

Time For Leaving

Big Country

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 up my things and go
Head on down to Australia
Just strap on some wings and I'll blow
Right here in my time, right here in my mind
Right here in my life, this is a 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 I 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 I'll blow
Right here in my time, right here in my mind
Right here in my life, this is a time for leaving

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

This is a time
Listen to the city fall
Listen to the warm wind call
Listen to me my love

This is a time for leaving
Right here in my time, right here in my mind
Right here in my life, this is a time for leaving
This is a time for leaving