

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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