

## Oh Distant You

Wilbur Soot

I remember it well  
Smoked the last of the weed  
Besides your armchair  
Said you were tired  
You said you need something  
Need something to hold  
So I gave you my coat  
You chose to lean on me  
Lean on me instead

I hate the way that I talk  
When the words won't give off  
The kind of praise esteemed of you  
What the hell could I say  
When you're two stars from grace  
And the world turns for you

I'm just saying man  
If the Lord would do so kindly  
He could whip me up a clone of you  
But I still wouldn't glance  
'Cause the thought of someone further  
'Cause I'd have to take a month off work  
To sit down in the kitchen

And explain all our in-jokes  
And teach her all our fiction  
And cry with her to Wall-E  
And still I'd fuckin' miss ya  
And finally it hit me  
That I was not the fix-all  
I was just the villain  
And every single modicum of energy  
Gave to all the little things  
Compounded my placidity  
And drove out all the good things  
And made life oh so heavy  
And now I can't wake up and talk to you  
Oh distant you  
Oh gorgeous you  
Oh you