

# The Script - I'm Yours

Tom: C  
Intro:

<sup>F</sup> You <sup>G</sup> touch these <sup>F</sup> tired eyes of mine  
<sup>G</sup> And map my <sup>F</sup> face out line by line  
<sup>G</sup> And somehow <sup>C</sup> growing old feels fine

<sup>F</sup> I listen <sup>G</sup> close for I'm not <sup>F</sup> smart  
<sup>G</sup> You wrap your <sup>F</sup> thoughts in works of art  
<sup>G</sup> And they're hanging on the walls of my <sup>C</sup> heart

<sup>F</sup> I may not have the <sup>G</sup> softest touch  
<sup>F</sup> I may not say the words as <sup>G</sup> such  
<sup>F</sup> And though I may not look like <sup>G</sup> much  
<sup>C</sup> I'm yours

<sup>F</sup> And though my edges may be <sup>G</sup> rough  
<sup>F</sup> And never feel I'm quite <sup>G</sup> enough  
<sup>F</sup> It may not seem like very <sup>G</sup> much  
<sup>C</sup> But I'm yours

( Am C Dm E7 )

<sup>F</sup> You heeled these <sup>G</sup> scars over <sup>F</sup> time  
<sup>G</sup> Embraced my soul

<sup>F</sup> You loved my mind  
<sup>G</sup> You're the only <sup>C</sup> angel in my life  
<sup>F</sup> The day news <sup>G</sup> came my best friend <sup>F</sup> died  
<sup>G</sup> My knees went <sup>F</sup> week and you saw me <sup>C</sup> cry  
<sup>G</sup> Say I'm still the <sup>C</sup> soldier in your eyes

<sup>F</sup> I may not have the <sup>G</sup> softest touch  
<sup>F</sup> I may not say the words as <sup>G</sup> such  
<sup>F</sup> And though I may not look like <sup>G</sup> much  
<sup>C</sup> I'm yours

<sup>F</sup> And though my edges may be <sup>G</sup> rough  
<sup>F</sup> And never feel I'm quite <sup>G</sup> enough  
<sup>F</sup> It may not seem like very <sup>G</sup> much  
<sup>C</sup> But I'm yours

<sup>F</sup> I may not have the <sup>G</sup> softest touch  
<sup>F</sup> I may not say the words as <sup>G</sup> such  
<sup>F</sup> I know I don't fit in that <sup>G</sup> much  
<sup>C</sup> I'm yours.  
 Final:

## Acordes

