

Waylon Jennings "Yours Love"

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May the fruit of my toil be yours, love
May the fruit from my soil be yours, love
And from this moment on may a love that is strong
And lives on and on be yours, love

May the sons that I raise be yours, love
May the comforts I praise be yours, love
If I ever get weak may the love words I speak
And the arms that I seek be yours, love

May the Lord's shining grace be yours, love
May the happiest face be yours, love
May the last fingertips that touch these two lips
As life from me slips be yours, love

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