

Miss Saying Goodbye

Tim Chaisson

Youâ€™re gonna miss saying goodbye,
Youâ€™re gonna miss saying goodbye,
Youâ€™re gonna miss saying goodbye,
When Iâ€™m gone, gone, gone, goneâ€™

Hotel to hotel, driving a new road every day
You ask me every night why do I live my life this way
You say weâ€™re outta money, and Iâ€™m outta touch, youâ€™ve been waiting long enough
And itâ€™s gone, gone

I send you all my love, you say itâ€™s not enough
Youâ€™re gonna miss saying goodbye when Iâ€™m gone
Telling me itâ€™s the end of the road, you can do what you want but I know
Youâ€™re gonna miss saying goodbye when Iâ€™m goneâ€™ When Iâ€™m gone.

Itâ€™s checkout time at the Motor Inn so Iâ€™m packing up my stuff
If weâ€™re not face to face tell me â€“ is this really breaking up?
Iâ€™m always drivingâ€™ You crazy
Whoever said it would be easy
Was wrong, wrong

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