

# The Go Set, North Of The 23

Roll up lads there's work to be had, and it's aboard the fast train to hell.  
The railway line is heading north, for those doing time or a soul to sell.  
The burning sun on the chain gang, or years in a rusty cage.  
There's nothing to lose for the convict soul, or when fortune favours the brave.  
Working on the railway they were north of the 23.  
Sons of the federation they were fighting fit and free.  
Working on the railway they were north of the 23.  
Sons of the federation, and the currency.  
Now they sleep on the rotting board, and the north of nowhere dirt platform.  
The work is as heavy as the monsoon rain and the humid air makes a man insane.  
Fortune never found them, freedom it never came.  
And the lads that sold their soul to the Devil they were heading south again.  
Working on the railway they were north of the 23.  
Sons of the federation they were fighting fit and free.  
Working on the railway they were north of the 23.  
Sons of the federation, and the currency.