

Caedmon's Call "Another Ten 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
presidents' 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-
Where does all this 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 closed 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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