

Terms Of My Surrender

John Hiatt

When the moon is rising and the night is still
Some of my delusions have the power to kill
Scared I'll get what I deserve
Or maybe scared I won't

I'm sitting in my garage staring at my motorcycle
My heart is so heavy, like a stack of bibles
Where I need you too much
Baby, I swear I don't

'Cause sometimes love can be so wrong
Like a fat man in a thong
It was shamelessly awake

I hold a seashell to my ear
And winds of echoed dreams I hear
Reverberations of yesterday

I can be rough
Sometimes I can be tender
But I can't negotiate
The terms of my surrender
I love you too much, babe
Go on and have your way with me

Well, emperors and reigning kings
Have showered you with golden rings
Now I stand with my hat in my hand

I know that I can't compete
With ruthless men and satin sheets
But I'm ready to meet your demands

Wars and glory, and ashes and dust
At the end of the story there's just us
I love you too much, baby
To ever say goodbye