

Jason Collett "Long May You Love"

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Here's to the long suffering paramour.
To bloody fists still banging on the door.
Here's to the fury, the sorrow, and all the coughed up
regret.
To devotion candles blinking at the darkness.

Here's to the king of fools uchred by the Jack of Hearts.
Here's to all the rolling bones.
Here's to all the lucky charms.

Long may you (long may you)
Long may you love
And be loved.

Here's to the earth scratched underneath your nails,
The fugitive and the refugee and every tear that trails.
Here's to courageous tongues, living hard and true.
Here's to all the shit we gotta scrape off our shoes.

Here's to the shameless bumb and grind, so swift and
sweet.
Here's to the morning when you don't have to leave.

Long may you (long may you)
Long may you love
And be loved.

Here's to the complicated blue.
Here's to being here with you.

Here's to the slipstream wonder and the mystery.
The cymbal-crashing crescendo of all eternity.

Long may you (long may you)
Long may you love
And be loved.

Long may you (long may you)
Long may you love
And be loved.
And be loved.
And be loved.

And be loved.

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