

Straight to the Bone

Martina McBride

I'm starrin' at this empty chair, listenin' for the laughter that went clear up to the ceiling. It's so long since you were sitting there and now the rust is rustin' and the paint is peelin'

I miss you

I read your letters and I almost break. They're warm like flannel, I can still smell your after shave. I don't spend all my time missin' you like this, but when it hits, it hits.

You felt like home, and I feel you now straight to the bone. I miss you...

This sure can be a lonely place. I wanna look up and see you there standin' in the doorway. And i'd give anything to kiss your face and help ya blow out the candles on your next birthday.

You felt like home. I feel you now, straight to the bone. I miss you...

I wanna hear you in the kitchen, makin' noise, singin' out a tune at the top of your voice. I wear these memories, it's a blessing and a curse 'cause when it hurts, it hurts.

You felt like home and I feel you now, straight to the bone. I miss you... I miss you...

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