

# Nazareth, Silver Dollar Forger

Swingin' my sweet chariot low  
Gotta make it home to Georgia  
Excise lawman on my trail  
I'm a silver dollar forger  
I see a roadblock on my right  
Engine take me through the night  
Gotta make it home to the arms of my sweet baby.

Twenty miles from that Georgia state  
I can hear the sirens wailing  
If only I can cross that line  
And leave the police trailing  
I see a red light at my rear  
Now I'm sweatin' cold steel fear  
Gotta make it home to the arms of my sweet baby.

I'm tired of all this running  
Hiding from the light  
I want to walk out in the sun.

I'll soon be home, I can see the clay  
I'll soon be in Atlanta  
If only I can hold that line  
I can live just how I wanna  
I see the state line in my lights  
Engine take me through the night  
Gotta make it home to the arms of my sweet baby.

(copyright 1974 mountain/carlin music)