Tabithas Secret "Million Miles"

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Can you roll down the window? Can I have a cigarette? Can I sweep you for forgiveness?

Can I sweep you for regret? And can you drive a little faster To clear my head?

Can you see that I've been crying?
Can you tell that I've been alone?
Can we walk the streets at the same time? I don't mind

I'll be quiet and no one will know And can you drive a little faster? Take me home

These are the days that make up the lifetimes
These are the clothes that I wear
This is the only thing I wanted more than anything

I wanna fall at a million miles an hour With people and little picture radios And I'm smiling but I'm trying hard not to smile at all

And I crave for the little conversation

And the way you toss your hair back, you're beautiful

And it suits me fine

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These are the days that make up the lifetimes These are the lifetimes that make up generations These are the lifetimes that make up generations These are the days that make up the lifetimes

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