

# Six Degrees of Separation

Miranda Lambert

Thought that I was safe down in New Orleans  
'Til I picked up a quarter from 1979  
Stuck it in the back pocket of these jeans  
Worn in boyfriend button down Levis  
In the saints town I can't seem to figure out  
How to get around, but I ain't moving on  
Threw the quarter in an old street case  
And I'll be damned, he started playing our song  
Six degrees of separation  
You're all over this damn nation  
But I'm out of your reach geographically  
But you still find a way to get a hold on me  
And it's six degrees of separation  
Hailed a cab up in NYC  
Saw an ad for a litigation lawyer on a bus stop bench  
Sitting waiting for the red light to turn green  
Smoke-breakers flirting on the steps of Merrill Lynch  
Hit the Roosevelt, took it to the 12th  
Got a funny feeling as I put my key in the door  
Never seen the likes of these city lofts  
I swear to god, son I've been here before  
Six degrees of separation  
You're all over this damn nation  
I'm out of your reach geographically  
You still find a way to get a hold on me  
And it's six degrees of separation  
Well, it's six degrees of separation  
Yeah, it's six degrees of separation  
Thought that I was safe down in New Orleans  
'Til I picked up a quarter from 1979  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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