

The Script - I'm Yours

Tom: C
Intro:

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

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

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

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

(Am C Dm E7)

^F You heeled these scars over time
^G Embraced my soul

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

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

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

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

Acordes

