

Take my hand, and my,  
broken heart, I will,  
Only have these eyes, for you.

Have my lips, singing,  
endless songs, about,  
the reckless love that, pursues.

**What else can I give?  
What else can I bring?  
'Cause all I have is this,  
a piece of wood and strings.**

Only in the dark,  
lonely places, does,  
a match light make all the change.

It's only then, do you,  
feel the movement of,  
shadows dancing in the rain.

**What else can I give?  
What else can I bring?  
'Cause all I have is this,  
a piece of wood and strings.**

**What else can I give?  
What else can I bring?  
'Cause all I have is this,  
a piece of wood and strings.**

If I were a Shepard,  
I'd know what I'd have left,  
and if I were a wise man,  
I'd give my every step.

But you say to me I'm worthy,  
worthy of it all.  
For my name to be, in your heart,  
and written on the walls.

**So all this I give, all I've got I bring,  
Just who I am, for who you are,  
and my piece of wood and strings.**