

# Frank Black And The Catholics, End Of Miles

At the end of miles  
You stare out at the ocean  
Mountains at your back you think you've tamed

At the end of miles you hope  
You'll soon be back in motion  
But you're never going back from where you came

A little peace at last  
Yes, I thought that I would stay just for a while  
Now a shadow cast  
Is all what's left of this wanderer's profile

But still I have survived  
And I know I have arrived  
Here at the end of miles

I lost it all back east  
I sold my El Dorado  
A stranger helped when I was thirstiest

For some the end of miles  
Is Denver, Colorado  
But something always kept me moving west

I'm lately out of reach  
In towns along the California shore  
I'm leathery and bleached  
I'm lost and I am lonesome to the core

I've got nowhere left to go  
But I'm satisfied to know  
There'll be miles never more