

# Tabitha's Secret, Million Miles

Hey  
Am I ever, girl  
Can you, roll down the window  
Can I have a cigarette  
Can I sweep you for forgiveness, yeah  
Can I sweep you for regret  
And can you drive a little faster, to clear my head  
I'd swear that I was stronger

Can you, see that I've been crying  
Can you tell that I've been alone  
Can we walk the streets at the same time, well I don't mind, oh I  
I'll be quiet and no one will know  
And can you drive a little faster yeah, yeah take me home

These are the days that make up the lifetimes  
These are the clothes, the clothes, that I wear, yeah  
This is the only thing I wanted more than anything

Cuz, well I wanna fall, at a million miles an hour  
With people and, little picture radios  
And I'm smiling but I'm, trying hard not to smile at all, at all  
And I crave, for the little conversation  
And the way you toss your hair back and you're, beautiful  
And it suits me fine  
Yes, it suits me fine

These are the days that make up the lifetimes  
These are the clothes, the clothes, that I wear, I wear, oh, yes, I  
And this is the only thing I wanted more than anything

Cuz I wanna fall, at a million miles an hour  
With people and, little picture radios  
And I'm smiling and I'm, trying hard not to smile at all  
And I crave, for the little conversation  
And the way you toss your hair back but you're, beautiful  
And it suits, me, suits me

Well I wanna fall at a million miles an hour  
With people and, little picture radios  
And I'm smiling but I'm, trying hard not to smile at all  
And yes I crave, for the little conversation  
And the way you toss your hair back  
You're, beautiful, oh yeah  
And it suits me fine, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

These are the days that make up the lifetimes, yeah  
These are the lifetimes that make up generations, oh yeah  
These are the lifetimes that make up generations  
Yeah, these are the days  
These are the days that make up the lifetimes