Miss You

Ringside

I cannot be where the weather is fair
With you on the ground, me in the air
Where whistling engines drink up restless heartsI can still taste the last call, I still feel the bar
The plotting of managers in fast open cars
Racing the agents, chasing the ancients
To the corner stores, to pick out our potionsI like the others believe we were born
To bleed at the borders to sleep with the storm
I must confess I have laid down
Where stronger men dared not goBut I miss you, I miss you
There is nothing I can take
There is nothing I can do
To keep from running awayI know of what I've lost
On this quiet night
I still felt your grasp upon me
As I boarded the flightAnd I watched you there in the window
I wondered how long you'd stay
Waving your arms at the Jumbo
As it tore us both awayI wish I could just turn myself around
Follow my heart back to you on the ground
And I know just for tonight
It's harder to hear than goodbyeBut I miss you, I miss you
There is nothing I can take
There is nothing I can do
To keep from running awayAt any cost
To keep from turning around
Just to see what I've lostI miss you, I miss you
There is nothing I can take
There is nothing I can do
To keep from running awayAt any cost
To keep from turning around
Just to see what I've lostI wish I could just turn myself around
Follow my heart back to you on the ground
Just for tonight it's harder to hear than goodbyeI wish I could just turn myself around
Follow my heart back to you on the ground
Just for tonight it's harder to hear than goodbye

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