

Sun In Seattle

Jen Foster

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 fucking 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

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