

Mia, Foo Fighters

Mia

Call and I'll answer at home in the lost and found
You say that I'm much too proud
Someone who's taking pleasure in breaking down
Nevermind the mannequins, drunk in their hollow town,
Drinking their spoils down, cheap imitations
The revelation is now
You won't find me I'm going MIA
Tonight I'm leaving going MIA
Getting lost in you again is better than being numb
Counting every minute till the feeling comes crashing down
Run when it hits the ground, I'm good at escaping
But better at flaking out
Calling unanswered the center becomes blown out
Stuck on the inside now
It's fear I'm embracing
I never could face you down
Red, red, laced around your head
Cold and rescued
You won't find me I'm going MIA
Tonight I'm leaving going MIA
So you don't find me I'm going MIA
Tonight I'm leaving going MIA
Say good-bye to me I'm going MIA
I can find relief I'm going MIA
Getting lost in you again is better than being numb
Better than playing dumb