

Quite Miss Home

James Arthur

I'm in the kitchen while you smoke outside
You're careful not to let the smoke inside
I always tell you it's poison But I know it helps you take the edge off the day
We get a drink before it's closing time
The one on High Street with the blinking sign
All of these memories feel poignant
I won't be there to see the snow melt away Oh-oh-oh
Yeah, I've been gone on business
I gotta make some money
I really feel the distance
And I quite miss home
And I miss you telling me
To leave my shoes at the door
'Cause you just swept the floor
And the dirt drives you crazy
Yeah, I quite miss home
'Cause it feels like poetry
When the rain falls down on the window
While you're in my arms and we're watching the TV
Yeah, I quite miss home
Yeah, I quite miss home I smell you cooking from the living room
And then I tell you that I love your food
I know it doesn't come easy
But you know it reminds me where I'm from
Oh-oh-oh
I'm in another city
I got nobody with me
And it just really hit me That I quite miss home
And I miss you telling me
To leave my shoes at the door
'Cause you just swept the floor
And the dirt drives you crazy
Yeah, I quite miss home
'Cause it feels like poetry
And the rain falls down on the window
While you're in my arms and we're watching the TV
Yeah, I quite miss home
Yeah, I quite miss home And I quite miss home
Yeah, I missed you telling me
To leave my shoes at the door
'Cause you just swept the floor
And the dirt drives you crazy

Oh, I just miss home, no
'Cause it feels like poetry
As the rain falls down on the window
While you're in my arms and we're watching the TV
Oh, I miss home
Yeah, I quite miss home
Oh, I quite miss home
Yeah
Yeah, I quite miss home

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