

# The Closest Thing

The Juliana Theory

You're the words that come out easy,  
And I am speechless at best.  
Your star it seems to shine above the rest.  
You're the face before the cameras,  
The smile i'd like to earn.  
The closest thing to perfect,  
In a hollywood to burn.  
You're the beauty that is deeper,  
Than eyes can merely see.  
The closest thing to perfect.  
But the farthest thing from me.

I'd love to be,  
The shoulder that you cry on.  
I'd love to be,  
The friend you call when things are great.  
I'd love to be,  
The shoulder that you cry on.  
I'd love to be,  
The friend you call when things are great.

You're the dream that hasn't ended,  
And I'm still anxious for rest.  
Your words they seem to hang above my head.  
You're the bud before the flower,  
Unfurls into full bloom.  
Captivating beauty,  
But it maybe all too soon.  
You're the song that writes a story,  
But leaves a lot to read.  
The closest thing to perfect,  
But the farthest thing from me.

I'd love to be,  
The shoulder that you cry on.  
I'd love to be,  
The friend you call when things are great.  
I'd love to be,  
The shoulder that you cry on.  
I'd love to be,  
The friend you call when things are great.

And like I really deserve a chance to,  
Sit across the table,  
And tell you that I think you're wonderful.  
And I think you're something special.  
I guess this is my only chance to,  
Say I wish I knew you,  
Because I'm sure you're wonderful,  
If I'd get to know you.