

You Can't Miss What You Can't Measure

Funkadelic

Sitting here with a broken heart
Wishin' you'd come home, oh
Sitting here with vacant arms
I just can't go on Oh, grief has got a hold on me
I can't think for myself
It's all because that woman of mine
Making love to someone else I'm turning green from being blue
Without your face around
You found another to do your lovin'
And me you have put down and I'm Sitting here with a broken heart
Wishin' you'd come home, oh
Sitting here with vacant arms
I just can't go on I'm trudging water all through the house
I thought it was from a leakin' sink
I phoned the plumber to rush right over
And see if he could fix this leak He rushed right over and he took a look
And much to my surprise
He said, "My son it's not your sink
It's teardrops from your eyes", oh Sitting here with a broken heart
Wishin' you'd come home, oh
Sitting here with vacant arms
I just can't go on You can't miss what you can't measure
That's what he tried to make me see
Love is around I know for sure
What's in store for me Sitting here with a broken heart
Wishin' you'd come home, oh
Sitting with vacant arms
I just can't go on, oh I chew my nails off one by one
I only got one to go
Unless I get what I been missin'
Never have no more My nerves are shot, I smoke a lot
In my loneliness
And until I see your face once again
My lonely heart won't rest and I'm Sitting here with a broken heart
Wishin' you'd come ho

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