

# 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