

The Who, We Close Tonight

How can I explain how I feel
I'm like a little kid running at her heel
She's giving me looks like she thinks I'm a snappy dresser
How can I tell what I should plan
I've never kissed a girl or held her hand
She's waiting for me to move, I've got to impress her

I play guitar in a mainstream band
I've got three red jackets and a Fender jazz
I've got Charlie Parker's autograph
The girl I moved with's turned up on grass

She moved her seat next to mine
But I'm just playing for time
I ain't got the guts to let her see the real me
My confidence eroded away
Over hearing what children say
So I'm trying to make myself seem more appealing

I know your man is in to playing jazz bass
I tried that myself but I need more space
Like to soar and fly like the big Birdman
When I met him last week he shook my hand

Every lie I tell weaves another spell, another road that ends up blind
The Bird that shook my hand was a wanted man, I think you knew that all the time

I came so close to having you for me
But I lost you in the fantasy
I pretended to myself that you were mine already
You waited but deep in your eyes
You were watching me so wordly wise
Then you changed the subject and talked about going steady

I've got 200 records and a big hi-fi
I sit and listen to Ella and Basie all night
I played modern jazz of every variety
You could come and listen but we close tonight