

# Ellen Ten Damme, Miss You

I miss your hands  
I miss your face  
I miss your voice  
And what you'd say  
I miss your smile  
I miss your arms  
I miss your touch  
So tender and warm  
I want you  
I need you  
I miss you  
I miss your thoughts  
I miss your strength  
I miss your love  
God, it never ends  
I miss your eyes  
I miss your kiss  
I miss our nights  
Nothing's like it  
I want you  
I need you  
I miss you  
I miss the mornings that you'd kiss me awake  
I miss the songs we're used to play  
I miss the day on that boat in the sun  
I miss our talks in the restaurants  
I miss you smoking cigarets  
I miss you carrying me to bed  
I miss you  
I miss you  
I want you  
I need you  
I miss you