

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