

# Missing the War

Ben Folds Five

All is quiet his tired eyes  
see figures jotted down  
And clothes all strewn around  
the bedroom flood  
Now nothing's adding up  
And nothing's making sense  
She's sleeping like a baby  
She doesn't like a baby  
She doesn't know he wasn't meant for this  
I'm missing the war  
I'm missing the war all night  
Missing the war  
He drove home again  
Pissed and beaten  
Its really no big deal  
It happens all the time  
Its no big deal

I'm missing the war  
I'm missing the war all night  
Missing the war  
I'm missing the war

'Till beads of sunlight hit me in the morning  
So much time so little to say  
Time may fly  
And dreams may die  
The shaking voice that tells him go  
Still thinks he might  
He knows he won't  
I'm missing the war  
Missing the war all night  
Missing the war