

Bring It On

The Gaslight Anthem

My queen of the Bronx
Blue eyes and spitfire
I saw you walking back and forth about another boy
Thinking that you may want to leave So give me the fevers that just won't break
And give me the children you don't want to raise
And tell me about the Cool, he sings to you in those songs
If it's better than my love, then bring it on And take it back out to the streets where you know you used to be
For the Romeos uptown, if I bring you down
And you're tired of those vows
And you're really walking out So give me the fevers that just won't break
And give me the children you don't want to raise
And tell me about the Cool, he sings to you in those songs
If it's better than my love, baby, bring it on
Oh, bring it on Stop clicking your red heels and wishing for home
I'm hearing that he tells you he can read your palms
Is he better than my love? (better than my love?)
Is he better than my love? (better than my love?) So I found the letters with the reasons to things
You've been feeling that he says they'll never know
And you say the night just got too cold Well, everybody's cold
Who's gonna keep my baby warm
When everybody goes? So give me the fevers that just won't break
And give me the children you don't want to raise
And tell me about the Cool, he sings to you in those songs
If it's better than my love Well, then wait a minute, wait a minute
(Wasn't I good to you?)
Wait a minute, wait a minute
(Wasn't I good to you?)
Wait a minute, wait a minute
(You don't know what's good for you) So give me the fevers that just won't break
And give me the children you don't want to raise
And tell me about the Cool, he sings to you in those songs
You've been my baby for so long, come on, bring it on
Oh, bring it on Stop clicking your red heels and wishing for home
I'm hearing that he tells you he can read your palms
If he's better than my love
If he's better than my love, then go on, take it all

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