

Miles

Mother Mother

Miles and miles and miles
Before we reach the sand
Cacti and cacti for miles
Miles of dry land
Dry land We gonna make it
Ooh we gonna make it
We gonna take it
Ooh we gonna take it easy
Once we feel the sea breeze My lover, my maker, my breaker
Take me by the hand
We could go walking for miles
Once we reach the sand
The sand We gonna make it
Ooh we gonna make it
We gonna take it
Ooh we gonna take it easy
Once we leave the city We gonna make it
Ooh we gonna make it
We gonna take it
Ooh we gonna take it
We gonna make it
Yeah we gonna make it easy
Easier We gonna make it
Ooh we gonna make it
We gonna take it
Ooh we gonna take it easy

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