

100,000 Miles

Michael Franti & Spearhead

100,000 Miles

I need a reason to get up before
I wash my face

The junkies, the Hookers, the dealers the place
Kickin' off my covers trippin' off the fact
That I haven't called my gramma in a long, long time
Standin in the shower for almost half an hour

Tryin' to wake up and I'm lookin for the power
Reachin' for the towel with soap in my eyes
Dryin' off my shoulders, my chest, and my thighs

The next thing I know the telephone rings
I hear my own voice on the answering machine
Please leave a message I'm glad ya called
I listen for a voice but there's nothin' at all

Man oh Man
I gotta kick the blues
And pay respect where respect is due
All praises to GOD the one I return to
The one I can turn to
When I'm feelin burned to the bone

Early in the morn before I wash my face
A hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

At six in the morning she rolled
Outa bed
Stared out the window and then she said
That I wasn't her type...

I think she's runnin outa types though...and I told her so.

She picked up her things and walked through the door
And then said that she couldn't see me no more
Just as she was leaving I asked her if she'd call
She didn't look back said nuttin at all
I didn't change my clothes because they smell like you
And when I took a shower it reminded me of you
I called Gramma Brown for advice
It happened to me once it happened to me twice
Michael my son you sound really bugged
I wish that you were here so I could to you give
A hug then she gave me a long, long talk
She said "you have the patience of ice on a sidewalk"
When things get rough don't sweat it
Sometimes in life you just have to let it
And sing out a song so strong
That even a bad dream couldn't bring harm
To the mind of a young child's battles
Formed from the candle light shadows
Her voice is like a whispering kiss on the forehead

Early in the morn before I wash my face
The bed is still warm but there's an empty space
Early in the mornin before I wash my face
A hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

In the last thirty minutes before
I fall asleep
When I have said my prayers and I have brushed my teeth

This is the time when I am forced to think about
All of the things I been tryin to forget about
The Bills, the phone, cleanin up my room
The cars, the traffic, the speakers and the boom
Alone I remember the times with me and you
And I realize my heart is shakin' up the room
Gramma she would tell us about the glory days
And gramma she would tell us about when we were slaves
In the livin' room pianos outa tune
On top of it the pictures of every bride and groom
Child/ grand child lost child
Every single tear shed every single smile
'cause everybodies got a lotta shit to deal with
And life doesn't stop it just makes ya feel it
So shake the dust offa your feet
Take a step forward liberate with the beat
So for you I wrote this song
I wanted you to hear it before you are gone.
The African in me the Seminole in me

These are some a things my grandmother gave
To me some believe there are and some believe there
Ain't if ever there was one my gramma Brown she is a saint

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