## **Rick Wakeman**

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 now 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