

# 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