

Missing the War

Ben Folds Five

All is quiet his tired eyes
see figures jotted down
And clothes all strewn around
the bedroom floor
Now nothing's adding up
And nothing's making sense
She's sleeping like a baby
She doesn't like a baby
She doesn't know he wasn't meant for this
I'm missing the war
I'm missing the war all night
Missing the war
He drove home again
Pissed and beaten
It's really no big deal
It happens all the time
It's no big deal

I'm missing the war
I'm missing the war all night
Missing the war
I'm missing the war

'Till beads of sunlight hit me in the morning
So much time so little to say
Time may fly
And dreams may die
The shaking voice that tells him go
Still thinks he might
He knows he won't
I'm missing the war
Missing the war all night
Missing the war