

# Sammy Hagar, Miles From Boredom

She needs love like it's goin' outta style  
Sits down and cries about it once in a while  
'Cause that, wakes me up sometimes, at 4:00am  
Sayin', 'Rock me baby, rock me baby, Aw hunny, roll me again

Yeah, but my baby's miles, and miles and miles and miles from boredom  
Yeah, she keeps me miles and miles, and miles, and miles from boredom  
Yes she does

She spends all my money with a high class taste  
And you ain't got a chance if you ain't got it to waste  
First, she sees it, she wants it, then gives it away  
She up and changes her mind ten times a day

Yeah, but she keeps me miles, and miles, and miles, and miles from boredom  
'Cause my baby's miles, and miles, and miles and miles from boredom  
Yes she is  
I say-

Miles and  
Miles and  
Miles and miles

She likes my car, she likes my fame  
Take me for a ride, that's the name of the game  
Yeah, but I wouldn't have it any other way  
It's like havin' a different ch-ch-ch-ch everyday

Yeah, 'cause she's miles, and miles, and miles, and miles from boredom  
Yeah, now my baby's miles, and miles, and miles, and miles from boredom  
Uh, and she keeps me miles, and miles, and miles, and miles from boredom  
Oh yeah, miles, and miles, and miles, and miles from boredom

When yer sick of that same old face  
Doin' it, the same old ways  
Lookin' at it, lookin' at it, day after day  
Ah yeah