

Albert Hammond, 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

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

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