

Bridge and Tunnel, As Close As I Can

So hold, hold on to all the nights that make us feel we belong.

I know, I know the punch clock doesn't chime, it tolls.

Prolong, prolong all the time I have to sing you this song.

Sometimes, sometimes tomorrow morning doesn't chime, it tolls.

If I get so old that I forget all of this,

Hang these pictures by my bed

Retell me every story that I've forgotten,

So I can keep them as close as I can.

So hold, hold on to all the nights that make us feel we belong.

I know, I know that the punch clock doesn't chime, it tolls.

These are the nights that make us feel that we belong.

So hold, hold on to all the nights that make us feel we belong.

These are the nights that make us feel that we belong.

Sometimes, sometimes tomorrow morning doesn't chime, it tolls.

These are the nights that make us feel that we belong.

These are the nights that make us feel that we belong.