

The Closest Thing

The Juliana Theory

You're the words that come out easy
And I am speechless at best
Your star, it seems to shine above the rest
You're the face before the cameras
The smile I'd like to earn
The closest thing to perfect
In a Hollywood to burn
You're the beauty that is deeper
Than eyes can merely see
The closest thing to perfect
But the farthest thing from me
I'd love to be
The shoulder that you cry on
I'd love to be
The friend you call when things are great
I'd love to be
The shoulder that you cry on
I'd love to be
The friend you call when things are great
You're the dream that hasn't ended
And I'm still anxious for rest
Your words, they seem to hang above my head
You're the bud before the flower
Unfurls into full bloom
Captivating beauty but it maybe all too soon
You're the song that writes a story
But leaves a lot to read
The closest thing to perfect
But the farthest thing from me
I'd love to be
The shoulder that you cry on
I'd love to be
The friend you call when things are great
I'd love to be
The shoulder that you cry on
I'd love to be
The friend you call when things are great
And like I really deserve a chance to
Sit across the table

And tell you that I think you're wonderful
And I think you're something special
I guess this is my only chance to
Say I wish I knew you
Because I'm sure you're wonderful
If I'd get to know you

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