

## Country Mile

Camera Obscura

Silver birch against a Swedish sky  
The singer in the band made me want to cry  
We're all inside our own heads now  
We are leaving new friends, leaving this town  
And I wish you could be here with me  
I would show you off like a trophy  
The road it winds, it twists, it turns, oh my stomach burns

Once again I'll be the foolish one  
Thinking a blink of these lashes would make you come  
Don't you worry, don't get in a state  
I don't believe in true love anyway  
Oh, who's being pessimistic now?  
I could document this as our first, as our last row  
The more you look forlorn, the more to you I warm

I won't be seeing you for a long while  
I hope it's not as long as these country miles  
I feel lost  
I feel lost

No, I won't be seeing you for a long while  
I hope it's not as long as these country miles  
I feel lost  
I feel lost