

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 destroyed
A 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 you
But 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
I 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 face
Across 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 dust
But 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

Songwriters

DWIGHT YOAKAM Published by

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