

# You'll Be the Death

Shannon Wright

When the day is over  
And it falls into gray  
Move your body close  
There changed  
And could you be the answer  
For a wretch like me  
Clasp your hand in mine  
I must confess You'll be the death...  
Of me... And all my trials start  
Moth to the light  
You on your face  
The cruelest eyes  
And could you blur my visions  
No words do we need  
Clasp your hand in mine  
I must confess You'll be the death of me  
While I... I sit here waiting...  
All day  
Hours age,  
I'll be your friend  
All day  
Hours age,  
All day  
I'll be your friend You'll be the death...  
Of me... You sing the saddest sounds  
In the voice in my ruin  
You on your face  
The cruelest eyes  
And could you be the answer  
For a wretch like me  
Clasp your hand in mine  
I must confess You'll be the death of me  
While I... I sit here waiting...  
All day  
Hours age,  
I'll be your friend  
All day  
Hours age,  
All day

I'll be your friend You'll be the death of me  
While I...I sit here waiting...  
Waiting...No hope for you  
No hope for me  
You'll be the death of me  
While I...I wait for you.

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