

I see chemtrails in the sky, but I don't see the plane
What the hell is my problem with taking the blame?
'Cause I play with my food and then someone else takes it away
It's so hard to believe, but I'm trying to change

I see lines in the sand, but I don't see who made them
I still listen to that band that you showed me last April
I still play with my food, I'm a child at the grown-up's table
It's so hard to believe, but right now, I feel stable

I moved away and I grew a few inches
What a shame, I had a chance and I missed it
And there are some days when I hear that song
And I hate to admit it
But I miss it, I do
Oh, I miss it, I miss you

Oh, I miss it, I miss it, I miss you
Oh, oh
Oh, I miss it, I miss it, I miss you

I see chemtrails in the sky, but I don't see the plane
I know that I feel it, but I don't know the name
I play with my food and then I throw it away
So hard to believe I have to grow up this way

I moved out and I made some new friends
Sometimes when I shout, it feels like no one hears it
And there are some days when I think that, somewhere, you're watching
As I grow up without you
I miss it, I miss you
(Here is Elizabeth eating a big snack after being in the shower for fifteen minutes)
I miss it, I miss you (She's famished, you can tell)
(Say goodnight)
(Goodnight)