

Missing You

Trace Adkins

An hour into my shirt
I'm covered from head to toe
Drilling oil from the bottom
Of the Gulf of Mexico
SUN's on the rise
Sweat rolling black down my face
Work until i cant move
Another back-breaking typical day

I've weathered waterspouts and hurricanes
Hailstorms and driving rain
And missing you
Ive worked through broken drills
And bustedhands
Weeks without seeing dry land
And missing you
I'll work as hard as any man
But until I'm home with you again
The toughest thing out here
That i go through is
Missing you

I lay down on my bed
And stare at the picture of you
Barefoot on the beach
Looking at me the way you do
I fal asleep with your letter in my hands
Dream about you until
That ol' whistle starts screaming again

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