

# Your Song

Steve Forbert

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, heh, but then again, no  
Or a man who makes potions in a traveling 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 this is your song  
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