

# Butch Walker, Far Away From Close

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 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?

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,  
the plastic wall between my heart and..  
between my heart and you.