

Miss You

Passafire

I come from a place with tall trees
White picket fence
With a ground like coffee
All my friends are there
Some of them aware
Some that really don't care
But it's the place that I call home
So I go alone
To see how it is grown
And nothing can compare
To hearing all the good news, gotta love the good news
Even when it's unfair

I hope you know that I miss you
I hope you know that I'm comin' back
I hope you know that I miss you
I hope you know that I'm comin baahack

I come from a place with corn fields
I remember when I got my first four wheels
And I ride
Better love at night
Convertible with no lights
Nothing but the moonlight to guide the way
Then I heard em say
Bit of a delay then I wound up in a ditch at the break of day
You passed me by
I knew exactly why, you had it in mind

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