

Missed Calls

Handguns

I packed my bags, you dry your eyes
It doesn't get much easier to say goodbye
I never call, can't get this right
Always the same thing every time
So here's a song for all of the times
I never called but you were on my mind
I hope you know
When I'm out on the open road
I count the days till I get home
So we can be alone
I've seen the mountains, lakes, the tops of trees
but they don't compare (NO!)
To what you mean to me
You dropped me off for the tour
I tell her I can't do this anymore
I kiss your head, I'm out the door
I promise I'm worth waiting for
I won't forget to charge my phone this time
As long as you stay on the other line
I hope you know
When I'm out on the open road
I count the days till I get home
So we can be alone
I've seen the mountains, lakes, the tops of trees
but they don't compare (NO!)
With what you mean to me
I know it feels like I'm a ghost
When you're in the bedroom all alone
and you've got our picture on the night stand
Fell asleep with the TV on again
Play this song at night
When you're feeling left behind
and if you swear to hold on tight, Ben
(From Neck Deep? xD)
I'll be right by your side
I hope you know
When I'm out on the open road
I count the days till I get home
So we can be alone

I've seen the mountains, lakes, the tops of trees
I've crossed this country a million times it seems
but it don't compare (NO!)
With what you mean to me
I count the days till I get home
So we can be alone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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