

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