Closer

Ysabelle Cuevas

Hey, I was doing just fine just before I met you
I drank too much and that's an issue but I'm okay
Hey, you tell your friends it was nice to meet them
But I hope I never see them again

I know it breaks your heart
Moved to the city in a broke down car and
Four years, no calls
Now I'm looking pretty in a hotel bar and
I can't stop
No, I can't stop

So baby pull me closer
In the backseat of your Rover
That I know you can't afford
Bite that tattoo on your shoulder
Pull the sheets right off the corner
Of the mattress that you stole
From your roommate back in Boulder
We ain't ever getting older

We ain't ever getting older
We ain't ever getting older

You, look as good as the day I met you
I forget just why I left you, I was insane
Stay, play that Blink-182 song
That we beat to death in Tuscon, okay

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