

I'll Be

Boyce Avenue

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
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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.
The greatest fan of your life.