

# Your Shirt

## J Church

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 blueAnd 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 itI 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 handsSo 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 shirtIt 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 TVIt'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 itI 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 handsSo 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 shirtYour shirt, I love your shirt

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