

Tina Arena, Your Song

It's a little bit funny
This feeling inside
I'm not one of those
Who can easily hide
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 my 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 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
Yours are
The sweetest eyes
I've ever seen