

# Walkabouts, The Leaving Kind

Trying hard to remember your voice  
it seems so faraway  
all choked up by the heat and the dust  
it seems so faraway  
I'm gonna give you a call, from this  
air conditioned bar  
gonna give it one more crack  
before these cocktail lights  
all disappear  
like the night wind on my back  
I'm not the leavin' kind  
but I've got leavin' on my mind  
from Jim Town, to Halfway, then back  
across the riverside  
it's not hard to build a flat,  
straight road  
across this treeless plain  
just follow, the sharp-edge  
of the earth  
and never, never stray  
I'm not the leavin' kind  
though I've got leavin' on my mind  
from Jim Town, to Halfway,  
then back across the riverside  
I'm not the leavin' kind  
though I'll be leavin' one more time  
from Jim Town, to Flatop, then down  
across the riverside  
from Jim Town, to Halfway,  
then back across the riverside  
from Jim Town, to Flatop,  
then down along the riverside  
from Jim Town, to Halfway,  
then back across the riverside  
from Jim Town, to Flatop...