

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