

Miles

Jason Isbell

Coming home early, catching on late
Guess I had too much on my plate
Wish it was as simple as somebody done somebody wrong, but
I'm coming home early, catching on late

There's miles between us
But boy, you should've seen us when we met
I loved your anger and
The way you'd catch a stranger in your net

She'll be driving in the fall
And we'll sit up waiting on the call
As she leaves, I'll tell her don't get hurt and don't get pregnant, but
She won't acknowledge me at all

There's miles between us
But boy, you should've seen us, she was scared to let go of my hand
A tiny carnival, she said, "Daddy, is this just like Disneyland?"
"Yes, it's just like Disneyland"

In the name of survival, we get used to this
In the name of forgiveness, we get bored
For our own entertainment, we ball up our fists
Take it out on the kid at the grocery store
In the name of desire, we burn everything
In the name of redemption, buy it back
For our own entertainment, clip each other's wings
Take it out on the kids when we can't keep track
In the name of survival, we get used to this
In the name of forgiveness, we get bored
In the name of survival, we get used to this

There's miles between us
But boy, you should've seen us in the good old days
It was just like Disneyland
You didn't even see the hand that turned the page
The hand that turned the page