

## 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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