

Camera Obscura, Country Mile

Silver birch against a Swedish sky
The singer in the band made me want to cry
We're all inside our own heads now
We are leaving new friends, leaving this town
And I wish you could be here with me
I would show you off like a trophy
The road it winds, it twists, it turns, oh my stomach burns

Once again I'll be the foolish one
Thinking a blink of these lashes would make you come
Don't you worry, don't get in a state
I don't believe in true love anyway
Oh, who's being pessimistic now?
I could document this as our first, as our last row
The more you look forlorn, the more to you I warm

I won't be seeing you for a long while
I hope it's not as long as these country miles
I feel lost
I feel lost

No, I won't be seeing you for a long while
I hope it's not as long as these country miles
I feel lost
I feel lost