

Shannon Wright, You'll Be The Death

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.