

# 1000 Miles

Dwight Yoakam

Runway 4, Flight 209  
teardrops fall we start to climb  
this window seat proved a poor choice  
it shows a dream that's been destroyed

Little baby starts to cry  
hey, I would too if not for pride  
oh, so much...pride it's true  
it brought an end to me and you

CHORUS

If I could I turn around  
set my feet back on the ground  
all this plane ride holds for me  
is a 1000 miles of misery

Instrumental Break....

I hear the engines, watch the clouds  
the whole damn world looks distant now  
but I can't seem to put no space  
in my cold heart and your sweet face

Cross the aisle they're holdin' hands  
feelin' brand new wedding bands  
but our sweet gold it's gone to rust  
now my life has turned to dust

CHORUS

All this plane ride holds for me  
is a 1000 miles of misery