

## Missing Children

Teddy Thompson

Wake up and check the mail  
Hoping to find a letter from you  
But all I find are missing children  
Turn on the morning news  
Hoping to see a resemblance of you  
But all I see are missing children

Tell me - do you miss me like a missing child

Trying to start my day  
Pouring the coffee, reach for the milk  
And the carton says... have you seen these children  
So I go to church and pray  
Down on my knees when the plate comes with  
"Please give what you can for the missing children"

Tell me - do you miss me like a missing child

And I do feel bad for faces in my face all day  
But the circumstance means I can't think of anything but you  
No I can't care for anyone but you

So I try to get away  
Whole different place but the signs are the same  
There's always more, more missing children  
And when I close my eyes  
I used to dream sweet dreams of you  
Now all my dreams are missing children

And I miss you - I miss you like a missing child  
Yeah I miss you - I miss you like a missing child