

Jim Reeves, Yours (Quiereme Mucho)

Yours till the stars lose their glory
Yours till the birds fall to sing
Yours to the end of life's story
This pledge to you, dear I bring.

Yours in the gray of December
Here or on a far distant shore
I've never loved anyone the way I love you
How could I, when I was born to be, just yours.

--- Instrumental ---

Yours in the gray of December
Here or on a far distant shore
I've never loved anyone the way I love you
How could I, when I was born to be, just yours...