

# One More Mile

Timothy B. Schmit

Well, I'm stuck in the house  
It's rainin' outside  
I can't seem to leave my bed  
But my brain is racing like there ain't no end  
Thinking 'bout the things you said  
Well, maybe I'm a mad man, maybe I'm a fool  
Maybe I live in denial  
I gotta get up, get out, get on that road and go  
One more mile Well, I cleaned up the kitchen and it looks so good  
I'm ready to live my life  
I got my umbrella and my rubber boots  
I even got my pocket knife  
I'm gonna get all wet, gonna trudge through the mud  
Gonna do it all up in style  
I won't second guess, gonna try my best to go  
One more mile How am I supposed to find your front door?  
Where'm I gonna spend the night?  
A little peace of mind is all I'm looking for  
Or maybe just a little light I'm looking for something, searching my soul  
Gotta speak with my inner child  
As I begin to talk he says, "Keep on walking just  
One more mile" When you can't stop fighting with the one you love  
You better crawl inside yourself  
You gotta chase them devils floatin' 'round your head  
And stick 'em up on that shelf  
And when things get better now don't be fooled  
Though it might be good for a while  
Keep your eyes wide open and do that work and go  
One more mile How am I supposed to find your front door?  
Where'm I gonna spend the night?  
A little peace of mind is all I'm looking for  
Or maybe just a little light There's Jesus bleedin', there's Buddha on the hill  
And Krishna's got a funny smile  
They all say, "My friend, it's just around the bend about  
One more mile"  
One more mile  
One more mile

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