

Rachael Sage, C'mon Over

You might be my ticket to Brooklyn
I might be your city of sin
We could travel all night
Or we could just sit still
Cause you're not that
That light
And I am bright
Like a really good fight

So c'mon over, lemme show ya
How I don't feel you could show me back
C'mon over lemme show ya
Who you might be
If I call you Jack
Can I call you Jack

You might be my chance to go out
I might become your ocean of doubt
We could make sweet like if not love
We could join the mile high club
Cause you're left with that light
I'm bright; I become yours but not quite

So c'mon over, lemme show you
How I don't feel you could show me back
C'mon over, lemme show ya
Who you might be
If I called you Jack
Can I call you, you Jack

Oh Tom Petty tunes in the van
Mexico's a mirror in sand
Tiramisu, eat it with your hands
Oh you'd better or you're out of this band
Oh you'd better or you're out of this band

You might be my angel of mercy
And I might be your devil of doom
We could stay out all night, we could
We could just stay here
Cause you're not worth your height
And I'm not pretty, and not really your type

So c'mon over, lemme show you
How I don't feel you could show me back
C'mon over, lemme show ya
Who you might be if I called you
Called you
Can I call you
Lemme show ya how I don't feel
You could show me back
Oh c'mon over, lemme show ya
Who you might be if I called you Jack
Can I call you Jack
Can I call you Jack