

Miley Cyrus

"Miles To Go Chapter"

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For a while I had two fish. I was obsessed with them. Their names were Lyric and Melody. Sometimes, when I should have been writing, I'd sit and watch them swimming in circles in their bowl. Outside, in the pastures, our horses ran free; but I would stare at those two fish swimming in their glass world forever. They were so beautiful. I could just put my two hands around that bowl and know that there was something wonderful in there. Life in a jar.

Life in a jar is a miracle, but it's also a trap. Lyric and Melody were stuck, destined to thread the same line through the water over and over again. Their worlds never expanded. They could never have Nemo adventures, never find out who they were. I'd gaze into their small world, looking for a song. Think outside the bowl. That's what I told myself. Think outside the bowl. I didn't want to be stuck like the fish, stuck seeing only the world that was right in front of me, stuck swimming in circles. But when I was eleven, in the sixth grade, it was hard to imagine any world beyond the one where I was stuck.

I wasn't always stuck. And I did get unstuck. Every story has a beginning, a middle, and an end, and so does this one. But I'm only sixteen—let's face it, this is all the beginning—so to start with the day I was born and tell you every major milestone (I lost a tooth! I turned ten! I got a new bike!) until my sweet sixteen isn't how I want to do this.

Instead, I wasn't to start with 6th grade. It was the last year I'd be known as just Miley Cyrus. It was a dividing point—what I now think of as my life before and my life after.

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