



# WILLIAM MICHAEL MORGAN MISSING

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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