

Your Song

Cilla Black

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, hu
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.

[Chorus]

And you can tell everybody,
this is your song
It may be quite simple
but now that is 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 of 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.

[Chorus]

And you can tell everybody, this is your song
It may be quite simple but now that is 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.

[Chorus]

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.