

Nazareth, Silver Dollar Forger, Pt. 1-2

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.

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