

Your Song

Holy Mother

It's a little bit funny
This feeling inside
I'm not one of those
Who can easily hideI ain't got much money
 But girl, if I did
 I'd buy a big house
Where we both could liveIf I was a sculptor
 But then again, no
 Or a man who makes potions
In a traveling showI, I know it ain't much
 But it's the best I can do
 My gift is my song
And this one's for youAnd you can tell everybody
 That this is your song
 It may be quite simple
But now that it's doneI 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 worldI sat on the roof
 And kicked off the moss
 Well, a few of the verses
They've got me quite crossAnd the sun seemed quite nice
 While I wrote this song
 It's for people like you
That keep it turned onSo excuse me forgetting
 But these things I do
 You see, I've forgotten
If they're green or they're blueAnyway, the thing is
 What I really mean
 Your's are the sweetest eyes
I've ever seenAnd you can tell everybody
 That this is your song
 It may be quite simple
But now that it's doneI hope you don't mind
 I hope you don't mind
 What I put down in words
 How wonderful life is
While you're in the worldI hope you don't mind

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What I put down in wordsI hope you don't mind
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You can tell everybody
How wonderful life is
While you're in the world

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