

Close

Sorry

Close to burning my thumb, on this cigarette
Close to the clock striking twelve again
Close to my mother, closer to my friends
Close to getting, closer to getting further back again
Close to the ether, closer to the worms
Close to the cancer, closer to the womb
Close to my mother, closer to my friends
Close to getting burnt on this cigarette

I never wanted to be that guy
I never thought I would be that guy
I never wanted to be that guy
I never thought I could be that guy

Close to the answer, closer to the keel
Close to knowing I never really know how you feel
Close to being empty, closer to being used
Close to the table, then closer to the fools
Close to my actions, closer to my fears
Close to that high-pitched noise that rings in my ears
Close to my mother, closer to my end
Close to getting, closer to doin' it all over again

I never wanted to be that guy
I never thought I would be that guy
I never wanted to be that guy
I never thought I would be that guy
I never wanted to be that guy
I never thought I would be that guy
I never wanted to be that guy
I never thought I would be that