Frank Black & The Catholics "End Of Miles"

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At the end of miles You stare out at the ocean Mountains at your back You think you've tamed

At the end of miles you hope You'll soon be back in motion But you're never going back From where you came

A little peace at last Yes, I thought that I would stay just for a while Now a shadow cast Is all what's left of this wanderer's profile

But still I have survived And I know I have arrived Here at the end of miles

I lost it all back east I sold my El Dorado A stranger helped me When I was thirstiest

For some the end of miles Is Denver Colorado But something always Kept me moving west

I'm lately out of reach In towns along the California shore I'm leathery and bleached I'm lost and I am lonesome to the core

I've got nowhere left to go But I'm satisfied to know There'll be miles never more

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