

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?