

# Amy Millan, All The Miles

Today I'm sinkin' lower than the sun does on a Sunday  
And I look around  
But you're nowhere and I don't know  
If I can pick up, because when I wake up  
You're still gone

And all the water in you is putting out the fire in me  
And all the miles have no sympathy

Then tomorrow comes, and you're knocking at my door  
And I forget it all  
I forget that I spend every night thinkin' of your hands  
Trying to make myself understand that I,  
I will love you anyway

Yeah, I'll keep on lo-lo-lovin' you anyway  
Yeah, I'll keep on lo-lo-lovin' you anyway

Today, I'm sinking lower than the sun does on a Sunday  
And I look around  
But you're nowhere, and I don't know  
If I can pick up, because when I wake up  
You're still gone

Yeah, I'll keep on lo-lo-lovin' you anyway  
(Gone)  
Yeah, I'll keep on lo-lo-lovin' you anyway  
(Gone)