

# I Miss You

Marc Broussard

Came crashing in like a tidal flood  
Raging hearts, flesh and blood  
No flashing lights, no warning signs  
Hanging on the rails with nowhere to hide

But I miss you  
I miss you

It's a silent prayer by candlelight  
Only scars left in this winless fight  
On a winding road where we both got lost  
Now we can't go back from the lines we crossed

But I miss you  
I miss you you

These seasons run me down  
And I see your face on the streets of this ghost town  
But you're nowhere to be found  
And I miss you

Just a wounded king with a crown of thorns  
A frozen heart and a broken sword  
These castle walls I call my home  
Well you tear them down stone by stone

These seasons run me down  
Still I see your face on the streets of this ghost town  
But you're nowhere to be found

On an eastern shore where the wind blows cold  
And the waves roll in with the lies we told  
And the boardwalks dead in this one horse town  
And the Ferris wheel stopped spinning around

And I miss you  
I miss you