

## Yellowcard "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 strome 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

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I'm missing the war  
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