

Valencia

"Three Thousand Miles"

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Something tells me you've been missing out
On all the places and towns we always used to go
And so I'm stuck here to figure now
The chance we had made, you pack your bags

You're three thousand miles
From the place you once called home
So much different, you're getting distant
And now I'm the only one whose all alone

The fact about fiction is that it's always in your head
So let it all go just what you don't know is I'd pick you
Yeah, I'd pick you instead

So drink down the bottle and just go to bed
This whole situation is going right over your head
You're out of your body, why don't you come to mine?
'Cause right now what it takes to fall
Is what it takes to climb

You're three thousand miles
From the place you once called home
So much different, you're getting distant
And now I'm the only one whose all alone
The fact about fiction is that it's always in your head
So let it all go just what you don't know is I'd pick you
Yeah, I'd pick you instead

So break away from the simple things in life
'Cause when the moon comes out
There is no doubt that it is always by your side
I never thought you could be so happy with a ticket in
your hand
And a plane ride back to home

I guess for now I'll have to settle for
The fact that what we could have been
Is what I'll never know

You're three thousand miles
From the place you once called home
So much different, you're getting distant

And now I'm the only one whose all alone

I'm writing post cards to let you know how much I care
Saying, "The only thing that gets me by
Is when I close my eyes and pretend you're there"

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