

Miles

Zach Bryan

These yellow lines go on forever
You should treat your baby better
Got myself a real love letter
Says she wants a man who buys her fine wines and paintings
She wants something kind and patient
Tells me nicely that I ain't it
And buys another round for all her stuck-up friends in Brooklyn
If I'm so fucked up, why you looking
At all my songs and all my bookings at the local jail?

I got miles, miles, miles, miles
Yeah, I've got miles
Well, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles until I'm finally home
You got miles, you got miles, you got miles with me on your radio

Well, all my habits ain't genetic, they're self-forming, don't you sweat it
I'll do my very best to quit it, wake up in the lobby
Best Western is where I call home, side table and telephone
But Holy Bible sits alone, I guess I'll keep it company
Steal it when the morning comes, spend my whole life runnin' from
All the things I could become, they call it potential

I got miles, I got miles, I got miles until I'm finally home
They've got miles, they've got miles, they've got miles with me
on their radio

These yellow lines go on forever
The highway's just the moon, but better
Truckstop food and rainy weather always get me goin'
I've been drinkin' wine for breakfast, eggs and bacon make me restless
I'll be gone a long while 'cause I got miles

I got miles, I got miles, I got miles until I'm finally home
Well, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles all alone
Well, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles
Well, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles
Well, I've got miles, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles, I got miles