

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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