

# All Your'n

Tyler Childers

Drivin' through the roadwork  
Oh the work they took forever on  
The road cones blur like memories  
Of the miles we shared between

The place you learned to say your prayers  
The place I took to prayin'  
Loadin in and breakin down  
My road dog door deal dreams

Long before we ever met  
I made up my direction  
Long before I knew the half  
Of half that I'm sure of now

Though I'd say it ain't the way that you'd a gone about it  
Follow me and lead me on and never let me down

So I'll love ya till my lungs give out  
I ain't lyin'  
I'm all yourn and you're all mine

There ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' bout it  
I'm all yourn and you're all mine

Fried morels and fine hotels and all that in the middle  
Every bite and curtain drawn I wanna taste with you

The goddess in my Days Inn pen  
The muse I aint' refusin'  
The part of me that ain't around  
I'm always talkin' to

So I'll love ya till my lungs give out  
I ain't lyin'  
I'm all yourn and you're all mine  
There ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' bout it  
I'm all yourn and you're all mine

So I'll love ya till my lungs give out  
I ain't lyin'  
I'm all yourn and you're all mine  
There ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' bout it  
I'm all yourn and you're all mine

No there ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' about it  
I'm all yourn and you're all mine