Miss Missing You

Flickerstick

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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