

500 MILES

When he looks down his feet he can see worn-out shoes.
A decent reminder he got nothing to lose.
So he's raising his head and his smile never dims.
One step after the other.

His mind is so clear like a glacier at dawn.
It's an incubator for the purest thoughts spawn.
And he knows while not knowing, his smile never dims.
One step after another.

**He's been 500 miles on his way
500 more before he can say:
I've been 1000 miles on my way
1000 more before I can stay**

He's a walker by day, he's a walker by night.
Accepting the dark as well as the light.
All the people he met all the moments he had.
Fade one after the other.

Even he has to rest even he has to sleep.
In his dreams he sees things that you don't want to keep.
But he knows that one day they will be gone away.
One after another.

**He's been 500 miles on his way
500 more before he can say:
I've been 1000 miles on my way
1000 more before I can stay**