Willard Grant Conspiracy, I Miss You Best

Snow blows
Thru the window
All I can do is stumble
Across the uneven floor
Into an unmade bed
I lie awake for hours
I must be afraid of something
All that I own is
Still in boxes
Scattered across the floor

(Chorus:)
I miss you best
I miss you best
I miss you best
Just dont know
What to do
About it

I can still feel your body
Like a bruise
Against my side
Across the great divide
Memory always lies
Everything falls to pieces
Nothing stays the same
I make up the ground rules
For this waiting game

(Chorus)

She stumbles on nothing
And tumbles into her bed
Pulls the blankets above her chin
And falls asleep with
The nod of her head
And I think
That it's beautiful
Simple pleasures are the best
She's breathing softly
I miss you best

(Chorus)