

Rhoda Morgan

"Closer"

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(5:03)

Percussion and Keys: H. Rhodes, Kevin Bartlett

Additional Vocals: Kelly Bird

I was born with a penchant for sadness
Now I can finally speak of the madness
Oh you took from me my safety net
Killed my hopes and made me your pet
I'm closer than before
I believed it could only get better
But your ignorance loomed like the weather
Oh you made breathing a nasty chore
I ate your malice for ten years more
I was crushed in the vice of your sickness
Took the blows for your every weakness
Oh you forbade me to love my mom
Daddy begged me to keep things calm
Closer, I'm closer, much closer than before
All the fears of the babes lay upon me
Every word volunteered for my army
Oh sticks and stones thrown
Shattered my bones
I glued them back with rhythms and tones
Reaching out for the ones who could save me
Nervous pats on the head's all they gave me
Oh where were you all when I was jailed
I cried and pleaded, to no avail
Closer, getting closer than I was before
I'm closer,
Much closer than before
I stand before the fork
I look from left to right
I wait in partial pause
And choose to use my sight
I'm ready on my mark
My heart is beating drums
I make a run for it
I'm getting closer, I'm closer, much closer than before
Closer, I'm closer, much closer than before

