

Jamie O'Hara, Miles Of Heartache

Started out in Birmingham,
With Jim Beam in a Pepsi can,
Just to help me cut the pain.
Spent the night in Mobile,
Sleepin' on the steerin' wheel.
Woke up with the sun callin' your name.

And I got miles of heartache yet to go.
Never knew forgettin' you would go so slow.
The memory of you and me's a long and windin' road.
And I got miles of heartache yet to go.

Headed down to New Orleans,
Fell into a Cajun dream,
Damned if I recall her name.
Burned it up on Bourbon Street,
Woke up standin' on my feet.
Headed out that morning in the rain.

And I got miles of heartache yet to go.
I never knew forgettin' you would go so slow.
The memory of you and me's a long and windin' road.
And I got miles of heartache yet to go.

Drifted down to Mexico,
And figured I'd just lay low.
Saturday night they threw me into jail.
Blew my last twenty-five,
In some old Tijuana dive.
Ain't got no dinero for my bail.

And I got.....

Instrumental Break.

Tomorrow they will set me free,
But free is what I'll never be,
Long as memories remain.
New Orleans or Mexico,
It don't matter where I go.
Your love is like a ball and chain.

And I got miles of heartache yet to go.
I never knew forgettin' you would go so slow.
The memory of you and me's a long and windin' road.
And I've got miles of heartache yet to go.

Yes, I've got miles of heartache yet to go