James Arthur, Quite Miss Home

i’m in the kitchen while you smoke outside
you’re careful not to let the smoke inside
I always tell you it’s poison
but I know it helps you take the edge off the day
we get a drink before it’s closing time
the one on high street whit blinking sign
all of these memories feel poignant
I won’t be rhere to see the snow melt away
you’ve been gone on business
I’ve gotta make some money
I really feel the distance

and I quite miss home
and I miss you telling me
to leave me shoes at the door
cos you just swept the floor
and the dirt drives you crazy
and I quite miss home
cos it feels like poetry
when the rain falls down on the window
while you’re in my arms
and we’re watching the TV
yes I quite miss home
yes I quite miss home

I smell you cooking form the living room
ad then I tell you that I love your food
I know I doesn’t come easy
but you know it reminds me where I am from
I’m a in another city
I got mobody whit me
and it just hit me

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