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The Walkabouts "The Leaving Kind"

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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...

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