

# My Song

Tiny Tim

All my pretty speeches are a bust and so I must  
Try something new  
I've been sitting up the whole night long, writing a song  
All about you  
I won't care if it's a big success  
As long as it will change your "no" to "yes"

My song  
Won't appeal to a lover of art  
My song  
Still you know what I mean at the start

It won't have so much a Franz Schubert's touch  
And I can't begin like Irving Berlin

My song  
Though a poet would never okay  
My song  
Still you know what I'm striving to say

My words may be crude  
The tune may be wrong  
But you'll find my heart in my song

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