

400 Miles Away

The Rumjacks

I'll ride again o'er the border, if it takes me all my days,
Where the sun rises through the pollution & sets her walls ablaze,
Gimme somethin to help with the shakin' or to kill the roarin'
pain,
It's the sound of a sweet heart breakin' 400 miles
away.

Oh, have ye known the sting of sweet regret?
Or have ye no started living yet?

And the cheap lousy dram trembles there in his hand
as he struggles to recall what she wore,
He can still see her face in that charming old place & he'll never forget how she swore,
'In all fairness' he says, 'it's all good I suppose'
And his eyes turn the colour of his crooked old nose,
He drains the tumbler & straightens his clothes,
And he's away with the wind, away..

In all these broken windows, through the tattoos and the scars,
He'll catch his own reflection across a thousand other bars,
Until he rides again o'er the border, if it takes him all his days,
To where the sun rises through the pollution,
400 miles away.