

# Nowhere Near

[Tracey Thorn](#)

Dog days of summer  
Heat haze and bad temper  
And whole days of shouting  
"Would you listen to me?" See, I'm the one in charge now  
What happened to me?  
I turned into someone's mother Really someone should give me a uniform  
Or someone should show me where is the door  
Or someone should come around and explain  
How it is that love forgets to speak its name And then you turn on the news  
And it's somebody else's news  
And it's always such bad news  
And I'm no good with sad news anymore  
Gets me running upstairs  
To count heads in tangled beds And someone tears up that uniform  
And somewhere gently closes a door  
And I'm right here once more  
Crying, confessing, counting my blessings Don't let go  
Cause we'll never know  
That even when the sky is clear  
And the moon looks really close  
Well it's nowhere near

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