

3,000 Miles from Here

Ian Hunter

Fare thee well, gentle maid,
I'll see you on your way;
And the sun will rise tomorrow
And wash my sins away.
For I know that I've abused you
But I only had a day.
And I know that's why you left me
In your own sad little way -
I am gone - disappeared
But I hear a young dove crying
3000 miles from here.

Some would say you were a loser
'Cause you play a loser's game,
But then if I am a winner,
Why then am I so ashamed?
If you hear a young dove crying,
You'll know it's me to blame.
For I never got her number;
I never knew her name.
Now she's gone - disappeared.
But I hear a young dove crying
3000 miles from here.