

Al Green, 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
What, what can I give you in return?

If you wanted the moon
I would try to make a start
But I, would rather let me give my heart
To you, with love

Those schoolgirl days
Of telling tales and biting nails are gone, yeah
But in my mind
I know that they live on and on and on and on
But how do you thank someone
Who has taken you from crayons to perfume?
Well it's not 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 you, with love
Those awkward years have hurried by
Why did they fly, fly away
Why is it Sir children, grow up to be people one day?
What takes the place of climbing trees and dirty knees in the world outside?
What, what is there that I can buy?

If you wanted the world
I'd surround it with a wall I'd scrawl
These words with the letters ten feet tall
To you, With love