

## YOUR SONG (Elton John, 1969)

It's a little bit funny, this feelin' \_\_\_\_\_  
I'm not one of those who can easily hide  
I don't have much \_\_\_\_\_, but boy, if I did  
I'd buy a big house where we both could \_\_\_\_\_  
If I was a sculptor, but then again, no  
Or a man who makes potions in a traveling \_\_\_\_\_  
Oh, I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do  
My gift is my \_\_\_\_\_ and this one's for you  
And you can tell everybody this is your song  
It may be quite \_\_\_\_\_ but now that it's done

I hope you don't \_\_\_\_\_ (x2)  
That I put down in words  
How wonderful life is while you're in the \_\_\_\_\_  
I sat on the roof and kicked off the moss  
\_\_\_\_\_, 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 \_\_\_\_\_ 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  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Anyway, the thing is, what I really mean  
Yours are the sweetest \_\_\_\_\_ I've ever seen  
And you can tell everybody this is your song  
It may be quite \_\_\_\_\_ but now that it's done  
I hope you don't mind (x2)  
That I put down in words  
How \_\_\_\_\_ life is while you're in the world

Money

Song

Inside

Live

Simple

Show

Mind

Well

People

Eyes

World

Wonderful

Simple

Blue

## YOUR SONG (Elton John, 1969)

It's a little bit funny, this feelin' **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 traveling **show**  
Oh, 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  
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