

Your Song

Casey Abrams

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
But 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
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
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 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
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