

Tim Finn

"Not Even Close"

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I've been walking the straight line
Living in my best friend's pocket
Been looking at my life
All the time, all the time
How can I do my work?
Always looking over my shoulder
When everything falls apart
When you make a false start
Then you can't turn the pages
And you can't find the door
When you're nobody's baby
Not even close to pulling through
We fill up stolen hours,
Hunger for the touch of money
Building crooked towers
On the faultline, faultline
When I came running to you
I was following the light from a dead star
When everything falls apart
When you meet a false heart
Then you can't turn the pages
And you can't find the door
When you're nobody's baby
Not even close to pulling through

--- James Anthony Peter Matthew Mark Luke John
Bowditch ---
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---- And the piano smells like a piano, ----
---- And the microphone smells like a microphone, ----
---- And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar ----
---- and it gets all soggy and sinks to the bottom. ----

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