

What I Miss Most

Calum Scott

It must have been a year since
I was thrown across an ocean far from home
And I was making oceans
Riding in between the highs and lowsWoah, when awake in the morning I
You is the first on my mindMaybe what I miss most
It wasn't made of steel and stones
And maybe what I miss most
It wasn't born of skin and bone
Under the sun, up on the waves
Under three climbs when I'm far away
Maybe what I miss mostAnd maybe you'll never know
And maybe you'll never know
And maybe you'll never know
Life beyond the window
I'm jealous of the way the black bird flies
Free among the people
Those quarter million stories pass me byWoah, I awake in the moonlight I
You is the last on my mindAnd maybe what I miss most
It wasn't made of steel and stones
And maybe what I miss most
It wasn't born of skin and bone
Under the sun, up on the waves
Under three climbs and I'm far away
Maybe what I miss mostAnd maybe you'll never know
And maybe you'll never know
And maybe you'll never know
I remember at the table
All those faces, where did they go?
I imagine what it looks like
When I'm not there
I remember, every summer
But now that years are, just a number
There's no backroads
Time is faster with everything I've left behindO but maybe what I miss most
It wasn't made of steel and stones
And maybe what I miss most
It wasn't born of skin and bone
Cause under the sun, up on the waves
Under three climbs and I'm far away
Maybe what I miss mostAnd maybe you'll never know
And maybe you'll never know

And maybe you'll never know

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