

# I'm Yours

## The Script

You touch these tired eyes of mine  
And map my face out line by line  
And somehow growing old feels fine  
I listen close for I'm not smart  
You wrap your thoughts in works of art  
And they're 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 edges may be rough  
I never feel I'm quite enough  
It may not seem like very much  
But I'm yours

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

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I'm yours  
And though my edges may be rough  
I never feel I'm quite enough  
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  
I know I don't fit in that much  
But I'm yours