

Rachel Platten

"So Close"

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She gets in from work, takes off her coat
Sits down hard and lights a smoke, slips off her shoes
She's thinking just how'd nice it be
To have someone to rub her feet, and just to talk to
And mama, she don't understand, why she can't seem
to find a man
She says, "Are you even tryin'?"
Oh but it's true what they say about good men,
They're either gay, married or just want to be friends
Makes a girl feel like cryin'

Jaded, tried and sick of the whole damn thing
It just seems cruel to think that she might be
So close

Just three doors down and one floor up,
He pours some wine in a coffee cup, turns the TV on
He tells himself it could be worse,
He's got his friends and he's got his work,
It ain't so bad alone.
When his younger brothers done got kids, a dog, a cat
and a privacy fence,
And a pretty wife, a bed to match his sheets
And the kids call him uncle and he's glad they do,
But he always hurts a little bit too,
"cause lately, he's afraid that's all he's ever gonna be

Jaded, tried and sick of the whole damn thing
It just seems cruel to think that he might be
So close

The elevator stops, they both get on,
She fumbles in her purse, he's on the phone,
And their eyes never even meet
And it's sad to think they look so hard,
And it's all right there in that elevator car,
Hmm, the irony, So Close

Yeah, yeah
So Close
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

So Close

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