

## YOURS (QUIEREME MUCHO)

C Cdim F C  
 YOURS 'TIL THE STARS HAVE NO GLOR- Y, \_\_\_\_\_  
 C A7 Dmin  
 YOURS 'TIL THE BIRDS FAIL TO SING, \_\_\_\_\_ YOURS 'TIL THE  
 G7  
 END OF LIFE'S STOR- Y, \_\_\_\_\_ THIS PLEDGE TO YOU DEAR, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 C Cdim F C C7  
 BRING. \_\_\_\_\_ YOURS IN THE GRAY OF DE- CEN- BER, \_\_\_\_\_  
 A7 Dmin  
 HERE, OR ON FAR DIS- TANT SHORES, \_\_\_\_\_ I'VE NEV- ER  
 G7 C7 A7 Dmin A7 Dmin  
 LOVED AN- Y- ONE THE WAY I LOVE YOU, HOW COULD I, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Fmin C G7 C  
 WHEN I' WAS BORN TO BE, \_\_\_\_\_ JUST YOURS? \_\_\_\_\_