

# The Script - I'm Yours

Tom: C  
Intro:

<sup>F</sup> You <sup>G</sup> touch these <sup>F</sup> tired eyes of mine

And <sup>G</sup> map my <sup>F</sup> face out line by line

And somehow <sup>G</sup> growing old <sup>C</sup> feels fine

<sup>F</sup> I <sup>G</sup> listen close for I'm not <sup>F</sup> smart

You <sup>G</sup> wrap your <sup>F</sup> thoughts in works of art

And they're <sup>G</sup> 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

And though I may not look like <sup>G</sup> much

<sup>C</sup> I'm yours

And though my <sup>F</sup> edges may be <sup>G</sup> rough

And never <sup>F</sup> feel I'm quite <sup>G</sup> enough

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 <sup>G</sup> heeled these scars over <sup>F</sup> time

<sup>G</sup> Embraced my soul

<sup>F</sup> You loved my <sup>G</sup> mind

You're the only <sup>C</sup> angel in my <sup>G</sup> life

The day <sup>F</sup> news <sup>G</sup> came my best friend <sup>F</sup> died

My <sup>G</sup> knees went <sup>F</sup> week and you saw me <sup>C</sup> cry

Say I'm still the <sup>G</sup> soldier in your <sup>C</sup> 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

And though I may not look like <sup>G</sup> much

<sup>C</sup> I'm yours

<sup>F</sup> And though my <sup>G</sup> edges may be rough

And never <sup>F</sup> feel I'm quite <sup>G</sup> enough

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

