

# Rachel Proctor, So Close

She gets in from work, takes off her coat  
sits down hard and lights a smoke, slips off her shoes  
She's thinking just how'd nice it be  
to have someone to rub her feet, and just to talk to  
And mama, she don't understand, why she can't seem to find a man  
She says, "Are you even tryin'?"  
Oh but it's true what they say about good men,  
they're either gay, married or just want to be friends  
Makes a girl feel like cryin'

Jaded, tried and sick of the whole damn thing  
It just seems cruel to think that she might be  
So close

Just three doors down and one floor up,  
he pours some wine in a coffee cup, turns the TV on  
He tells himself it could be worse,  
he's got his friends and he's got his work,  
it ain't so bad alone.  
When his younger brothers done got kids, a dog, a cat and a privacy fence,  
and a pretty wife, a bed to match his sheets  
And the kids call him uncle and he's glad they do,  
but he always hurts a little bit too,  
'cuz lately, he's afraid that's all he's ever gonna be

Jaded, tried and sick of the whole damn thing  
It just seems cruel to think that he might be  
So close

The elevator stops, they both get on,  
she fumbles in her purse, he's on the phone,  
and their eyes never even meet  
And it's sad to think they look so hard,  
and it's all right there in that elevator car,  
hmm, the irony, So Close

Yeah, yeah  
So Close  
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah  
So Close