

Miss You

Ringside

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
And I know just for tonight
It's 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 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 I wish I could just turn myself around
Follow my heart back to you on the ground
Just for tonight it's harder to hear than goodbye I wish I could just turn myself around
Follow my heart back to you on the ground
Just for tonight it's harder to hear than goodbye

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