

Missing

William Michael Morgan

I bet my friends are wonderin'
Where I am or if I'm still alive
They're worried over nothin'
They should know I'm perfectly fine
It's just a mood I get in, now and then
When I need to get my head clear
I turn off my phone, get lost, get gone
And flat out disappear

Well, there ain't no tellin' where I'm bound
A big city or the country, a little beach town
But you won't find me 'cause I can't be found
I'm on a mission, to be missin'
I'll be back someday I just don't know when
Till then I'll be a feather floatin' in the wind
So don't you go missin' me
'Cause sometimes missin', is my favorite place to be

I bet the grass is three feet high
And the mailbox is full of bills
A hundred messages I need to check
And when I get the chance I will
But right now I'm busy takin' it easy
Can't worry 'bout stuff like that
My only concern is left or right turn
Somewhere on a map

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I love those locations where nobody knows my name
How long I'll be stayin' is always subject to change

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