

I'll Bring The Sun

Jason Collett

You took hold of my affections
With your Bible and your sword
Your celebrity connections
I was not used to keeping score
From your fine gilded chalice
I drank all your cheap red wine
It was a good place to be Judas (Judas)
Hiding pearls from the swine

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You won me just as I failed you
Fist full of cake, who could refuse
All of my love got stuck in traffic (traffic)
Two thousand miles away from you
Bleeding on into the telephone
On a reupholstered bed of nails
I'm a long, long way from home
I hope my jet lagged heart don't fail

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