

Yours (Quiereme Mucho)

Marty Robbins

Your's til the stars lose their glory
Your's til the birds fail to sing
Yours til the end of life's story
My love to you dear, I'll bring
Your's in the grey of December
Here and on dark distant shores
I'll never love anyone the way I love you
How could I?
When I was born to be just your's.

Songwriters

DAVIS, STEPHANIE /Published by

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