I Kind of Miss You

*(Strange Thoughts about the Stock Market Crash)*

By John T. Wurzer

It’s up and down and it’s back and forth and let’s start all over again

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. Honey, just tell me when

You’re on the road and I’m in the air; when I land I will send you a text

I kind of miss you. I want kiss you. Honey, what happens next?

Let’s take a shortcut back to paradise

When together we had nothing for to lose

Let’s take a train to where it’s twice as nice

And we don’t know where our next meal is hiding

Or where we’ll find our next pair of shoes

This world of ice, it don’t look so nice, the streets get deserted and cold

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. Loving you never gets old.

The left was right and the right got left at the altar of infinite greed

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. Honey, you’re what I need

Let’s take a shortcut back to paradise

When together we had nothing for to lose

Let’s take a train to where it’s twice as nice

And we don’t know where our next meal is hiding

Or where we’ll find our next pair of shoes

Money comes and money goes; lovers are counting their cash

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. I want to make it last

The market’s down. The jig is up. The rich men shake in their shoes

I kind of miss you. I can’t kiss you. And that’s what gives me the blues.