

Traveler Blues

"Yours"

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You, with your and outstretched

finger on the key

this lock that You release

is opening but isn't free

and i hope that You can see

how it beats inside of me

instead of pushing fear aside

i want to run, i want to hide

i am vulnerably Yours

She, who is wanting me

Whose touch can make me cry

i can only understand

by never asking Her why

hear the contradictions fly

and as hard as i may try

every truth becomes a lie

in the ache of Her reply

i am passionately...

Yours

and the saddest eyes are

Yours

and the softest skin is

Yours

and the hope i borrow is

Yours

so won't you let me in, i'm Yours

all that i begin is Yours

every prize i win is Yours

at your feet again, i'm Yours

all i am is Yours

all i am is wanting You

i've fallen down and i can't seem to come to

if i should die before i wake

i commend my soul into this ache

up above the world so high

where the water tends to meet the sky

She's all i'm after by the toe

and i won't let go

and i wanted you to know

that if you reap what you would sew

i would take it blow by blow

all i am is...

Yours

and the saddest eyes are

Yours

and the softest skin is

Yours

and the hope i borrow is

Yours

so won't you let me in, i'm Yours

all that i begin is Yours

every prize i win is Yours

at your feet again, i'm Yours

all i am is Yours

Yours

...to Ashley Brooke Holder

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