Close Most of the Time

Miller, Rhett

I had to run from seventeen to twenty-five
That was pretty good
I gave up on college life
Moved back to the neighborhood
Got a 1969
White Ranchero almost-ran
Got a girl who didn't mind
When I withdrew she'd understand

I was broke then
But unbroken
Desperate by design

I
Don't always get it right
But I'm close
Most of the time

Twenty-five to twenty-nine
I was makin' it, I was miserable
I moved out by the Hollywood
Lived alone though the house was full
I've got a 1993
Yellow stick-shift run-around
I got a girl who didn't get me
When I withdrew, she'd put me down

Heartbroken
But still hopin'
Love would fall in line

I
Don't always get it right
But I'm close
Most of the time
I
Don't always get it right
But I'm close
Most of the time

Just when I'd given up on my good fortune
Damn near despaired of finding you
You come 'round with all your complications
And said "Boy, you're broken. Let's see what we can do"
Let's see what we can do

Twenty-nine to present-day
We wound up with a family
Said goodbye to loneliness
When I withdraw you come to me

I'm broken
We're all broken
We just keep on trying

I
Don't always get it right

But I'm close
Most of the time
And I
Don't always get it right
But I'm close
Most of the time
Most of the time
Most of the time
Most of the time

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