

The strands in your eyes that color  
them wonderful  
Stop me and steal my breath.  
Emeralds from mountains thrust  
toward the sky  
Never revealing their depth.  
Tell me that we belong together,  
Dress it up with the trappings of love.  
I'll be captivated,  
I'll hang from your lips,  
Instead of the gallows of heartache  
that hang from above.

I'll be your crying shoulder,  
I'll be love's suicide  
I'll be better when I'm older,  
I'll be the greatest fan of your life.

Rain falls angry on the tin roof  
As we lie awake in my bed.  
You're my survival, you're my  
living proof.  
My love is alive not dead.  
Tell me that we belong together.  
Dress it up with the trappings of love.  
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I'll hang from your lips,  
Instead of the gallows of heartache that  
hang from above

I'll be your crying shoulder,  
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I'll be better when I'm older,  
I'll be the greatest fan of your life.  
The greatest fan of your life.