

Open and Close

Jason Isbell

The fireplace isn't real
It's some sort of LED light and a mirror
But I like that better tonight
Sitting here with a woman I don't know at all
She's so small

And I'm mad at the sidewalk
I'm mad at the rain
I'm mad at the band that played Kid Charlemagne in a bar in the
village
And the solo was fucked all to hell
And you could tell

I'm dressed up and waiting for something to change
The overhead lighting makes faces so strange
But there's something about her that's breaking my heart and my
fast
How long could it last?

And day after day after day after day passes
Day after day after day after day passes
Day after day after day after day passes by

The doorman's asleep
I don't think I'll wake him
He's always so sweet
He's here really late every night of the week
Letting the right people in
The real friends

And there's tea on the table
A dog in my lap
And I might be capable of taking a nap in this New York apartme
nt
Peace in the eye of the storm
It's so warm

Well, I'm open and close now to minding the flame
She speaks in a whisper and calls me by name
And she says I remind her of Calgary, where she was raised
It's time to be brave
It's time to be brave
It's time to be brave