

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'tI'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'tCause sometimes love can be so wrong
Like a fat man in a thong
It was shamelessly awakeI hold a seashell to my ear
And winds of echoed dreams I hear
Reverberations of yesterdayI 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 meWell, emperors and reigning kings
Have showered you with golden rings
Now I stand with my hat in my handI know that I can't compete
With ruthless men and satin sheets
But I'm ready to meet your demandsWars 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

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