

Tracy Chapman, 3,000 Miles

Good girls walk fast
In groups of three
Fast girls walk slow
On side streets
Sometimes the girls who walk alone
Arent found for days or weeks

On the busy boulevards
Bad boys call you names
And cruise you hard
Bullies laugh and grin and beat
Your soft skin against
The cold concrete

Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away

Knock you down
Make you bleed
Make you cry
And make you think
Ill die here soon if I dont leave
If I dont leave if I dont leave

This patch of sky and native ground
Take turns to push and pull you down
Forget trying to live and be happy
Ill take safe and terror free

Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away

Hit the floor
Shut off the lights
As the bullets fly
Terror rules the the dark night
Dogs hang from the trees

Training ground for punks and thieves
Home of poor white retirees
Who didnt bail
And couldnt sell
When color made the grass less green

Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away

Apples are filled with razor blades
But fools and innocents believe
That love and faith and truth and beauty
Can make a garden of this human factory

Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away

Bad girls run fast

Leave home alone
No trace or clue of where theyve gone
Sometimes these girls are never found
Never found never found

Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away
Im 3000 miles away