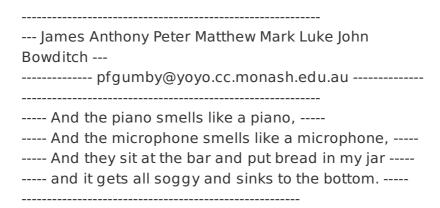
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## Tim Finn "Not Even Close"

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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



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