

Mel Tillis

"Yours Love"

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May the fruit of my toil be yours love may the food 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
[piano]
May the last fingertips...

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