

## Yours Love

Waylon Jennings

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 true and 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...