

Close

Ian Moore

She sits by his side
On vinyl seats
Her thighs are stickin' It's hot, it could be July
This Texas heat
Will start you thinkin' By and by
I'm gettin' closer to it So drive down 35
To Mexico
Get there by mornin' And leave this town behind
Their little minds
Will teach us nothin' By and by
I'm gettin' closer to this
Well, by and by
I'm gettin' closer to this And extraordinary visions in your head
Let them overtake you
Technicolor dreams might scare you
But life is much too ordinary, yeah Yeah, I'm gettin' closer
Yeah, I'm gettin' closer
Yeah, I'm gettin' closer Well, by and by
I'm gettin' closer to this
Well, by and by
I'm gettin' closer to this Well, by and by
I'm gettin' closer to this
Well, by and by
I'm gettin' closer

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