

Miles Are Wide

Ocie Elliott

Wherever we roam, mountain or plain
Down that busy road, through the fall terrain
Drizzling light, the hills we take
We work hard to get up high, then we come back down again

The miles are wide but we're not walking them alone
We'll make our time, like we have nowhere else to roam
And hold the line but sometimes we may let it go
And we'll define, what we have always known

Meddling mind, interrupting
Giving strength to all of that suffering
Out we go, you look at me
With your hand in mine and I'm knowing where I want to be

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And the scenes here that show started long ago
Like a story developing slow
And the love just grows

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