

# William Fitzsimmons, Further From You

Box springs are stained with yellow  
Pillows held our heads now hold in the rain  
Outside on the curb where I wasted half of your life  
Both of our lives

Everythings closer to the end but  
I will get farther from you  
Everythings closer its the end but  
I will get further from you

Your eyes are blue but I cant see that color hue  
Its been so damn long  
God I was wrong

Im dead to you, you say we are friends but  
What is a friend when  
There is a man who  
Sleeps in your bed to?