

The Missing You

Tom Paxton

Down the street I hear the laughter of the children at their play
In their universe the gods are gods of kindness
And I can't help but remember, what you sometimes used to say
That we seems to have a need sometimes for blindness

All the signs were there that you were gonna go
But somehow I seemed to be the last to know
And the missing you gets harder every day
And the memories come crowding in fools' way
'Til the only thing that I know how to do
Is the missing you
Is the missing you

Now the telephone is silent, and the mailman passes by
No one comes around and I can't really blame them
If they saw how much I miss you, how it hurts too much to cry
Well, they're old friends, and it couldn't help but shame them

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But somehow I seemed to be the last to know
And the missing you gets harder every day
And the memories come crowding in fools' way
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Is the missing you
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Oh, I somehow failed to notice, in the days gone by
How the world went on around me, and it never caught my eye
Now, I don't know where I was; I don't know what I was trying to do
But all the time by inches, I was losing you

And the missing you gets harder every day
And the memories come crowding in fools' way
'Til the only thing that I know how to do
Is the missing you
Is the missing you
Oh, the only thing that I know how to do
Is the missing you
Is the missing you