

Flick

"Miss Missing You"

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Tell me again what you came to see
On the Sunday you stood down the hall waiting on me
I'm as broke as a painter down in Soho, don't want you
to see
Maybe I pretend and I'm alone, I just want you here with
me

'cause I miss missing you
And I miss missing you

Strangers eyes all look like yours, it's hard to look away
But every time I try to count the days, overworked and
underpaid
Cigarettes and crowded little rooms where the jukebox
never plays
One more drink and I'll be coming home, if home is
where you'll stay

'cause I miss missing you
And I miss missing you

Don't you go
Don't you go
Oh, and today
I'll be here
One day
You'll be here

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