

Half a Million Miles from Home

Albert Hammond

Sitting by a lonely Kansas road
A car goes rushing by
At the rate of one an hour

Want a lift into the nearest town
And judging by the sky
We're heading for a shower

Ooh, ooh, ooh...
I'm a half a million miles from home

Hey there, man
Don't step upon the gas
There's room enough inside
And I'm very tired of walking

I don't wanna do you any harm
I just wanna get a ride
And I'm very good at talking

Ooh, ooh, ooh...
I'm a half a million miles from home

Now the telegraph begins to hum
There's a message on the wire
An electric conversation

Well, ain't that life
I'm saying to myself
There's an awful lot of words
But there's no communication

Ooh, ooh, ooh...
I'm a half a million miles from home

Ooh, ooh, ooh...
I'm a half a million miles from home

Ooh, ooh, ooh...
I'm a half a million miles from home