

Miles from Our Home

Cowboy Junkies

No one in sight for fifty miles,
Sleeping fields sigh as I glide across their spines
If I could just reach the crest of that hill
This whole day will tumble and out the night will spillThe sky is still as a spinning top,
Shooting stars drop like burning words from above
If I could just connect all these dots,
The truth would tumble like a Cynic vexed by loveAnd yet the people keep saying
I'm miles from my home,
Miles from my homeI met you again in my sleep last night,
These are days of slow boats and false starts
Hearts remain under lock and key,
You will be the one to set them both freeAnd yet the people will tell you
Your miles from your home,
Miles from your homeBut that's where I want to be
Out there searching,
Out here fumbling,
Out here waiting,
For you and you for meThe moon hangs like a question mark,
Pale as milk, bold as a promise
When will you share the sights with us?
When will we hold you in our arms?And the people we'll tell them
We're miles from our home,
Miles from our home

Songwriters

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