

do u miss me?

anees

Do you miss me?
Tell me, do you miss me?
The movie's painting illusions for the fantasizing minds
It turns out all the shining things smoke and mirrors
I spent my savings chasing dreams
But just to come find that nothing ever is as it appears

The L.A. sunshine is not that warm
The New York streets are cold and mean
Paris doesn't want you there
And London is not like what you see
In movies or in TV shows
They paint a picture framed in chrome
They sell a vision made in gold and glasses made of plastic

Money, drugs, spilling seed
All the things a man could need
But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me
Adulation, fame and praise
All the sunshine in L.A.
But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me

I found myself in crowded rooms
The loneliest in my whole life
I sat along the brightest starts
But I still haven't seen the light
Pharmacies have pills for pain
Therapies have words for ears
Doctors have those lollipops
Only you can calm my fears
And fancy bars in shrouded rooms
They whisper 'til your ear drums bleed
They tickle all your fantasies
But they can never get you what you need
The boring Tuesdays on the couch
The quiet Sundays in the bar
The Farmer's Market Saturday
Take me where you are

Money, drugs, spilling seed
All the things a man could need
But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me (Oh)
Adulation, fame and praise
All the sunshine in L.A.
But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me (Oh)

Do you miss me like I miss you?
Am I standing in your windshield, or am I in your rear view
Said, "Do you miss me like I miss you?"
Am I standing in your windshield, or am I in your rear view

Money, drugs, spilling seed
All the things a man could need

But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me (Oh)
Adulation, fame and praise
All the sunshine in L.A.
But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me (Whoa)

(Yeah, yeah, do you miss me?)
(Everything else is for words)
Money, drugs, spilling seed
All the things a man could need
But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me
Adulation, fame and praise
All the sunshine in L.A.
But there's a pit in my stomach
When you're not with me