

# Wildhearts, The Miles Away Girl

she's always busy caring 'cos that's all she's ever done  
she's a thousand Florence Nightingales all rolled up into one  
and (well) people take advantage but she loves her fellow friend  
with a slow, slow count from ten...

when strangers die around her she still cries herself to sleep  
and she seldom gets the chance to pick the company she keeps  
and the ring around her finger is a ring around her past  
and a youth that couldn't last

when people ask if she's OK she doesn't even answer  
her mind is set on auto-think, for heaven knows how long  
with the body of an angel and the features of a child

## CHORUS:

she's miles and miles and miles and miles away  
she's the miles away girl, 'cos she's the miles away girl  
and she slaps miles and miles of smiles on every face  
she's the miles away girl, she's the miles away girl  
she's the miles away girl, right next to (me)

she send a men to slumber-land with just one little kiss  
her silence is refreshing and her honesty is bliss  
she's probably clairvoyant but she never had the call  
but that's not long at all...

her head's up with the stars because she knows that's where she's heading  
the good guys think she's different the rest just think she's weird  
she doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep, she's thinking all the while

## CHORUS

and maybe you're the angel I knew that you could be  
well that must be the reason you bring out the devil in me  
deep under the covers, an easy place to hide  
and imagine the world isn't really going on outside  
but you never seem to have any money 'cos the decent people never get paid  
but there's never really ever a problem' cos you can get miles away, miles away, miles away

## CHORUS