

The Kingston Trio, Farewell

Fare thee well, my own true love. I'm leavin' the first hour of the morn.
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexico and maybe the coast of Californ.

Chorus:

So, fare them well, my own true love. We'll meet another day, another time.
It's not the leavin' that's grievin' me, but my true love whose bound to stay behind.

The weather is against me and the wind blows hard and the rain, she's a-turnin' into hail,
But I still might strike it lucky on a highway going West though I'm travelin' the path-beaten trail.

I'll write you a letter from time to time. As I ramble you can travel with me, too.
With my hands in my head and my heart, my love, I will send what I know back home to you.

(Chorus)

There's a place I've heard of where I might as well be bound. It's down around Mexican plain.
And they say that the people are all friendly down there. All they ask of you is your name.

I'll tell you of the laughter and the troubles be their somebody else's or my own.
With my hands in my pocket and my coat collar high, I will travel unnoticed and unknown.

(Chorus)