

# Incubus, I Miss You

To see you when I wake up, is a gift I didn't think could be real  
To know that you feel the same, as I do, is a Three-fold utopian dream  
You do something to me  
That I can't explain  
So would I be out of line, If I said  
I miss you.  
I see your picture, I smell your skin on, the empty pillow next to mine  
You have only been gone ten days, but already I am wasting away  
I know I'll see you again  
Whether far or soon  
But I need you to know, that I care  
And I miss you