

Can't Find You

Tom McRae

The city misses you,
but I'm just fine.
And I'm not writing this for you,
I'm just killing time.
And I'm by the water now where we used to meet,
and last night while I slept,
they rearranged the streets...

And I can't find you,
and I can't find me,
and I don't know where I'm supposed to be.

And I thought the sky was falling down,
seems I can take that weight,
and not look for hidden meanings, dear,
sometimes rain is just rain.
But I'll keep playing Atlas baby,
though my shoulders ache,
and I'll spin this old world around,
trying to see your face.

But still I can't find you,
no I can't find you, I can't find you.