Willie Nelson

May the Lord's shining grace be yours, love May the happiest face be yours, love May the last fingertips That touch these two lips As life from me slips be yours, love

May the fruit of my toil be yours, love May the food from my soil be yours love And from this moment on May a love that is strong And lives on and on be yours, love

May the sons that I raise be yours, love
May the comforts that I praise be yours, love
And if I ever get weak
May the love words I speak
And the arms that I seek be yours, love

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