

Julio Iglesias, 99 Miles From L.A.

Keeping my eyes on the road, I see you. Keeping my hands on the wheel, I hold you

99 miles from L.A. I kiss you, I miss you, please be there

Passing a white sandy beach, we're sailing Turning the radio on, we're dancing

99 miles from L.A. I want you, I need you, please be there

The windshield is covered with rain, I'm crying Pressing my foot on the gas,

I'm flying Counting the telephone poles, I phone you Reading the signs on the road, I write you

99 miles from L.A. We're laughing, we're loving, please be there We're

laughing, we're loving, please be there