

Come Close

Ezra Furman

And this one's for Troy
To whom I gave a quick handjob
Through the driver's side window of an SUV
On a cool spring night at 9:30 PM
I didn't know him, he didn't know me
And when a police cruiser drifted by
I said I'd have to see him some other time
And I never did, and I never will
And I can remember his rough kiss still

Lord come close to the broken-hearted
Stub out your cigarette and come close to me

And this one's for Stephen
Who stands out on Belmont most days
With a trench coat and a bottle of booze
And I'm amazed at the way that he phrased it
When he asked if I had any love he could use
He wanted to kiss me, I gave him my hand
He offered me a drink, I said, "Sorry, I can't"

Lord be close to the broken-hearted
Stub out your cigarette and come close to me

The desperate ones don't disappear
We're all still hanging around
And what do your rainbows do?
What do your bright flags do?
What do your rainbows do here on the ground?

And if you still pray with the shawl or the beads
Or the little black boxes on leather straps
Or if you don't even know where your wandering heart goes
When you lie in your room in the dark on your back
Let me know what you find deep inside there
If there's room for a freak with no place to hide there

Be close to the broken-hearted
Put out your cigarette, honey, come close to me