Your Song

Harry Connick, Jr.

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
So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do
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 everybody 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 now you're in the world
If I was a sculptor, but then again no
Or a girl who makes potions in a traveling 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 everybody 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 now you're in the world

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