

I Miss You

Amber Run

The cherries are rising, uprooted and flying
Drifting further away
Bittersweet when you see them, only seasonally eaten
Overripe and the taste has changed
Daisy says that I should call
And when you'd spoken, you'd seemed well
That I should come out and say it
If I don't I'd kick myself, so
I miss you
Mm, mm, mm
Cigarettes for my dinner, you say I'm getting thinner
And soon I might wither away
The buzz of the phone, when are you coming home?

Please, can you pick a day?
Daisy says that I should call
And when you'd spoken, you'd seemed well
That I should come out and say it
If I don't I'd kick myself, so
I miss you
I miss you
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