

## Big Country

### "Time for Leaving"

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There's an ill wind on the lowlands  
A famine in the hills  
A rust storm on the northern seas  
A dust storm on the skills  
Where is the law that holds me  
In a grey unpleasant land  
I will not dance for the medicine man  
With the happy pills at hand

I will pack my things and go  
Head on down to Australia  
Just strap some wings and blow

Right here in my time, right here in my mind  
Right here in my life  
This is a time for leaving  
Listen to the city fall, listen to the warm wind call  
Listen to me my love  
This is the time for leaving

I will not sing a chain gang song  
I will not walk the line  
The company store won't have my soul  
And Al won't have his dime  
You could take my job and shove it  
If I just had one to give  
You could take my pain and love it  
But you won't know how I live

I will pack up my things and go  
Take a train over Canada  
Tie up my strings and blow

If I fill my eyes up with the sun  
And hold my face to the blazing sun  
My shadow will be cast behind me  
And I'll look no more to its beaten eyes

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