

Miles Away Girl

The Wildhearts

she's always busy caring 'cos that's all she's ever done
she's a thousand Florence Nightingales all rolled up into one
and (well) people take advantage but she loves her fellow friend
with a slow, slow count from ten...

when strangers die around her she still cries herself to sleep
and she seldom gets the chance to pick the company she keeps
and the ring around her finger is a ring around her past
and a youth that couldn't last

when people ask if she's OK she doesn't even answer
her mind is set on auto-think, for heaven knows how long
with the body of an angel and the features of a child

[CHORUS:]

she's miles and miles and miles and miles away
she's the miles away girl, 'cos she's the miles away girl
and she slaps miles and miles of smiles on every face
she's the miles away girl, she's the miles away girl
she's the miles away girl, right next to (me)

she send a men to slumber-land with just one little kiss
her silence is refreshing and her honesty is bliss
she's probably clairvoyant but she never had the call
but that's not long at all...
her head's up with the stars because she knows that's where she
's heading
the good guys think she's different the rest just think she's weird
she doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep, she's thinking all the while

R:

and maybe you're the angel I knew that you could be
well that must be the reason you bring out the devil in me
deep under the covers, an easy place to hide
and imagine the world isn't really going on outside
but you never seem to have any money 'cos the decent people never get paid
but there's never really ever a problem' cos you can get miles
away, miles away, miles away

R: