

# Kisses At Airports

[Cassadee Pope](#)

You don't know if it's hello or goodbye  
What kind of tears they are when they get cried  
All you know is somebody is coming or leaving  
It don't really matter whatever the reason  
Something about them gets me every time Kisses at airports, wide-open car doors  
So slow to let go, wrapped up with eyes closed  
Some mean "I missed you," some mean "I'm going to"  
But somehow they mean more  
Kisses at airports There was a crayon cardboard "Welcome home, Daddy" sign  
When he got the deployed, she was just two pink lines  
And now it's sunburned lips on ten little fingers  
And one for her mama, yeah, that one lingers  
I'm pretty sure I wasn't the only one at baggage claim to cry Kisses at airports, thanking the good Lord  
You didn't die out there without seeing that curly red hair  
And that's why you hang on and that's how you make it home  
Got something to live for  
Kisses at airports  
Oh, oh When you dropped me off, I was running late  
I just grabbed my bags and ran to the gate  
But what if I had never landed  
How many times do we take for granted? Like kisses at airports, wide-open car doors  
No I don't want to let go  
I just want to make sure you know This one means I miss you, this one means I'm going to  
Make every one I give you, baby, be a little more  
Like kisses at airports  
Like kisses at airports

Songwriters

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