Further From You

William Fitzsimmons

Box springs are stained with yellow pillows
Held our heads down
Holding the rain outside on the curb
Where I wasted half of your life
Both of our livesEverything's closer to the end but
I will get farther from you
Everything's closer, it's the end but
I will get further from youYour eyes are blue
But I can't see that color hue
It's been so dang long
God, I was wrongI'm dead to you, you say we are friends but
What is a friend when there is a man who
Sleeps in your bed tooEverything's closer to the end but
I will get farther from you
Everything's closer, it's the end but
I will get further from youI was wrong, I was wrong
I was wrong, I was wrongEverything's closer to the end but
I will get farther from you
I will get farther from you
I will get farther from you
I will get farther form you
I will get farther from you

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