Yours

Blues Traveler

You, with your hand outstretched Finger on the key This lock that you release Is opening but isn't free And I hope that you can see How it beats inside of me Instead of pushing fear aside I want to run I want to hide I am vulnerably yours She, who is wanting me Whose touch can make me cry I can only understand By never asking her why Hear the contradictions fly And as hard as I may try Every truth becomes a lie In the ache of her reply I am passionately... Yours And the saddest eyes are Yours And the softest skin is Yours And the hope I borrow is Yours So won't you let me in I'm yours All that I begin is yours Every prize I win is yours At your feet again I'm yours All I am is yours All I am is wanting you I've fallen down and I can't seem to come to If I should die before I wake I commend my soul into this ache Up above the world so high Where the water tends to meet the sky She's all I'm after by the toe And I won't let go... And I wanted you to know That if you reap what you would sew I would take it blow by blow All I am is... Yours And the saddest eyes are Yours And the softest skin is Yours And the hope I borrow is Yours So won't you let me in I'm yours All that I begin is yours Every prize I win is yours At your feet again I'm yours

All I am is yours Yours