

Miles from Our Home

Cowboy Junkies

No one in sight for fifty miles
Sleeping fields sigh as I glide across their spines
If I can just reach the crest of that hill
This whole day will tumble and out the night will spill

The 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 love

And yet people keep saying
I'm miles from my home
Miles from my home

I met you again in my sleep last night
And these are days of slow boats and false starts
Hearts remain under lock and key
You will be the one to set them both free

And yet people will tell you
You're miles from your home
Miles from your home

But that's where I want to be
Out there searching
Out here fumbling, out here waiting
For you and you for me

The moon hangs like a question mark
Pale as milk, bold as a promise
When will you share these sights with us?
When will we hold you in our arms?

And people will tell them
We're miles from our home
Miles from our home

Yeah, and people will tell them
We're miles from our home
Miles from our home

Miles from our home, miles from our home
Miles from our home, miles from our home
Miles from our home