

# Valencia, 3000 Miles

Something tells me you've been missing out  
on all the places and towns we always used to go,  
and so I'm stuck here to figure now,  
the chance we had made you pack your bags.

Your three thousand miles  
from the place you once called home.  
So much different,  
you're getting distant  
and now I'm the only one whose all alone.  
The fact about fiction is that it's always in your head.  
So let it all go just what you don't know is I'd pick you,  
yeah, I'd pick you instead.

So drink down the bottle and just go to bed,  
this whole situation is going right over your head.  
You're out of your body, why don't you come to mine?  
Cause right now what it takes to fall,  
is what it takes to climb.

Your three thousand miles  
from the place you once called home.

So much different,  
you're getting distant  
and now I'm the only one whose all alone.  
The fact about fiction is that it's always in your head.  
So let it all go just what you don't know is I'd pick you, yeah,  
I'd pick you instead.

So Break away from the simple things in life,  
cause when the moon comes out  
there is no doubt that it is always by your side.  
I never thought you could be so happy with a ticket in your hand,  
and a plane ride back to home.  
I guess for now I'll have to settle for the fact that what we could have been is what I'll never know.

Your three thousand miles  
from the place you once called home.  
So much different,  
you're getting distant  
and now I'm the only one who's all alone.  
I'm writing post cards to let you know how much I care,  
saying, "the only thing that gets me by is when I close my eyes and pretend your'e there."