

# Ringside, Miss You

I cannot be where the weather is fair  
With you on the ground - me in the air  
Where whistling engines drink up restless hearts  
I can still taste the last call - I still feel the bar  
The plotting of managers in fast open cars  
Racing the agents - chasing the ancients  
To the corner stores - to pick out our potions  
I, like the others, believe we were born  
To bleed at the borders to sleep with the storm  
I must confess I have laid down  
Where stronger men dared not go

But I miss you - I miss you  
There is nothing I can take  
There is nothing I can do  
To keep from running away

I know of what I've lost  
On this quiet night  
I still felt your grasp upon me  
As I boarded the flight  
And I watched you there in the window  
I wondered how long you'd stay  
Waving your arms at the jumbo  
As it tore us both away  
I wish I could just turn myself around  
Follow my heart back to you on the ground  
But I know just for tonight  
Is harder to hear than goodbye

But I miss you - I miss you  
There is nothing I can take  
There is nothing I can do  
To keep from running away  
At any cost  
To keep from turning around  
Just to see what I've lost