

# Tracy Chapman, 3000 Miles

Good girls walk fast  
In groups of three  
Fast girls walk slow  
On side streets  
Sometimes the girls who walk alone  
Aren't found for days or weeks  
On the busy boulevards  
Bad boys call you names  
And cruise you hard  
Bullies laugh and grin and beat  
Your soft skin against  
The cold concrete  
I'm 3,000 miles away/x4  
Knock you down  
Make you bleed  
Make you cry  
And make you think  
I'll die here soon if I don't leave  
If I don't leave if I don't leave  
This patch of sky and native ground  
Take turns to push and pull you down  
Forget trying to live and be happy  
I'll take safe and terror free  
I'm 3,000 miles away/x4  
Hit the floor  
Shut off the lights  
As the bullets fly  
Terror rules the dark night  
Dogs hang from the trees  
Training ground for punks and thieves  
Home of poor white retirees  
Who didn't bail  
And couldn't sell  
When color made the grass less green  
I'm 3,000 miles away/x4  
Apples are filled with razor blades  
But fools and innocents believe  
That love and faith and truth and beauty  
Can make a garden of this human factory  
I'm 3,000 miles away/x4  
Bad girls run fast  
Leave home alone  
No trace or clue of where they've gone  
Sometimes these girls are never found  
Never found never found  
I'm 3,000 miles away /x6