

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