

Baillie & The Boys

"A Far Cry From Him"

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She's waitin' on a train,
An' her mind is ridin' restless.
Got a long trail of pain,
To lay down on this rail through Texas.
Oh, but some sweet night,
She'll ride it right to the other side.

She could go east and let her tears dry in the morning
sun.
She could go south and burn her mem'ries one by one.
She could go west, where they never fence you in,
She could go north, let 'em blow in the wind.
Anywhere at all that's a far cry from him.

She doesn't wanna see,
Another truck that dusty colour.
An' she don't wanna hear,
His cold laughter 'round the corner.
She's gotta leave it all,
'Cos this big old town is way too small.

She could go east and let her tears dry in the morning
sun.
She could go south and burn her mem'ries one by one.
She could go west, where they never fence you in,
She could go north, let 'em blow in the wind.
Anywhere at all that's a far cry from him.

Anywhere she won't hear his name again,
Anywhere his trail's never been.

She could go east and let her tears dry in the morning
sun.
She could go south and burn her mem'ries one by one.
She could go west, where they never fence you in,
She could go north, let 'em blow in the wind.
Anywhere at all that's a far cry from him.

(That's a far cry, that's a far cry.)
That's a far cry from him.

(That's a far cry, that's a far cry.)
That's a far cry from him.

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