

Eight More Miles To Tel Aviv

Written by Louis "Grandpa" Jones

Adapted by Lynn Lewis

- 1. I've traveled o'er this country wide, seeking fortune fair,
Up and down the two coast roads, I've traveled everywhere,
From Yotvatah to Hurshat Tal and back along the line,
I'm going back to the place that's best, that old hometown of mine.**

chorus: **Eight more miles and Tel Aviv will come into my view,
Eight more miles on this old road and I'll never more be blue,
I knew some day that I'd be back I knew it from the start,
Eight more miles to Tel Aviv, the hometown of my heart.**

- 2. There's sure to be a gal somewhere that you like best of all,
Mine lives down on Dizengoff she's short and fat, that's all,
She's the kind that you won't find in any Bluegrass band,
I'm on my way this very day to win her heart and hand.**

chorus:

- 3. Now I can picture in my mind a place that we'll call home,
A humble little house for two, we never more will roam,
A place that's right for that first night is in those sandy dunes,
Where the old Yarkon flows gently on amid the monoxide fumes.**

chorus: