

Missing The War

Ben Folds Five

All is quiet his tired eyes
see figures jotted down
And clothes all strewn around
the bedroom flood
Now nothing's adding up
And nothing's making sense
She's sleeping like a baby
She doesn't 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
Missing the warHe drove home again
Pissed and beaten
Its really no big deal
It happens all the time
Its no big deal
I'm missing the war
I'm missing the war all night
Missing the war
I'm missing the warTill beads of sunlight hit me in the morning
So much time so little to say
Time may 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
Missing the war all night
Missing the war

Songwriters

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