

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