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 leaveSo 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 outSo 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 coldWell, 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 loveWell, 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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