

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.