

# Mother Mother, Miles

Miles, and miles, and miles.  
Before we reach the sand.  
Cacti and cacti for miles..  
miles of dry land, dry land.  
We gonna make it, ohh we gonna make it.  
We gonna take it, ohh we gonna take it  
easy.  
Once we feel the sea breeze.  
My-my-my-my-my lover, my maker, my breaker.  
Take me by the hand.  
We could go walking for miles..  
once we reach the sand, the sand.  
We gonna make it, ohh we gonna make it.  
We gonna take it, ohh we gonna take it  
easy.  
Once we leave the city.  
We gonna make it, ohh we gonna make it.  
We gonna take it, ohh we gonna take it.  
We gonna make it, yeah we gonna make it  
easy... easy...  
We gonna make it, ohh we gonna make it.  
We gonna take it, ohh we gonna take it  
easy