

## Tiny, The "Closer"

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Now I'm thinking maybe, I was stoned  
I felt my feet lifted off the ground  
And my heart was screaming  
And my bones  
I need you closer

As in the middle of the street  
Then I pretend he is mine to keep  
Cars are running fast on both sides  
of his head, his eyes say  
Closer closer closer

I met him when the sun was down  
The bar was closed  
We both have had no sleep  
My face beneath the street lamp  
it reveals what it is lonely people seek  
Closer closer closer

And I am close enough to lose  
Close to the point, where you know that your mind, it  
can not choose  
Close enough to lose.  
Close enough  
to lose your heart.

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