

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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