

# Closer

Alex Goot

Hey, I was doing just fine before I met you  
I drink too much  
And that's an issue, but I'm okay  
Hey, you tell your friends  
It was nice to meet them  
But I hope I never see them again

I know it breaks your heart  
Moved to the city in a broke-down car  
And four years, no calls  
Now you're lookin' pretty in a hotel bar  
And I-I-I can't stop  
No, I-I-I can't stop

So, baby, pull me closer  
In the backseat of your Rover  
That I know you can't afford  
Bite that tattoo on your shoulder  
Pull the sheets right off the corner  
Of the mattress that you stole  
From your roommate back in Boulder  
We ain't ever getting older

We ain't ever getting older  
We ain't ever getting older

You look as good as the day I met you  
I forget just why I left you, I was insane  
Stay and play that Blink-182 song  
That we beat to death in Tucson, okay

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We ain't ever getting older  
(No, we ain't ever getting older)  
We ain't ever getting older  
(No, we ain't ever getting older)  
We ain't ever getting older  
(We ain't ever getting older)  
We ain't ever getting older  
(No, we ain't ever getting older)  
(No, we ain't ever getting older)  
(No, we ain't ever getting older)