

Rory Gallagher "Lonely Mile"

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It's five 'o'clock in the morning,
Ain't got a dime.
Standing under your window,
That ain't no crime.

Keeping out of the weather,
Up for the dawn.
Yeah I'm stealing stealing,
When I should be gone.

Six 'o'clock in the morning,
Ain't got no prayer.
Cause your never no answer,
But I know your there.

It's my own fault you see,
It must be the wine.
Got this fever, getting deeper,
Until it cuts like a knife.
yeah

You've got me walking that lonely mile,
Just like a child.
Why you trying to act so tough,
Tell me what's my crime.
yeah

Nine 'o'clock in the morning,
Still no sign.
Turn on the big sun,
Switch down the night.
Like a hand in a glove.

We were partners in crime,
I'm goin to leave here.
Shouldn't be here,
Walk down that lonely mile.

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