

# Golden Earring, Another 45 Miles

Here comes the night  
A veil over the light  
In the distance some shadows of the clouds in the sky  
I've got to get home  
To my child, my wife

Here comes the night  
I'm scared to death  
Got to get me a ride  
It looks like the road is swallowing me up  
Gotta hurry home  
Don't dare to look back  
Blueville is straight ahead

Another 45 miles to go  
Another 45 miles before I'm home  
I wish that the sunlight was burning in my eyes  
Instead of shades black faces of the sky  
Another 45 miles to go  
Another 45 miles before I'm home  
I wish i could pay the sun to run  
Then I had some more time, with my wife, my son

Clouds in the sky  
Gathering for a fight  
Chasing their prey, till it can't go on  
I mend my pace, 'cos my bride is waiting home  
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