

# Your Song

## The Manhattan Strings

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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