

Your Song

by Elton John (1969)

D G/D A/D G/D

D It's a little bit funny *Gma7 A/C#* this feeling inside *F#m7*
Bm I'm not one of those *Bm7/A* who can *Bm7/G# G* easily hide
D I don't have much money but *A F# Bm* boy if I did
D I'd buy a big house where *Em7 G A* we both could live *Asus*

D If I was a sculptor, *Gma7 A* but then again, no *F#m*
Bm Or a man who makes potions in a *Bm/A Bm/G# G* travelling show
D I know it's not much but it's the best I can do *A F# Bm*
D My gift is my song and *Em7 G D G* this one's for you

A/C# And you can tell everybody *Bm Em7 G* this is your song
A Bm Em7 G It may be quite simple but now that it's done
Bm Bm/A Bm/Ab G6 G6 I hope you don't mind I hope you don't mind that I put down in words
D Em7 G A Asus D G/D A/D G/D How wonderful life is while you're in the world
interlude section
omit for repeat at end

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
D Em7 G D G/D A/D G/D D(hold)
How wonderful life is while you're in the world