

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...