

Blues Traveler "Yours"

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Music & Lyrics: John Popper

You, with your hand 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

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