

# Alana Davis, When You Become King

Alana Davis  
Miscellaneous  
When You Become King

I don't know when you became king of my dreams  
I only know when you go that everything around me  
falls apart at the seams  
I've never known someone so much like me  
Yet you're your own and parts of you  
remain a sweet mystery  
And I am falling  
Falling into a dream  
And you you are calling  
Calling to be your queen

All the world is a stage when you're around  
Everyone's acting their parts but nothing is real like  
this love that I've found  
... with you my baby  
And when you lift me up there's no coming down  
I get so high I could float on a feather like a fairy crown  
And I am falling...  
The willows howl as the lazy sleep  
And the lucky stars fall away as they weep