

A Million Miles

[mansionz](#)

Yeah, yeah

Alright

Had a flashback, that perfume (yeah)

Flip you in the bed and you grabbed me soon

You're in the backseat of a taxi, angry at me

'Cause I didn't help you patch your wounds

Whose fault is that? I text you, you call me back

I don't pick up, I text you back

And now the energy is gone, so the sex is wack (woo)

That's so tragic, that's so bad

I'm gon' hurt you, all you have (yeah)

Achey heart, Miley's dad (ayy)

You want something you can't have

You want me to hold you, I'll never stay

I'm chasing a feeling I could describe as great

If you're looking for me, you know where I'll be

A million miles away

Just come to the hotel, park it valet

Don't think 'bout the future, let's just be here today

'Cause this time tomorrow, you know where I'll be

A million miles away

All I wanna do is get this paper, spend it with my bros

All you wanna do is take vacation trips, move with my flow

All the shit you do seems very extra, girl, can you be cool?

Calm down with that mixing up the alcohol and Xanax too

And I meet 1,000 girls every time I'm on tour

I got security just to show them the door

My shit don't stink and my future incredible

I think I'm next and my team think the same and so

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Don't think 'bout the future, let's just be here today

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I've gave you wounds and you tell me that they will never heal

I got your perfume stuck up on my fuckin' sweatshirt still

Whatever, you'll remember, I know you'll pretend it's real

You always had that cold-ass Michigan December feel

And I do not mean that last line as a compliment

You smile a lot, but I could tell yo' ass is not content
And I'll agree that this September has been very strange
I've been lookin' in my mind and seen some scary things
Like that interestin' moment when the love stopped
Came as sudden as the dumpin' when the drums dropped
I moved away to a city where the summer stops
You text me that your iPod still up in my glove box
That's just a play to spin me back into your web again
Your friends been puttin' stupid shit into your head again
So cue the cryin', cue the drugs, cue the masquerade
You were quittin' and I dumped you, now we're back again
I'm back in D-Town for the night, here's the scenario
I'm writin' at my hotel desk, I'm thinkin' very slow
There's a female in my bed that I barely know
I just put her in my verse, that shit is very dope
I call you on the phone and proceed to say somethin' dumb
To see if I can feel somethin' other than fuckin' numb
You say you realize I'm the thing that you've been runnin' from
I tell you, "Baby, join the club, that's all I've ever done"
Red wine, red roses, breakup, stripper pushin' molly pills
I asked you not to call me, we both know you prolly will
You cut me places no one sees, I know your style of play
Fuck this city, I'm gon' move a million miles away
I mean at first, you're gonna pretend to forget about her
You know, I'd call her, I don't know, whatever
But then, eventually, you really will forget about her
But what if she comes back first?

See, that's the thing is somehow they know not to come back until you really forget
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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