

# 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 looke 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 mu 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 maty 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