

# 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, 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 again Tell 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 it Get back, get, got, oh, ho

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