Baby Come to Me

Sondre Lerche

Baby, come to me...

If you stick around, you'll eventually wear the crown If you've got the patience and wherewithal to pass the time Rolling with their punches, shut up and take it during their lunches The black sheep will wear the white sheep's woolen sweater If only you can pull it together

Sticking to your guns, be they holy or infamous ones Is gonna build your character where there used to be none You're gonna love your new frame, it's the shape of things to come The leader of the pack will be scratching your back If only you can tackle the black-backed jackal

Baby, come to me My blue suede boots may stumble on the ridge Baby, come to me Your poncho soaks up all the water under the bridge

So if you can stomach climbing out of a thousand train wrecks in a pitch bla ck tunnel, granted only, say, two light flickers If you can take abuse like a gentleman holds his liquor The eager overachiever will eventually trip (trip) And that's when you can have your way, consensually

Baby, come to me My blue suede boots may stumble on the ridge Baby, come to me Your poncho soaks up all the water under the bridge Water under the bridge Water under the bridge

When you've been underestimated, patronized, or have been degraded When you try, and fail, to look up the meaning of ill-fated And all the bunnies who outran you incidentally were hares you hated So much so you can't wait to see their faces again You'll leave them in the dust atop a turtle, your trusted friend

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Water under the bridge Water under the bridge Water under the bridge

Baby, come to me... Baby, come to me... Baby, come to me... Baby, come to me...