

# Albert Hammond, Half A Million Miles From Home

Sitting by a lonely Kansas road  
A car goes rushing by  
At the rate of one an hour  
Want a lift into the nearest town  
And judging by the sky  
We're heading for a shower

I'm a half a million miles from home

Hey there, man, don't step upon the gas  
There's room enough inside  
And I'm very tired of walking  
I don't wanna do you any harm  
I just wanna get a ride  
And I'm very good at talking

I'm a half a million miles from home

Now the telegraph begins to hum  
There's a message on the wire  
An electric conversation  
"Well, ain't that life", I'm saying to myself  
"There's an awful lot of words  
But there's no communication."

I'm a half a million miles from home

I'm a half a million miles from home  
I'm a half a million miles from home...