

1,000 Miles

Dwight Yoakam

Runway four, flight 209
Teardrop falls, we start to climb
This window seat proved a poor choice
It shows the dream that's been destroyedA little baby starts to cry
Hey, I would too, if not for pride
I owe so much to pride, it's true
It brought an end to me and youBut if I could, I'd turn around
Set my feet back on the ground
'Cause all this plane ride holds for me
Is a thousand miles of miseryI hear the engines, watch the clouds
The whole damn world looks distant now
But I can't seem to put no space
Between my cold heart and your sweet faceAcross the aisle they're holding hands
Revealing brand new wedding bands
But our sweet gold, it's gone to rust
Now my life has turned to dustBut if I could, I'd turn around
Set my feet back on the ground
'Cause all this plane ride holds for me
Is a thousand miles of misery
All this plane ride holds for me
Is a thousand miles of misery

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