

# All Mine

Tom Jones

All the stars may shine bright  
All the clouds may be white  
But when you smile whoa how I feel so good  
That I can hardly wait to hold you  
Enfold you; never enough render your heart to me

All mine  
You have to be

From that cloud, number nine, danger starts  
That sharp incline and such sad regrets  
Oh as these starry skies  
As they swiftly fall, make no mistake  
You shan't escape, tethered and tied  
There's nowhere to hide from me

All mine  
You have to be

So don't resist  
We shall exist  
Until the day  
Until the day I die

All mine  
All you have to be

All mine  
Yes, you have to be  
Whoa you have to be  
All mine