

# Firebird, Miles From Nowhere

Who knows about the cards  
For the man who holds the ace?  
Whatever he has lost  
Some had said it was a waste

And the days are growing short  
And the nights you lay awake  
And the sad can be bored (?)  
Couldn't bring myself to stay

You'll find  
They'll change their minds  
It's still the same

No one left now, an empty space  
Time is coming to leave this place

Moving on now, see you there  
We're miles from nowhere  
Nowhere

(faint, distorted) Miles from nowhere