

Gary Barlow, Your Song

It's a little bit funny this feeling inside
I'm not one of those who can easily hide, oh why
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 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 oo

So excuse me forgetting but these things I do
You see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue
Anyway the things is what I really mean
Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen