

Missing Pieces

John Hiatt

I spent all day staring at a leaf
I know that my time here is brief
I'd like to get some details down
Before I move on to another town

I met a man, he lost both arms
He got 'em caught up in her charms
She took the kids and the color TV
He said, "I wish she'd taken the rest of me"

This travelin' life, well, it ain't no good
I'd quit it, honey, oh, if I could
A puzzle to me why I even care
The missing pieces are everywhere

He drove to Dixie to hush his mouth
She started talkin', like to wore him out
But they found love 'neath the southern stars
And some bruises and some scars

He sees her on that back porch swing
And I believe he would do anything
Stand all night in the pourin' rain
To wash her memory from his brain

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A false move here, a stumble there
A box of letters and a lock of hair
That's all that's left when I turn out the light
I count the missing pieces every night

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