

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 child's 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 bed is still warm but there's an empty space
Early in the mornin/before I wash my 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)

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