

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