

Three days passed since I last saw you face to face,
and you're not here anymore tonight than the one before.
I told you it would be the same.
Well, I wish that I could say that I didn't lie.

Maybe tonight you'll say you're sick of this.
Maybe tonight I'll miss you more.
But I'm tired and you're sad and
both of us could use a break from all of this.

Three weeks passed since I last saw your smiling face,
and I wish you were with me tonight.
I told you before I hope things will be the same,
but if I said that I was sure it'd be a lie.
Hey, how are things where you are?
I don't miss much about being home,
but I miss the sound of your dogs barking
as I climbed up your front steps and
how I didn't always seem to feel alone.
And I can't help but shiver, here without you