

Close To Home "Didn't Have A Prayer"

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Iâ€™m staring down this dead end road.
(Nowhere to go nowhere to go)
These cul-de-sacs always lead me back to you.
Iâ€™m sick of this repetition.
Iâ€™m dizzy from this city.

We didnâ€™t have a prayer, no way to get there, and
nothing to prove to you.
We didnâ€™t have a prayer, not a care in this world.
We didnâ€™t have a prayer, had no way to get there.
But a road that runs from me to you.
Just a roadâ€¦

These street lights, lead me home.
To a place Iâ€™ve never known.
These dotted lines that divide,
What is left, from what is right

These red lights in your eyes, beg me to go.

We didnâ€™t have a prayer, no way to get there, and
nothing to prove to you.
We didnâ€™t have a prayer, not a care in this world.
We didnâ€™t have a prayer, no way to get there.
But a road that runs from me to you.
And just a rear view mirror for looking back on you.

And Iâ€™m sick of this repetition,
Iâ€™m dizzy from this city, these dotted lines that divide,
What is left, from what is right
These red lights in your eyes, beg me to go.

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