

Harvey Danger, I Missed It

Once I had a sweetheart, she kinda looked like Joan Fontaine.
She made mediocre art, but had a fascinating brain.
She asked me how I felt about monogamy.
I didn't understand what she was telling me, no.

Well, you can come up short and never know,
another debt I'm gonna owe, well,

I missed it, I missed it, I missed it,
I got so close I could have kissed it,
but then I missed it, I missed it, resisted,
now those days are gone.

Once I held my own set of keys to the senior executive suite, with
my very own secretary taking my calls, and telling me who I was scheduled to meet with.
They asked me what I thought about advancement.
I wasn't sure what "We have other plans" meant.

Well, you can lose your place and never know,
another chance I'm gonna blow, so

I missed it, I missed it, I missed it,
I got so close I could have kissed it,
but then I missed it, I missed it, resisted,
now those days are gone. (All right!)

You can halve the distance all you like,
but still not ever touch it.
You can split the difference all your life:
it hurts, it hurts so much, yeah.

Once I entertained the notion I could skate along on charm.
Count on my wit and my looks alone to keep me safe from harm.
You asked me how it felt to be a dilettante. (What?)
I knew that you knew the answer, but you didn't want to hear it, no, you didn't want to hear it.

Well, you can blow your shot and never know.
Another game I'm gonna throw, so

I missed it, I missed it, I missed it,
I got so close I could have kissed it,
but then I missed it, I missed it,
I pissed it all away.

I missed it, I missed it, I missed it,
you all said no, but I insisted.
That's how I missed it, I missed it, I missed it,
now those days are gone.