

# Tim Finn, Not Even Close

I've been walking the straight line  
Living in my best friend's pocket  
Been looking at my life  
All the time, all the time  
How can I do my work?  
Always looking over my shoulder

When everything falls apart  
When you make a false start  
Then you can't turn the pages  
And you can't find the door  
When you're nobody's baby  
Not even close to pulling through

We fill up stolen hours,  
Hunger for the touch of money  
Building crooked towers  
on the faultline, faultline  
When I came running to you  
I was following the light from a dead star

When everything falls apart  
When you meet a false heart  
Then you can't turn the pages  
And you can't find the door  
When you're nobody's baby  
Not even close to pulling through