

Caedmon's Call "Another 10 Miles"

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I don't see what you see in me
I'm just flesh and bone
Many hours at the carousel,
Postcards from far from home
Sometimes I feel as useless as my empty words, old
president's dogs, clean paws, no dirt

What do these words mean?
Sometimes I just don't know.
Sometimes I just can't see
where it is I go- I waste
my whole day thinking over
things I've said and avoiding myself
like the plague in my head

I know that you see me and I know
You're about me, that's why You
let me roam
Another 10 miles, another 10 miles, another 10 miles

Where does this all lead, and
why must I follow it?
Nothing is black and white,
(even me, I must admit).
I jot down the facts and work
on consistency, but open up the
closet door; it's George, and
the cat, and me.

My shifting eyes like sands
cannot focus on the void,
concentration still,
"Get thee behind me, Freud."
I'm grasping at straws and
the bale is almost gone;
the fire's grown much too dim,
nights grow much too long-

I am holding things Yours, not mine
while I should cling to You like a
cow beneath the light of a highway sign.

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