

# 100,000 Miles

Spearhead

I need a reason to get up /before I wash my face  
The junkies, the Hookers, the dealers the place  
kickin' off my covers / trippin' off the fact  
that I haven't called my gramma in a long, long time  
standin in the shower/ for almost half an hour  
Tryin' to wake up/ and I'm lookin for the power  
reachin' for the towel/ with soap in my eyes  
dryin' off my shoulders,/ my chest, and my thighs  
The next thing I know/ the telephone rings  
I hear my own voice /on the answering machine  
please leave a message/ I'm glad ya called  
I listen for a voice /but there's nothin' at all  
Man oh Man  
I gotta kick the blues  
and pay respect where respect is due  
all praises to GOD the one I return to  
the one I can turn to  
when I'm feelin burned to the bone

(chorus)

Early in the morn/ before I wash my face  
The bed is still warm but there's an empty space  
Early in the morn/ before I wash my face  
a hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

At six in the morning /she rolled outta bed  
stared out the window/ and then she said  
that I wasn't her type...  
I think she's runnin outta types though...and I told her so.  
She picked up her things and walked through the door  
and then said that she couldn't see me no more  
just as she was leaving /I asked her if she'd call  
she didn't look back / said nuttin at all  
I didn't change my clothes/ because they smell like you  
and when I took a shower it reminded me of you  
I called Gramma Brown/for advice  
it happened to me once/it happened to me twice  
Michael/ my son/ you sound really bugged  
I wish that you were here /so I could to you give  
a hug then she gave me/ a long, long talk  
she said "you have the patience /of ice on a sidewalk"  
when things get rough/ don't sweat it  
sometimes in life you just have to let it  
and sing out a song / so strong  
that even a bad dream couldn't bring harm  
to the mind of a young child's battles  
formed from the candle light shadows  
her voice is like a whispering kiss on the forehead

(chorus)

Early in the morn/ before I wash my face  
The bed is still warm but there's an empty space  
Early in the mornin/before I wash my face  
a hundred thousand miles is a lonely place

In the last thirty minutes/before I fall asleep  
when I have said my prayers /and I have brushed my teeth

This is the time /when I am forced to think about  
all of the things/ I been tryin to forget about  
The Bills, the phone, cleanin up my room  
the cars, the traffic, the speakers and the boom  
alone I remember /the times with me and you  
and I realize my heart is shakin' up the room  
Gramma she would tell us /about the glory days  
and gramma she would tell us/ about when we were slaves  
in the livin' room/ pianos outa tune  
on top of it the pictures /of every bride and groom  
child/ grand child /lost child  
every single tear shed / every single smile  
'cause everybodies got/ a lot of shit to deal with  
and life doesn't stop/ it just makes ya feel it  
so shake the dust/ offa your feet  
take a step forward/ liberate with the beat  
so for you/ I wrote this song  
I wanted you to hear it/ before you are gone.  
the African in me/ the Seminole in me  
These are some a things my grandmother gave  
to me some believe there are and some believe there  
ain't if ever there was one my gramma Brown she is a saint

(chorus)

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