

# 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 Tiajuana 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