

I Guess I'll Miss The Man

Marti Webb

I guess I'll miss the man
Explain it if you can
His face was far from fine
But still I'll miss his face
And wonder if he's missing mine.

Some days he wouldn't say
A pleasant word all day
Some days he'd scowl and curse
But there were other days
When he was really worse.

Some men are heroes
Some men outshine the sun
Some men are simple, good men
This man wasn't one.

And I won't miss his moods
His gloomy solitudes
His blunt abrasive style
But please don't get me wrong
He was the best to come along
In a long long while.

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