

Spearhead

"100,000 Miles"

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I need a reason to get up /before I wash my face
The junkies the Hookers the dealers the place
Kickin' off my covers / trippin' off the fact
That I haven't called my grandma in a long long time
Standin in the shower/ for almost half an hour
Tryin' to wake up/ and I'm lookin for the power
Reachin' for the towel/ with soap in my eyes
Dryin' off my shoulders / my chest and my thighs
The next thing I know/ the telephone rings
I hear my own voice /on the answering machine
Please leave a message/ I'm glad ya called
I listen for a voice /but there's nothin' at all
Man oh Man
I gotta kick the blues
And pay respect where respect is due
All praises to GOD the one I return to
The one I can turn to
When I'm feelin burned to the bone

(chorus)

Early in the morn/ before I wash my face
The bed is still warm but there's an empty space
Easrly in the morn/ before I wash my face
A hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

At six in the morning /she rolled outa bed
Stared out the window/ and then she said
That I wasn't her type...
I think she's runnin outa types though...and I told her
so.
She picked up her things and walked through the door
And then said that she couldn't see me no more
Just as she was leaving /I asked her if she'd call
She didn't look back / said nuttin at all
I didn't change my clothes/ because they smell like you
And when I took a shower it reminded me of you
I called Gramma Brown/for advice
It happened to me once/it happened to me twice
Michael/ my son/ you sound really bugged
I wish that you were here /so I could to you give
A hug then she gave me/ a long, long talk
She said "you have the patience /of ice on a sidewalk"

When things get rough/ don't sweat it
Sometimes in life you just have to let it
And sing out a song / so strong
That even a bad dream couldn't bring harm
To the mind of a young child's battles
Formed from the candle light shadows
Her voice is like a whispering kiss on the forehead

(chorus)

Early in the morn/ before I wash my face
The bed is still warm but there's an empty space
Early in the mornin/ before I wash my face
A hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

In the last thirty minutes/ before I fall asleep
When I have said my prayers /and I have brushed my
teeth

This is the time /when I am forced to think about
All of the things/ I been tryin to forget about
The Bills, the phone, cleanin up my room
The cars, the traffic, the speakers and the boom
Alone I remember /the times with me and you
And I realize my heart is shakin' up the room
Gramma she would tell us /about the glory days
And gramma she would tell us/ about when we were
slaves

In the livin' room/ pianos out a tune
On top of it the pictures /of every bride and groom
Child/ grand child /lost child
Every single tear she'd / every single smile
'cause everybodys got/ a lotta shit to deal with
And life doesn't stop/ it just makes ya feel it
So shake the dust/ offa your feet
Take a step forward/ liberate with the beat
So for you/ I wrote this song
I wanted you to hear it/ before you are gone.
The African in me/ the Seminole in me
These are some a things my grandmother gave
To me some believe there are and some believe there
Ain't if ever there was one my gramma Brown she is a
saint

(chorus)

Early in the morn/ before I wash my face
The bed is still warm but there's an empty space
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