

# Chely Wright, Your Shirt

There's a rip in the elbow of the left sleeve  
And one button doesn't match  
You sewed that one on yourself  
And at the time it made me laugh  
It's frayed on the collar it's so old and faded out blue  
And I'll never wash it 'cause  
It smells so exactly like you  
When you left it I'm sure  
You didn't think twice about it  
But the irony is that I can't live without it

I wear your shirt like it's your arms around me  
I put it on and you just surround me  
It's so soft on my skin  
Like the touch of your hands  
So good it hurts  
I should burn it I know  
Tear it up I'm this close  
But for the moment I just can't let go  
Of your shirt

It keeps me warm when I sleep  
And those nights I don't  
It keeps me company  
I've got it on in the mornings having coffee  
And after work when I'm watching TV  
It's my comfort it's my torture and yes I realize  
It's just some worn out old fabric  
But it's my consolation prize  
And I'd be a wreck in a New York minute  
If I think too long of how you held me in it

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Your shirt I love your shirt