

# You Should Be Here

Mal Blum

I went to your house  
I stood on your porch  
I looked in your window and  
I knocked on your door

I walked through your hallway  
Like I'd been there before  
I ran into your brother  
Writing a book report

And I am not family  
But I sat at the table  
And I tried to answer  
What I was not able

Like, where did you go, dear?  
Why'd you go there?  
Are you out playing your twelve string  
With no strings and no one to hear?

And who do you know now?  
Has it been a year?  
These are the things I would ask you if only you could be here  
You should be here

I went to your job  
I picked up your paycheck  
I thought I might cash it  
I thought you would like that

I bought some cigarettes  
The brand you liked best  
I turned off all the lights  
I left them on your desk

Because you were not wealthy  
But you had nothing to lose  
And I thought that maybe  
I'd pretend to be you

But where did you go, dear?  
Why'd you go there  
Are you out playing your twelve string  
With no strings and no one to hear?

And who do you know now?  
Has it been a year?  
What could I do to convince you that  
Maybe you should be here?  
Oh, you should be here

I went to your house  
I stood on your porch  
I looked in your window and  
I knocked on your door

I walked through your hallway

Like I'd been there before  
Ran into your brother writing a book report

Where did you go, dear?  
Why'd you go there?  
Are you out playing your twelve string  
With no strings and no one to hear?

And who do you know now?  
Has it been a year?  
These are the things I would ask you if only you could be here  
Oh, you should be here