

Missing You

Loudon Wainwright III

He don't stay out anymore
No more coming in past four
Most nights he turns in 'round ten
He's way too tired to pretend
Sure, you might find him up at three
But if he is it's just to pee
Sometimes he's awake 'till two
But that's just 'cause he's missing you
He's lying there and missing you

He don't sleep late anymore
Up like a farmer half past four
And when that sleepy sun pops up
He's halfway through his second cup
When his day's work is done 'round two
That's when he starts in missing you
Quarter to three, it's time to nap
He always says, No nap, I'm crap
His motto is, No nap, I'm crap

Guess he's just set in his ways
He does the same damn thing most days
And there's seven twenty-fours a week
With lots of down time so to speak
But he hardly glances at a clock
Since his routine is carved in rock
Man's a machine, what can he do
Keep going on just missing you
Keep right on going missing you

And his teeth falls out, so does his hair
But in his dreams you're always there
A jewel in his unconscious mind
A miracle, a precious find
But in the end he's all alone
He wakes up and his jewel is gone
There's a heaven and he knows it's true
But he's back on earth just missing you
And it's hell on earth
Missing you
Back where he started
Missing you