

Thin Lizzy, Southbound

The boom time it is over
A ghost town is all that's left here
The gold rush it is over
And depression days draw near

Tonight after sundown
I'm going to pack my case
I leave without a sound
Disappear without a trace

I'm going southbound

Drifting like a drover
Chasing my career
From the ships docked in the harbour
New horizons will appear

Tumbling with the tumbleweed
Down the open road
Taking only what I need
Before my head explodes

I'm going southbound

Hey, you're not getting any younger
The wild west has already been won
Northern lights are growing colder
And the old eastern ways are gone

So tonight after sundown
You must go from this place
Without a tear, without a frown
Disappear without a trace