

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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