

Kicking Distance

Steve Poltz

Well, there's wine on the page
And my heart's enraged
And I must call the cops on myself
And my bony hands Probe the bed for your body
But I'm left once again on the shelf
Well, I tried to be patient
And I tried to be cool And I took acting classes
But I wound up a fool
Your belongings are outside the door
Hanging up in a stocking 'Cause I am within kicking distance of your heart
Oh yeah, kicking distance of your heart
Well, I am within kicking distance of your heart
And I must warn others Others from you
Others from you
Others from you What started so simple
Has turned into a pimple
Unsightly and sore to the touch
The peace in my mind Has been so hard to come by
And you become more of a crutch
You're prolific in bed
And you're always so cool But I'm like Brian Jones
Left to sleep in the pool
Only to be discovered by some dirty
Construction workers 'Cause I am within kicking distance of your heart
Oh yeah, kicking distance of your heart
Well, I am within kicking distance of your heart
And I must warn others Others from you
Others from you
Others from you Well, the wine is all spilt
In the house that we built
And the cops never come
When I call Well, your prodigal son
Has gone south for awhile
And maybe I'll see you next fall
You're annoying and comforting
All in the same Well, what once was so precious
Has now become lame
The coyotes are outside your door
And they're serving your papers 'Cause I am within kicking distance of your heart

Oh yeah, kicking distance of your heart
Well, I am within kicking distance of your heart
And I must warn othersOthers from you
Others from you
Others from you

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