

# You Be the Anchor That Keeps My Feet on the Ground, I'll Be the Wings T

Mayday Parade

And honestly, I have been begging for answers  
That you and only you can give to me  
A voice crying loud  
I've been crying for days now  
And as I start to run, I stop to breathe  
(And I was nearly scared to death)  
And I was nearly scared to death  
(What you left in paragraphs)  
What you left in paragraphs  
(The words were nearly over us)  
The words were nearly over us  
You stop and turn and grab your bags

And I'll be here by the ocean  
Just waiting for proof that there's sunsets and silhouette dreams  
All my sand castles fall like the ashes of cigarettes  
And every wave drags me to sea  
I could stand here for hours  
Just to ask God the question, "Is everyone here make-believe?"  
With a tear in His voice, He said, "Son, that's the question."  
Does this deafening silence mean nothing to no one but me?

As hours move to minutes  
And minutes take longer to break  
I will be desperately awaiting  
But my tongue won't fall apart  
And we've been sitting here for hours  
All alone and in the dark

So let me think of how to word it  
Is it too soon to say 'perfect'?  
If I could find another thirty minutes somewhere  
I'm sure everything would find me  
All that's left is just to sing

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All my sand castles fall like the ashes of cigarettes  
And every wave drags me to sea  
I could stand here for hours  
Just to ask God the question, "Is everyone here make-believe?"  
With a tear in His voice, He says, "Son, that's the question."  
Does this deafening silence mean nothing to no one but me?

If you'll sing to me sweet until then,  
I may never sail Virginia again  
And as this current moves slow for me  
This much you must know we'll meet again  
And I'll have you know I'm scared to death

Tell me once again  
That you'll love me to the death  
And should I die, you swear that you will come for me  
As I fade away, you reach out your hand  
(And please don't let me go)  
And please don't let me go  
(And please don't let me go)

And please don't let me go

And I'll be here by the ocean

Just waiting for proof that there's sunsets and silhouette dreams

All my sand castles fall like the ashes of cigarettes

And every wave drags me to sea

I could stand here for hours

Just to ask God the question, "Is everyone here make-believe?"

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