

# I'm Your Fool

Lera Lynn

Your wrench and hatchet bore my back  
I'm fierce, I'm hanging myself on your love  
Blood is pouring, you're still snoring  
Darts are falling on me from above

I could die in your arms  
You wouldn't even be alarmed  
I could drown in your glass of wine  
You'd never know the face was mine  
I'm your fool

Six lanes of traffic rolling on  
throwing myself straight into the wind  
I'll flip or flop, I'll jump and tumble  
Anything for you to let me in

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