

Mel Tillis, 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 I praise be yours love
If I ever get weak may the love words I speak and the arms that I seek be yours love
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
[piano]
May the last fingertips...