

# 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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