

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 black 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

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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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