

Waylon Jennings, Yours Love

(Harlan Howard)

May the fruit of my toil, be yours love
May the fruit from my soil, be yours love
And from this moment on
May a love true and 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...