

# I'll Be

## Boyce Avenue

The strands in your eyes  
That color them wonderful  
Stop me and steal my breath  
And 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 hangs 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  
And you're my survival  
You're my living proof  
My love is alive and not dead  
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 hangs 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  
The greatest fan of your life

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