wrote back and tell everybody that
this is your
song
It may be quite, quite simple but now that's how it's done
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind, but I wrote down in words,
Lord, words
I'm doin' it for how wonderful life is when you're in the world, world,
world
If, if, if I was on a rooftop I'd kick off my shoes
I'll write a few verses, and then I'll get the blues
But the sun's been quite, quite kind while I wrote this song
It's for people like you, people like me
I want to, want to keep turnin' on, so excuse me, so excuse me
So excuse me forgetting, Lord, these things I do
You see, you see I've forgotten if they're green or blue, baby
And anyway the things is, anyway the thing is, what I really mean
Your are the sweetest eyes, the sweetest eyes
The sweetest eyes I've ever seen
I hoping you go back, go back and tell everybody that Billy Paul's got a
song
I'm, I'm gonna sit upon a, a rooftop and kick off my shoes
I'm gonna write it, write it, write it
I might come out with the Gospel, the Blues, the Jazz, the Rock and Roll
I'm gonna, got to, got to write me a
simple song for everybody because

this is my song

It may be quite, quite simple but that's how it's done

I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind what I wrote down in words,
words

You come on back, you try to try again, try againTell everybody that Billy Paul got a song

It may be quite, quite simple but that's how it's done, baby

I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind what I wrote down in words
Hold it, hold it, hold it, hold itGet back, get, got, oh, ho

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