

Butch Walker

"Closest Thing To You I'm Gonna Find"

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(Two, three)

Ba ba bum, ba bum, ba bum bum

California girls they have a way
Of moving their mouth just a certain way
Saying things that always seem so right
But when the shine wears off at the end of the day
I'm left with the tab and not a word to say
'Cause I see your face when they turn out my light
So I keep another night, by this fire and drinks and
wine
It's the closest thing to you I'm gonna find

New York ladies that drive men crazy
Can't keep up I'm from the South and lazy
This town stays up too late for these old bones
Maybe it's because he's got too many faces
Crammed like fishes in compact places
This is why all of them seem desperate and alone
So I pick back up the cigarettes but only for the night
It's the closest thing to you I'm gonna find
Hey!

Georgia girls took all my pennies
Every time I come back I fall for many
Wake up and wonder why I ever left here
When they spend all night with a drink to the face
Get caught up in politics and race
I just smile and shove the cotton further down my ear
And my hands are full of the sticky sap from your
backyard Georgia Pine
It's the closest thing to you I'm gonna find
Hey!

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