

## 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