## Flickerstick, Miss Missing You

Tell me again what you came to see On the Sunday you stood down the hall waiting on me I'm as broke as a painter down in Soho, don't want you to see Maybe I pretend and I'm alone, I just want you here with me

Cuz I miss missing you And I miss missing you

Strangers eyes all look like yours, it's hard to look away But every time I try to count the days, overworked and underpaid Cigarettes and crowded little rooms where the jukebox never plays One more drink and I'll be coming home, if home is where you'll stay

Cuz I miss missing you And I miss missing you

Don't you go Don't you go Oh, and today I'll be here One day You'll be here