

Missing the War

Ben Folds Five

All is quiet his tired eyes see figures jotted down
And clothes all strewn 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
Missing the war, I'm missing the war
He drove home again, pissed and beaten
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
Missing the war, I'm missing the war
Till 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, I'm missing the war
I'm missing the war, I'm missing the war

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