

Yours Love

Willie Nelson

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

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 that I praise be yours, love
And if I ever get weak
May the love words I speak
And the arms that I seek be yours, love

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