500 Miles

Rosanne Cash

If you miss the train I'm on
Then you'll know that I have gone
You can hear the whistle blow a 100 milesA 100 miles, a 100 miles
A 100 miles, one hundred miles
You can hear the whistle blow a 100 milesTeardrops fell on mama's note
When I read the things she wrote
She said, "We miss you, hon, we love you, come on home"Well, I didn't have to pack
I had it all right on my back
Now I'm 500 miles away from homeLord, I'm 1, Lord, I'm 2
Lord, I'm 3, Lord, I'm 4
Lord, I'm 500 miles away from my homeAll these years and all these roads
Never lead me back to you
I'm always 500 miles away from homeAway from home, away from home
Always out here on my own
I'm still 500 miles away from home
I'm still 500 miles away from home

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