

The Script "I'm Yours"

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You've touched these tired eyes of mine
And mapped my face line by line
And some how growing old feels fine
I listen close for I'm not smart
You wrap your thoughts and works of art
And there hanging on the walls of my heart.

I may not have the softest touch
I may not say the words as such
And though I may not look like much
I'm yours.

And though my edge is maybe rough
I never feel I'm quite enough
And it may not seem like very much
But I'm yours.

You healed these scars over time
And braced my soul, you loved my mind
You're the only angel in my life
The day the news came, my best friend died
My knees went weak, and you saw me cry
Say I'm still the soldier in your eyes.

I may not have the softest touch
I may not say the words as such
And though I may not look like much
I'm yours.

And though my edge is maybe rough
I never feel I'm quite enough
And it may not seem like very much
But I'm yours.

I may not have the softest touch
I may not say the words as such
And though I don't fit in that much
But I'm yours.

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