

Miles from Boredom

Sammy Hagar

She needs love, like it's goin' outta style
Sits down and cries about it once in a while
'Cause that wakes me up sometimes at 4a.m.

Sayin', "Rock me baby, rock me baby, aw honey, roll me again"
(Yeah)But my baby's miles and miles, and miles and miles from boredom
(Yeah)

She keeps me miles and miles, and miles and miles from boredom
Yes, she doesShe spends all my money with her high class taste
And you ain't got a chance if you ain't got it to waste
First, she sees it, she wants it, then gives it away
She up and changes her mind, ten times a day
(Yeah)She keeps me miles and miles, and miles and miles from boredom
'Cause my baby's miles, and miles and miles, and miles from boredom

Yes, she is
(I'll say)Miles and
Miles and

Miles and milesShe likes hot cars, she likes my fame
Take me for a ride, that's the name of the game
Yeah, but I wouldn't have it any other way

It's like havin' a different ch-ch-ch-ch every dayYeah, cause she's miles and miles, and miles and miles from
boredom
(Yeah)

Now my baby's miles and miles, and miles and miles from boredom
Ah, and she keeps me miles and miles, and miles and miles from boredom
(Yeah)Miles and miles, and miles and miles from boredom

When yer sick of that same old face
Doin' it the same old ways
Look at her, look at her, day after day
Ah, yeah

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