

Sweetbox, Million Miles

A million miles past who I am
A million miles past who I was
A million miles away from home
And everywhere that I belong
A million thoughts away from you
A million roads left to rebuild
Just to burn over again

I'm like a stoned prophet
The same old story of regret
I know these broken wings still
Can learn to fly

A million nights from getting sleep
A million scars still cut so deep
A million times I've tried to call
But the words just seem so small
A million lies away from truth
A million tears from over you
Until I'm over you

I'm like a stoned prophet
The same old story of regret
But I know these broken wings still
Can learn to fly