

# Holy Mother, Your Song

It's a little bit funny  
This feeling inside  
I'm not one of those  
Who can easily hide  
I ain't got much money  
But, girl, 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 traveling show  
I, I know it ain't 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  
That 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  
They've got me quite cross  
And the sun seemed quite nice  
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  
Your's are the sweetest eyes  
I've ever seen

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