

Straight to the Bone

Martina McBride

I'm starrin' at this empty chair, listenin' for the laughter th
at went clear up to the ceiling.
It's so long since you were sitting there and now the rust is r
ustin' and the paint is peelin'
I miss you

I read your letters and I almost break.
They're warm like flannel, I can still smell your after shave.
I don't spend all my time missin' you like this, but when it hi
ts, it hits.

You felt like home, and I feel you now straight to the bone.
I miss you...

This sure can be a lonely place.
I wanna look up and see you there standin' in the doorway.
And I'd give anything to kiss your face and help ya blow out th
e candles on your next birthday.

You felt like home.
I feel you now, straight to the bone.
I miss you...

I wanna hear you in the kitchen, makin' noise, singin' out a tu
ne at the top of your voice.
I wear these memories, it's a blessing and a curse 'cause when
it hurts, it hurts.

You felt like home and I feel you now, straight to the bone.
I miss you... I miss you...