

## Missed Calls

## Handguns

I packed my bags, you cried your eyes  
It doesn't get much easier to say goodbye  
I never called to get this right  
Always the same thing every time

So here's a song for all of the times  
I never called much, you were on my mind

I hope you know (I hope you know)  
When I'm out on the open road  
I count the days til I get home so we could be alone  
I've seen the mountains, lakes, the tall palm trees  
But they don't compare with what you mean to me

You dropped me off for the door  
Tell her I can't do this anymore  
I kiss your head, I'm out the door  
I promise I'm worth waiting for

I won't forget to charge my PHONE this time  
As long as you stay on the other line

I hope you know (I hope you know)  
When I'm out on the open road  
I count the days til I get home so we could be alone  
I've seen the mountains, lakes, the tall palm trees  
But they don't compare with what you mean to me

I know it feels like I'm a ghost when  
You're in the bedroom all alone and  
You've got our picture on the night stand  
Fell asleep with the TV on again

So play this song at night when  
You're feeling left behind  
And if you swear to hold on tight then  
I'll be right by your side

I hope you know (I hope you know)  
When I'm out on the open road  
I count the days til I get home so we could be alone  
I've seen the mountains, lakes, the tall palm trees  
But they don't compare with what you mean to me  
I count the days til I get home so we could be alone