

## I'll Be

Dean Geyer

The strands in your eyes the colour them wonderful  
Stop me and steal my breath  
Emeralds from mountains thrust towards the sky  
Never revealing their depth

And 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

And I'll be your crying shoulder  
I'll be love suicide  
And 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  
That love is alive and not dead

So tell me that we belong together  
Dress it up with the trappings of love  
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I'll hang from your lips  
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And I dropped out, I burned up  
I fought my way back from the dead  
And I tuned in, I turned on  
Remembered the things that you said

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I'll be love suicide  
And I'll be better when I'm older  
I'll be the greatest fan of your life