

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...