# Miles Is A Cigarette

## Chris Rea

The weak and hazy shades of winter sun
Come shining through
Lifting fog from the trees and a gentle warm breeze
Send it up in to the blue
Blue sky and you come creeping through my soul
Goodbye our love's smoking too
And the sound of those Italian engines
Is much more the sound of you
Miles was a cigarette smoky and long
Gonna miss what I never had
Now that cigarette is gone

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