

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)