

Boy Sets Fire

"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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The greatest fan of your life.

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