

Tristan Robert Marks

Robert J. Marks II



Tris - tan Ro-bert Marks. Born with all his parts and a - bun-dance of



He's more my grand-son than most an - y one of whom I am a -
long dark hair.



ware. There's some claim they see how he looks like me
I like it when he looks then smiles at me



but I think he looks\ He's got four head lines.
and we con-nect down\ more like him. I can't say I do
to our souls.



That's two less than mine But I guess they'll grow in. Hey
love him more than you But I won't say I don't. Hey



Tris-tan (It's all right) Tris-tan. (If you cry) - Tris-tan (With all your might) Yo
Tris-tan (When you smile) Yo Tris-tan (You got style) Hey Tris-tan (I think I'll) -



Tris-tan (It's your right) There is a heal-ing ex-pres-sing your feel-- ings -
Tris-tan (Stay a while) and look at you smil-ing at me smil - ing at you



Tris - tan Ro-bert Marks. Steal - ing all our hearts. I vi - sit Tris-tan go
This mag-i- cal boy Turns sad-ness to joy. Let the world be-hold this



home and I miss him Tris tan Ro-bert Marks. Hand - some strong and smart!
aw-some ze - ro year old.