

Jen Foster, Sun In Seattle

Words by Jen Foster

Music by Jen Foster & Danny Torroll

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 f**king 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