

## Boyce Avenue "I'll Be"

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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 hang from  
above

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

And 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

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Dress it up with the trappings of love.  
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I'll be the greatest fan of your life.

The greatest fan of your life.

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