

You Missed My Heart

Mark Kozelek

Broke into her house. Saw her sittin' there,
Drinking coke and whiskey in her bra and underwear.
Saw him in the kitchen, hangin' up the phone.
I asked him nicely please to pack his things and go. He gave her a firm, reassuring look that said he wouldn't
leave.
But I asked him one more time and this time pulled out my shiv.
I struck him in the back and I pulled it out slow
And I watched him fall down,
And as the morning sun rose,
He looked at me and said: "You missed my heart.
You missed my heart.
You got me good. I knew you would.
But you missed my heart.
You missed my heart."
Were his last words before he died.
Looking out the window, up at the blue sky,
Listening to her scream, listening to her cry.
A feeling of relief came over my soul.
I couldn't take it any longer and I lost control. I chased her up the stairs
And I pinned her to the ground,
And underneath her whimpering,
I could hear the sirens sound.
I rattled off a list of everything I missed
Like going to the movies with her
And the way she kissed me.
Driving into Wheeling and showing her off.
Backyard barbecues and reunions in the park.
I said I loved her skin and she started laughing
And while I clenched down on her wrist
She said "That's quite a list,
But there's one thing you missed.
You missed my heart, you missed my heart
That's quite a list, but what you really missed,
You missed my heart, you missed my heart
That's quite a list, but what you really missed. Running through the parking lot
Running through the fields
Policemen on my back
Something hit my skull and cracked They dragged me off to jail, set a million dollar bail
Where I tried to tie a noose, but I failed and I broke loose

Racing through the prison yard,
Shot down by a tower guard
He got me in the shins
And he got me in the arms They strapped me in the gurney
Took me to the infirmary
Where the priest read my last rites
And just before, everything went dark I said:
"He missed my heart, he missed my heart
He got me good, I knew he would,
But he missed my heart, he missed my heart"
And just before, everything went dark, The most poetic dream came flowing like the sea
Lay in there my life, but draining out of me
A childhood scene then, sky moon beams,
Fishing with my friends sitting in the wild lands Watching the Ohio river flow at night
Waiting for the bullhead catfishes to bite
Downriver from the Moundsville prison graveyards
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>