

Missing

London Grammar

Oh, I wish I was your favourite, your creator is the all seeing Alpha
The dogs who love the drama, mama
She's in the kitchen, best believe it
That she's cooking up a real storm for ya
Traditional mixture

Everybody's got their own idea of right and wrong with arms wide open
Everybody's got their own idea of right and wrong the ones who get broken

I worry that one day you'll go missing
And who will notice when you're gone
I better call your father from afar
And break the news that you have vanished
Like a star

On account of your behaviour as a saviour
You're a real life giver, the one who pays a fiver
Lines are in the kitchen, a real mister with that jacket on
The girls all coking, the ones you've been provoking

Everybody's got their own idea of right and wrong with arms wide open
Everybody's got their own idea of right and wrong the ones who get broken

I worry that one day you'll go missing
And who will notice when you're gone
I better call your father from afar
And break the news that you have vanished
Like a star

(Everybody's got their own idea of right and wrong with arms wide open)

I'd love to see you
Happy again
With a love beside you
A house full of friends
But we are what we are
This life has no end
And we're breaking apart
It's a long road ahead

I worry that one day you'll go missing
And who will notice when you're gone
I better call your father from afar
And break the news that you have vanished
Like a star