

Letter From Roy

Royel Otis

Calm down and sit with me
You're not mine, I'm yours
'Cause I'm kissing you, that's where I should be
You're not mine, I'm yours

I'm, I'm all yours
I'm, I'm all yours
There's no need to cry

You got pretty strong now
The knife cut real deep
I might just lay on the floor
I must look pretty dumb now, so tired and weak
You're still the girl I adore

I'm, I'm all yours
I'm, I'm all yours
There's no need to cry, to cry