

## Who, The "We Close Tonight"

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How can I explain how I feel  
I'm like a little kid running at her heel  
She's giving me looks like she thinks I'm a snappy dresser  
How can I tell what I should plan  
I've never kissed a girl or held her hand  
She's waiting for me to move, I've got to impress her

I play guitar in a mainstream band  
I've got three red jackets and a Fender jazz  
I've got Charlie Parker's autograph  
The girl I moved with's turned up on grass

She moved her seat next to mine  
But I'm just playing for time  
I ain't got the guts to let her see the real me  
My confidence eroded away  
Over hearing what children say  
So I'm trying to make myself seem more appealing

I know your man is in to playing jazz bass  
I tried that myself but I need more space  
Like to soar and fly like the big Birdman  
When I met him last week he shook my hand

Every lie I tell weaves another spell, another road that ends up blind  
The Bird that shook my hand was a wanted man, I think you knew that all the time

I came so close to having you for me  
But I lost you in the fantasy  
I pretended to myself that you were mine already  
You waited but deep in your eyes  
You were watching me so wordly wise  
Then you changed the subject and talked about going steady

I've got 200 records and a big hi-fi  
I sit and listen to Ella and Basey all night  
I played modern jazz of every variety

You could come and listen but we close tonight

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