

# 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