

It'd Be a Blast

Helena Zeťová

I miss your jokes even though nobody would laugh
The way your eyes lit up the room
And I miss your mess, your trash, the ring around the bath
Together watching cool cartoons

And it makes sad to think that
That you're not here to share that
It hurts so 'cause I really do miss you

I blow a kiss at your star
I'd pull you down from afar
On angel's wings, I'd fly above
The sky to where you are

Oh, I could catch a ride
On a rainbow I'd slide
It'd be a blast if we could crash the moon
If I could just to see you

I miss your playing guitar and singing me your songs
The way your voice didn't quite fit
And how you stopped by me to all my rights and wrongs
For that I'll always love you to bits

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