

## Missing Person

Del Amitri

I am lipsticked like a tart  
In the cherry red of Côtes-du-Rhône  
Prodding at the little fire of my phone  
The lights behind the bar  
Twinkle like they've always known  
Only desperate little men ever drink alone

But as long as I'm here, I've disappeared  
And it's vanishing  
I'm a missing person doing my thing

As midnight strikes  
I slip into this queen of dives  
And quietly oblivion like sleep arrives  
But I couldn't live without  
This sewer of a place to be  
Alone with my one obsession - me, me, me  
Yeh, I can hear her remonstrate  
You fool, that's three

What I'm doing here, ain't drinking beer  
It's vanishing  
I'm a missing person doing my thing  
Just a missing person doing my thing

Missing the time I threw your crutch away  
And ruined a perfect day  
Now it's all ruins from here to daybreak

So I hang on to my chair  
In this fish tank of sinking stars  
Pickling their memories in Mason jars  
I head out for a smoke  
Leave your ghost there to hold my place  
And line up with the other cheaters  
In disgrace  
Like runners in exile  
From the human race

But as long as I'm here, this last brutal year  
Is vanishing  
I'm a missing person doing my thing  
Just a missing person doing my thing