

Sam

"Miles From Boredom"

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She needs love, like it's goin' outta style
Sits down and cries about it, once in a while
Cause that, wakes me up sometimes, at 4am
Sayin' Rock me baby, rock me baby, Aw hunny, roll me
again
(Yeah)
but my baby's miles, and miles and miles and miles
from boredom
(Yeah)
she keeps me miles and miles, and miles, and miles
from boredom
Yes she does
She spends all my money, with her high class taste
And you ain't got a chance, if you ain't got it to waste
First, she sees it, she wants it, then gives it away
She up and changes her mind, 10 times a day
(Yeah)
But she keeps me miles, and miles, and miles, and
miles from boredom
Cause my baby's miles, and miles, and miles and miles
from boredom
Yes she is
(I'll say)
Miles and
Miles and
Miles and miles
She likes hot cars, she likes my fame
Take me for a ride, that's the name of the game
Yeah, but I wouldn't have it, any other way
It's like havin' a different ch-ch-ch-ch every day
Yeah cause she's miles, and miles, and miles, and
miles from boredom
(yeah)
Now my baby's miles, and miles, and miles, and miles
from boredom
Ah, and she keeps me miles, and miles, and miles, and
miles from boredom
(Yeah)
Miles, and miles, and miles, and miles from boredom
When yer sick of that, same old face
Doin' it, the same old ways

Look at her, look at her, day after day
Ah yeah
{to fade}

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