

Red = solo

## Your Song

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.

If I was a sculptor, or then again no, or a man who makes potions in a travelling show.

I know it's not much but it's the best I can do, our gift is our 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 while you're in the world.

I sat on the roof, and kicked off the moss, well a few of the verses, well they've got me quite cross.

But the sun's been quite kind, while I wrote this song, it's for people like you, that keep it turned on.

So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do, You see I've forgotten if they're green or the 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.

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How wonderful life is while you're in the world.

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