

Sun In Seattle

Jen Foster

Day begins, break of noon
A little light might be nice in this room
Tangled in sheets, on second thought
Some photographs are better in the dark

And I thought you might come home this summer
And maybe there will be sun in seattle

Awake again, the clock strikes three
Peek out the window, the moon is mocking me
These medications are fucking with my head
This roof is leaking and my ship's a feather bed

And I thought you might come home this summer
And maybe there will be sun in seattle

Please, please come home, home
Please, please come home, home...
And I thought you might come home this summer
And maybe there will be sun in seattle
And I thought you might come home this summer
And maybe there will be sun in seattle
Please, please come home, home