

Well it might as well count for something  
For me to suffer for a better day  
And not the masquerades of the many  
I think I'll skip past all the drama queens  
And let them amuse themselves with shallow conversation

Well it might as well count for something  
Cause this patient heart's getting bored with life  
Regret's my only company when I see you  
And I'm backed up at the borderline  
I'm cut short of moving on again  
And why do I, said why do I, consider this hard

Do you miss me at all  
Do you miss me at all  
Do you miss me at all

Isabelle takes the back seat to oblivion  
The quiet type of emotion  
And God I wish her well  
Isabelle paints a masterpiece in color  
And it's black and white underneath  
And if all her friends could show her  
What it means to be loved

I'm rounding up my reasons why I ever left  
I don't get no answers  
And the speculation lives

Do you miss me at all  
Do you miss me at all  
Do you miss me at all

Do you miss me at all

And we might as well call it love if it makes you feel better  
Said we might as well call it love if it makes you feel better.  
And we might as well call it love if it makes you feel better  
And we might as well call it love if it makes you feel better.

Do you miss me at all  
Do you miss me at all