

## **The Pozo-Seco Singers "I'll Be Gone"**

Visit "[I'll Be Gone](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

When the quiet evening comes  
And the village softly lies  
Twinkling in the shadow of the mountain  
When the twilight's muffled glows  
Play tatoos to the skies  
And the heavens close their eyes  
I'll be gone.

When the fisher folds his net,  
Makes his craft secure,  
And gazes to the west for signs of weather  
When he thinks of his table set,  
His children at the door,  
As he? on the shore  
I'll be gone.

When the merchant draws his shade,  
Counts the days receipts,  
And smiles, recalling bits of idle gossip.  
When the entries all are made  
In the ledger's tidy sheets  
As he shuffles down the streets  
I'll be gone.

Tis pretty but is strange  
And I must be free.  
So fare-thee-well you poor contented fellow  
No quiet life for me, no hope, no family,  
Now and endlessly  
I'll be gone.

Visit [The Pozo-Seco Singers](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.