

Everything But The Girl, A Country Mile

I'm getting too used to this way of life
Fame is a baby, she rocks me at night
Far from the cold and the brash city lights
We purchase from sorrow a moment's respite

And each time you smile
I know I would follow you a country mile
For all that I'm chasing is worthless and vile

I was a backwater girl, home most nights
That was before I saw my name in lights
Stardom and squalor were not dreams of mine
But I've seen the Hollywood sign now
And how it shines

But when you smile
I swear I would follow you a country mile
Please save me before I do things that aren't worth my while