

## Steve Perry

# "Kicking Distance"

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Well there's wine on the page  
And my heart's enraged  
And I must call the cops on myself  
And my bony hands  
Probe the bed for your body  
But I'm left once again on the shelf  
Well I tried to be patient  
And I tried to be cool  
And I took acting classes  
But I wound up a fool  
Your belongings are outside the door  
Hanging up in a stocking

'cause I am within kicking distance of your heart  
Oh yeah, kicking distance of your heart  
Well I am within kicking distance of your heart  
And I must warn others  
Others from you  
Others from you  
Others from you

What started so simple  
Has turned into a pimple  
Unsightly and sore to the touch  
The peace in my mind  
Has been so hard to come by  
And you become more of a crutch  
You're prolific in bed  
And you're always so cool  
But I'm like brian jones  
Left to sleep in the pool  
Only to be discovered by some dirty  
Construction workers

'cause I am within kicking distance of your heart  
Oh yeah, kicking distance of your heart  
Well I am within kicking distance of your heart  
And I must warn others  
Others from you  
Others from you  
Others from you

Well the wine is all spilt  
In the house that we built  
And the cops never come when I call  
Well your prodigal son  
Has gone south for awhile  
And maybe I'll see you next fall  
You're annoying and comforting  
All in the same  
Well what once was so precious  
Has now become lame  
The coyotes are outside your door  
And they're serving your papers  
'cause I am within kicking distance of your heart  
Oh yeah, kicking distance of your heart  
Well I am within kicking distance of your heart  
And I must warn others  
Others from you  
Others from you  
Others from you

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