

3,000 Miles from Here

Ian Hunter

Fare thee well, gentle maid
I'll see you on your way
And the sun will rise tomorrow
And wash my sins away
For I know that I've abused you
But I only had a day
And I know that's why you left me
In your own sad little way I am gone, disappeared
But I hear a young dove crying
Three thousand miles from here Some would say you were a loser
'Cause you play a loser's game
But then if I am a winner
Why then am I so ashamed?
If you hear a young dove crying
You'll know it's me to blame
For I never got her number
I never knew her name Now she's gone, disappeared
But I hear a young dove crying
Three thousand miles from here

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