

# 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