

Your Shirt

[Chely Wright](#)

There's a rip in the elbow of the left sleeve
And one button doesn't match
You sewed that one on yourself and at the time it made me laugh
It's frayed on the collar, it's so old and faded out blue And I'll never wash it
'Cause it smells so exactly like you when you left it
I'm sure you didn't think twice about it
But the irony is that I can't live without it I wear your shirt like it's your arms around me
I put it on and you just surround me
It's so soft on my skin
Like the touch of your hands So good it hurts, I should burn it I know
Tear it up I'm this close
But for the moment
I just can't let go of your shirt It keeps me warm when I sleep
And those nights I don't
It keeps me company
I've got it on in the mornings having coffee
And after work when I'm watching TV It's my comfort, it's my torture and, yes, I realize
It's just some worn out old fabric
But it's my consolation prize
And I'd be a wreck in a New York minute
If I think too long of how you held me in it I wear your shirt like it's your arms around me
I put it on and you just surround me
It's so soft on my skin
Like the touch of your hands So good it hurts
I should burn it, I know tear it up I'm this close
But for the moment
I just can't let go of your shirt Your shirt, I love your shirt

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