

Yellow Second

"Missing The War"

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[Originally by Ben Folds Five]

All his crying, his tired eyes
See figures, jot it down
And clothes all strewn around
The bedroom floor
Now nothing's adding up
And nothing's making sense
She's sleeping like a baby
She doesn't know he wasn't meant for this

I'm missing the war
I'm missing the war
All night I am missing the war
I'm missing the war

How, how
He drove home
Again, this time leaving
It's really no big deal
It happens all the time
It's no big deal

I'm missing the war
I'm missing the war
All night I am missing the war
I'm missing the war

Two beams of sunlight hit me in the morning
So much time, so little to say
Timings fly
And dreams may die
The shaking voice that tells him go
Still thinks he might, he knows he won't

I'm missing the war
I'm missing the war
All night I am missing the war
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