

Chaka Khan, To Sir With Love

Those schoolgirl days of telling tales
And biting nails are gone
But in my mind, I know they will
They'll still live on and on
But how do you thank someone
Who has taken you from crayons to perfume?
It isn't easy but I'll try
If you wanted the sky
I would write across the sky in letters
That would soar a thousand feet high
'To Sir, with love'
The time has come for closing books
And long last looks must end
And as I leave
I know that I am leaving my best friend

A friend who taught me right from wrong
And weak from strong
That's a lot to learn
But what can I give you in return?
If you wanted the moon
I would try to make that start
But I would rather you let me give my heart
'To Sir, with love'
Sing for my daddy yeah
If you wanted the moon
I would try to make that start
But I would rather you let me give my heart
'To Sir, with love'