

Miss You

Louis Tomlinson

Is it my imagination?
Is it something that I'm taking?
All the smiles that I'm faking
"Everything is great
Everything is fucking great"
Going out every weekend
Staring at the stars on the ceiling
Hollywood friends, got to see them
Such a good time
I believe it this time

Tuesday night
Glazed over eyes
Just one more pint or five
Does it even matter anyway?

We're dancing on tables
'Til I'm off my face
With all of my people
And it couldn't get better they say
We're singing 'til last call
And it's all out of tune
Should be laughing, but there's something wrong
And it hits me when the lights go on
Shit, maybe I miss you

Just like that and I'm sober
I'm asking myself, "Is it over?"
Maybe I was lying when I told you
"Everything is great
Everything is fucking great"
And all of these thoughts and the feelings
Cheers to that if you don't need them
I've been checking my phone all evening
Such a good time
I believe it this time

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Just one more pint or five
Does it even matter anyway?

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And it couldn't get better they say
We're singing 'til last call
And it's all out of tune
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And it hits me when the lights go on
Shit, maybe I miss you

Now I'm asking my friends, ought to say "I'm sorry"
They say "Lad, give it time, there's no need to worry"
And we can't even be on the phone now
And I can't even be with you alone now
Oh how, shit changes

We were in love, now we're strangers
When I feel it coming up I just throw it all away
Get another two shots 'cause it doesn't matter anyway

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Should be laughing, but there's something wrong
And it hits me when the lights go on
Shit, maybe I'll miss you