

Hooters, 500 Miles

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
And the land that I once loved was not my own
Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home
A hundred tanks along the square,
One man stands and stops them never
Some day soon, the tide will turn, and I'll be free
I'll be free, I'll be free, I'll come home to my country,
Some day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free
If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,
Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home
I'll be free, I'll be free, I'll come home to my country,
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home