

# 11 Blocks

## Wrabel

11 blocks from my door to your doorstep

Three years later and it feels too close

I thought I broke the last of that breakdown

The morning I sold your winter coat

It doesn't feel right when I'm grabbing a coffee

The same old spot, but I'm on my own

I feel okay in the day, but at nighttime

You know how I get when I'm alone 'Cause my mind won't stop, it's just 11 blocks

I know that you're home

'Cause it's Friday night, you're not that type

I know that you're home 14 blocks from your door to this party

I caught myself counting on the way

And right when I stepped in the door to the party

I stepped outside to grab a smoke

You know how I get when I'm alone, no 'Cause my mind won't stop, it's just 14 blocks

I know that you're home

'Cause it's Friday night, you're not that type

I know that you're home

Someone stop me, please, from hurting myself

'Cause I'm two blocks away and you're hurting my health

And it's Friday night, you're not that type

I know that you're home Somebody stop me

I should be going home

Somebody stop me

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah Well, I met someone

And I think I'm in love But my mind won't stop, it's just 11 blocks

I know that you're home

'Cause it's Friday night, you're not that type

I know that you're home

And I met someone and I swear I'm in love

But I'm two blocks away and you're just like a drug

My mind won't stop, it's just 11 blocks

I know that you're home I got somebody

Waiting for me at home

I got somebody

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah 11 blocks from my door to your doorstep

Three years later and it feels too close

Songwriters

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