

# So Close

**Rachel Proctor**

She gets in from work, takes off her coat  
Sits down hard and lights a smoke, slips off her shoes  
She's thinking just how nice it be  
To have someone to rub her feet, and just to talk to And mama, she don't understand  
Why she can't seem to find a man  
She says, "Are you even tryin'?"  
Oh, but it's true what they say about good men  
They're either gay, married or just want to be friends  
Makes a girl feel like cryin' Jaded, tried and sick of the whole damn thing  
It just seems cruel to think that she might be  
So close Just three doors down and one floor up  
He pours some wine in a coffee cup, turns the TV on  
He tells himself it could be worse  
He's got his friends and he's got his work  
It ain't so bad alone When his younger brothers done got kids  
A dog, a cat and a privacy fence  
And a pretty wife, a bed with matching sheets  
And the kids call him uncle and he's glad they do  
But he always hurts a little bit too  
'Cuz lately, he's afraid that's all he's ever gonna be Jaded, tried and sick of the whole damn thing  
It just seems cruel to think that he might be  
So close The elevator stops, they both get on  
She fumbles in her purse, he's on his phone  
And their eyes never even meet  
And it's sad to think they look so hard  
And it's all right there in that elevator car Mmm, the irony, so close, yeah, yeah  
So close, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
So close

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