

## **Funkadelic**

# **"You Can't Miss What You Can't Measure"**

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Sitting here with a broken heart  
Wishin' you'd come home for  
Sitting here with breakin' hearts  
I just can't go on  
Oh!  
Grief has got a hold on me  
I can't think for myself  
It's all because that woman of mine  
Making love to someone else  
I'm turning green from being blue  
Without your face around  
You found another to do your lovin'  
And me you have put down  
And I'm  
Sitting here with a broken heart  
Wishin' you'd come home, 'cause  
Sitting here with breakin' hearts  
I just can't go on  
Ahhhhh!  
I'm trudging water all through the house  
I thought it was from my kitchen sink  
I phoned the plumber to rush right over  
And see if he could fix this leak  
He rushed right over and he took a look  
And much to my surprise  
He said "My son it's not your sink,  
It's teardrops from your eyes"  
Oh!  
Sitting here with a broken heart  
Wishin' you'd come home for  
Sitting here with breakin' hearts  
I just can't go on  
You can't miss what you can't measure  
That's what he tried to make me see  
Love is around I know for sure  
What's in store for me  
Sitting here with a broken heart  
Wishin' you'd come home for  
Sitting with breakin' hearts  
I just can't go on  
Oh!  
I chew my nails off one by one

I only got one to go  
Unless I get what I been missin'  
Never had no more  
My nerves are shot, I smoke a lot  
In my loneliness  
And until I see your face once again  
My lonely heart won't rest  
And I'm  
Sitting here with a broken heart  
Wishin' you'd come ho

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