100,000 Miles

Spearhead

I need a reason to get up /before I wash my face The junkies, the Hookers, the dealers the place kickin' off my covers / trippin' off the fact that I haven't called my gramma in a long, long time standin in the shower/ for almost half an hour Tryin' to wake up/ and I'm lookin for the power reachin' for the towel/ with soap in my eyes dryin' off my shoulders, / my chest, and my thighs The next thing I know/ the telephone rings I hear my own voice /on the answering machine please leave a message/ I'm glad ya called I listen for a voice /but there's nothin' at all Man oh Man I gotta kick the blues and pay respect where respect is due all praises to GOD the one I return to the one I can turn to when I'm feelin burned to the bone

(chorus) Early in the morn/ before I wash my face The bed is still warm but there's an empty space Early in the morn/ before I wash my face a hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

At six in the morning /she rolled outa bed stared out the window/ and then she said that I wasn't her type... I think she's runnin outta types though...and I told her so. She picked up her things and walked through the door and then said that she couldn't see me no more just as she was leaving /I asked her if she'd call she didn't look back / said nuttin at all I didn't change my clothes/ because they smell like you and when I took a shower it reminded me of you I called Gramma Brown/for advice it happened to me once/it happened to me twice Michael/ my son/ you sound really bugged I wish that you were here /so I could to you give a hug then she gave me/ a long, long talk she said "you have the patience /of ice on a sidewalk" when things get rough/ don't sweat it sometimes in life you just have to let it and sing out a song / so strong that even a bad dream couldn't bring harm to the mind of a young childs battles formed from the candle light shadows her voice is like a whispering kiss on the forehead

(chorus)

Early in the morn/ before I wash my face The bedisstill warmbut there's an empty space Early in the mornin/beforeIwashmy face a hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

In the last thirty minutes/before I fall asleep when I have said my prayers /and I have brushed my teeth

This is the time /when I am forced to think about all of the things/ I been tryin to forget about The Bills, the phone, cleanin up my room the cars, the traffic, the speakers and the boom alone I remember /the times with me and you and I realize my heart is shakin' up the room Gramma she would tell us /about the glory days and gramma she would tell us/ about when we were slaves in the livin' room/ pianos outa tune on top of it the pictures /of every bride and groom child/ grand child /lost child every single tear shed / every single smile 'cause everybodies got/ a lot of shit to deal with and life doesn't stop/ it just makes ya feel it so shake the dust/ offa your feet take a step forward/ liberate with the beat so for you/ I wrote this song I wanted you to hear it/ before you are gone. the African in me/ the Seminole in me These are some a things my grandmother gave to me some believe there are and some believe there ain't if ever there was one my gramma Brown she is a saint

(chorus)
Early in the morn/ before I wash my face
The bed isstill warmbut there'san empty space
Early in the mornin/ before I wash my face
a hundred thousand miles is a lonely place