



Your Song

(picked by Petrice from Fakenham Choir)

All - 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

Sops/Altos - Oo....Oo.....

Bass - If I was a sculptor, but then again, no. Or
a man who makes potions in a traveling show

All - 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, 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

Low Alto / Bass - Oooo

Sops/Up Alto - I sat on the roof and kicked off
the moss

Well, a few of the verses, well, they've got me
quite cross

All - 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

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 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....Oo.....Oo...