

# Chris Rea, Miles Is A Cigarette

The weak and hazy shades of winter sun  
Come shining through  
Lifting fog from the trees and a gentle warm breeze  
Send it up in to the blue

Blue sky and you come creeping through my soul  
Goodbye our love's smoking too  
And the sound of those Italian engines  
Is much more the sound of you

Miles was a cigarette smoky and long  
Gonna miss what I never had  
Now that cigarette is gone