

## **Willard Grant Conspiracy "I Miss You Best"**

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Snow blows through the window, all I can do is stumble  
Across the uneven floor into an unmade bed  
And I lie awake for hours, I must be afraid of  
something  
All that I own is still in boxes, scattered across the floor

I miss you best and I miss you best  
I miss you best  
Just don't know what to do about it

I can still feel the shape of your body, like a bruise  
against my side  
Across the great divide, memory always lies  
Everything falls to pieces and nothing stays the same  
I make up the ground rules for this waiting game

I miss you best and I miss you best  
I miss you best  
Just don't know what to do about it

Well, she stumbles on nothing and tumbles into her  
bed  
And pulls the blankets above her chin  
And falls asleep with the nod of her head  
And I think that it's beautiful, simple pleasures are the  
best  
She's breathing softly, I miss you best

I miss you best and I miss you best  
I miss you best  
Just don't know what to do about it

I miss you best, I miss you best  
I miss you best  
Just don't know what to do about it

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