

# 11 Blocks

## Wrabel

Eleven blocks from my door to your doorstep  
Three years later and it feels too close  
I thought I broke the last of that breakdown  
The morning I sold your winter coat  
It doesn't feel right when I'm grabbing a coffee  
The same old spot, but I'm on my own  
I feel okay in the day, but at nighttime  
You know how I get when I'm aloneCause my mind won't stop; it's just 11 blocks  
I know that you're home  
Cause it's Friday night; you're not that type  
I know that you're home  
Fourteen blocks from your door to this party  
I caught myself counting on the way  
And right when I stepped in the door to the party  
I stepped outside to grab a smoke  
You know how I get when I'm alone, noCause my mind won't stop; it's just fourteen blocks  
I know that you're home  
Cause it's Friday night; you're not that type  
I know that you're home  
Someone stop me, please, from hurting myself  
Cause I'm two blocks away and you're hurting my health  
And it's Friday night; you're not that type  
I know that you're homeSomebody stop me  
I should be going home  
Somebody stop me  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Well, I met someone  
And I think I'm in loveBut my mind won't stop; it's just eleven blocks  
I know that you're home  
Cause it's Friday night; you're not that type  
I know that you're home  
And, I met someone and I swear I'm in love  
But I'm two blocks away and you're just like a drug  
My mind won't stop; it's just eleven blocks  
I know that you're homeI got somebody  
Waiting for me at home  
I got somebody  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeahEleven blocks from my door to your doorstep  
Three years later and it feels too close

