

Cowboy Junkies, Miles From Our Home

No one in sight for fifty miles
Sleeping fields sigh as I glide across their spines.
If I can just reach the crest of that hill
This whole day will tumble, out the night will spill.

The sky as still as a spinning top
Shooting stars drop like burning words from above
If I could just connect all these dots
The truth would tumble like a Cynic vexed by love.

And yet people keep saying
I'm miles from my home,
Miles from my home.

I met you again in my sleep last night,
These are days of slow boats and false starts.
Hearts remain under lock and key,
You will be the one to set them both free.

And yet people will tell you
You're miles from your home,
Miles from your home.

But that's where I want to be.
Out there searching,
Out here fumbling,
Out here waiting
For you and you for me.

The moon hangs like a question mark,
Pale as milk, bold as promise.
When will you share these sights with us?
When will we hold you in our arms?

And people will tell them
We're miles from our home,
Miles from our home.