

# Dwight Yoakam, 1000 Miles Of Misery

Runway Four, Flight 209  
Teardrop falls, we start to climb  
This window seat proved a poor choice  
It shows a dream that's been destroyed

A little baby starts to cry  
Hey, I would too if not for pride  
I owe so much to pride it's true  
It brought an end to me and you

But if i could, I'd turn around  
Set my feet back on the ground  
'Cause all this plane ride holds for me  
Is a thousand miles of misery

I hear the engines, watch the clouds  
The whole damn world looks distant now  
But I can't seem to put no space  
Between my cold heart and your sweet face

Across the aisle they're holding hands  
Revealing brand new wedding bands  
But our sweet gold it's gone to rust  
Now my life has turn to dust

But If I could I'd turn around  
Set my feet back on the ground  
'Cause all this plane ride holds for me  
Is a thousand miles of misery

All this plane ride holds for me is a thousand miles of misery