

The Script, I'm Yours

You touched these tired eyes of mine
And map my face out line by line
And somehow growing old feels fine

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 much
And though I may not look like much
I'm yours

And though my edges maybe rough
I never feel I'm quite enough
I 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
I may not have the softest touch
I may not say the words as much
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

I may not have the softest touch
I may not say the words as much
I know I don't fit in that much
But I'm yours