

Far Away from Close

Butch Walker

I was set up from the get-up, and I drove the wrong way home
Into your eyes of blue, yeah, I could barely take my mind off you
So you set it, then you let it, slowly take the life from you
Getting so high from the fumes, of a burned out so-called you And I feel so far away from close to you
And maybe we could try to find a way to walk right through
The plastic wall between my heart and you You were faking, I'd mistaken, you for someone I once knew
Into the ring where I flew, like a wrestler falls on cue
Can you show me? Please show me, why it all went down in flames
Was it 'cause I made it through, and you were just too fucked up to? And I feel so far away from close to you
And maybe we could finally find a way to walk right through
The plastic wall between my heart and you Head is stinging, phone is ringing, words just burnin' right on my
tongue
(Please put up the magazine)
I'm burning up like gasoline, I'm all alone on the phone
So baby, won't you please pick up? (Won't you please pick up?)
I was set up, from the get-up
Won't you please pick up the phone? Hey, I feel so far away from close to you
And baby, all I wanted was to see you walk right through
And I feel so far away from close to you
And baby, we can finally find a way to walk right through
Plastic wall between my heart and, between my heart and you Between my heart and you
Between my heart and you

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