

Things I Miss the Most

Steely Dan

I don't mind the quiet
Or the lonely nights
I don't miss the funky attitudes
And I don't miss the fights
I lie on the couch 'til suppertime
And hunker down and read the Post
And that's when I remember the things I miss the most: The talk
The sex
Somebody to trust
The Audi TT
The house on the Vineyard
The house on the Gulf Coast
These are the things I miss the most I kinda like frying up
My sad cuisine
Getting in bed and curling up with a girlie magazine
Sometimes in the corner of my eye
I see that adorable ghost
And then ba-boom I remember the things I miss the most The talk
The sex
Somebody to trust
The comfy Eames chair
The good copper pans
The '54 Strat
These are the things I miss the most I had a little birdy friend
By morning she was gone
Birdie good-bye
Birdie bye bye I'm learning how to meditate
So far so good
I'm building the Andrea Doria out of balsa wood
The days really don't last forever
But it's getting pretty damn close
And that's when I remember the things I miss the most The talk
The sex
Somebody to trust
The Audi TT
The house on the Vineyard
The house on the Gulf Coast
These are the things I miss the most

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