

# All Your'n

Tyler Childers

Drivin' through the roadwork  
Oh the work they took forever on  
The road cones blur like memories Of the miles we shared between  
The place you learned to say your prayers  
The place I took to prayin'  
Loadin in and breakin down  
My road dog door deal dreams Long before we ever met  
I made up my direction  
Long before I knew the half  
Of half that I'm sure of now  
And though I'd say it ain't the way  
That you'd a gone about it  
You follow me, and lead me on  
And never let me down  
So I'll love you til my lungs give out  
I ain't lyin'  
I'm all your'n and you're all mine  
There ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' bout it  
I'm all your'n and you're all mine Fried morels and fine hotels  
And all that in the middle  
Every bite and curtain drawn I wanna taste with you  
The goddess in my days in pen  
The muse I aint' refusin'  
The part of me that ain't around  
I'm always talkin' to So I'll love you til my lungs give out  
I ain't lyin'  
I'm all your'n and you're all mine  
There ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' bout it  
I'm all your'n and you're all mine  
So I'll love you til my lungs give out  
I ain't lyin'  
I'm all your'n and you're all mine  
There ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' bout it  
I'm all your'n and you're all mine No there ain't two ways around it  
There ain't no tryin' bout it  
I'm all your'n and you're all mine  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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