

## 3,000 Miles from Here

Ian Hunter

Fare thee well, gentle maid,  
I'll see you on your way;  
And the sun will rise tomorrow  
And wash my sins away.  
For I know that I've abused you  
But I only had a day.  
And I know that's why you left me  
In your own sad little way -  
I am gone - disappeared  
But I hear a young dove crying  
3000 miles from here.

Some would say you were a loser  
'Cause you play a loser's game,  
But then if I am a winner,  
Why then am I so ashamed?  
If you hear a young dove crying,  
You'll know it's me to blame.  
For I never got her number;  
I never knew her name.  
Now she's gone - disappeared.  
But I hear a young dove crying  
3000 miles from here.