

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

