

# David Crosby, Distances

(David Crosby)

Da, da, da ...

De, de, da ...

You know what I miss  
Small things like textures and flavors  
How close up everything used to feel

Till this distance came in our lives  
Distance came in our lives

It always happens when you're trying to get next to someone  
When you want to reach their heart  
You cannot get close enough to start  
Talking, talking straight to one another mmm ...

Do you remember  
The things you used to write on the dashboard in the dust?  
And the way we never  
Never, we never thought this car would rust

Till this distance came in our lives  
Distance came in our lives

It always happens  
When you're trying to get next to someone  
When you want to reach her heart  
You cannot get close, close, close enough to start

Talking, talking straight to one another  
Talking and talking and talking  
Across these distances in our lives  
Distances in our lives  
Distances in our lives

Da, da, da ...

De, de, da ...