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

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

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