

Timothy B. Schmit

"One More Mile"

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Well, I'm stuck in the house
It's rainin' outside
I can't seem to leave my bed
But my brain is racing like there ain't no end
Thinking 'bout the things you said
Well, maybe I'm a mad man, maybe I'm a fool
Maybe I live in denial
I gotta get up, get out, get on that road and go
One more mile

Well, I cleaned up the kitchen and it looks so good
I'm ready to live my life
I got my umbrella and my rubber boots
I even got my pocket knife
I'm gonna get all wet, gonna trudge through the mud
Gonna do it all up in style
I won't second guess, gonna try my best to go
One more mile

How am I supposed to find your front door?
Where'm I gonna spend the night?
A little peace of mind is all I'm looking for
Or maybe just a little light

I'm looking for something, searching my soul
Gotta speak with my inner child
As I begin to talk he says, "Keep on walking just
One more mile"

When you can't stop fighting with the one you love
You better crawl inside yourself
You gotta chase them devils floatin' 'round your head
And stick 'em up on that shelf
And when things get better now don't be fooled
Though it might be good for a while
Keep your eyes wide open and do that work and go
One more mile

How am I supposed to find your front door?
Where'm I gonna spend the night?
A little peace of mind is all I'm looking for
Or maybe just a little light

There's Jesus bleedin', there's Buddha on the hill
And Krishna's got a funny smile
They all say, "My friend, it's just around the bend about
One more mile"
One more mile
One more mile

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