

Miss You

Pere Ubu

It had a hard day's night.
It had a harvest moon.
It had a breeze like a lover's hand.
It couldn't come too soon.
A-ha hey, you better...
Take it awhile, awhile to be there.
Take it awhile, awhile to be there.

I heard an old man cry like a tortured land,
where to play through the scene was more than he could
stand.
Yeah, you better...
Take it awhile, awhile to be there.
Take it awhile, awhile to be there.

It was a long walk home -
oh, to come to you.
Through the heat of a rising land, I saw a writhing moon.
A-hey!
Take it awhile, awhile to be there.
Take it awhile, awhile to be there.