

Miss You

The Concretes

I've been hanging out so long
I've been waiting on your call
Lord, I miss you

I've been sleeping all alone
I've been hanging by the phone
Want to kiss you

I've been haunted in my sleep
You've been starring in my dreams
Lord, I miss you

I've been waiting in the hall
Been waiting on your call
When the phone rings
It's just some friends of mine that say:
"Hey, what's the matter, girl
Can you come around at 12?
There's some fine boys dying to meet you
Bring a case of wine
You know, like we used to,"

Oh, everybody waits so long
Oh baby, why you wait so long?

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