3,000 Miles

Tracy Chapman

Good girls walk fast
In groups of three
Fast girls walk slow
On side streets
Sometimes the girls who walk alone
Aren't found for days or weeks
On the busy boulevards
Bad boys call you names
And cruise you hard
Bullies laugh and grin and beat
Your soft skin against
The cold concrete
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
Knock you down
Make you bleed
Make you cry
And make you think
I'll die here soon if I don't leave
If I don't leave if I don't leave
This patch of sky and native ground
Take turns to push and pull you down
Forget trying to live and be happy
I'll take safe and terror free
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
Hit the floor

Shut off the lights
As the bullets fly
Terror rules the dark night
Dogs hang from the trees
Training ground for punks and thieves
Home of poor white retirees
Who didn't bail

And couldn't sell
When color made the grass less green
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
Apples are filled with razor blades
But fools and innocents believe
That love and faith and truth and beauty
Can make a garden of this human factory
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm
I'm 3,000 miles away
Bad girls run fast
Leave home alone
No trace or clue of where they've gone
Sometimes these girls are never found
Never found never found
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away
I'm 3,000 miles away

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