

## Leaving Song

Black

Hand me my five and dime  
Pass me my shirt hung on the line  
I'll polish up my boots and then take the first plane stateside  
I can find

It's a handicap to try to see this far  
When this place seems so cramped and small  
In these streets they whisper legends  
And it seems that I'm riding for a fall  
I'm leaving, I'm leaving

All of my sense is shot  
The streets are like a premonition of a crime  
I wrote without you and I took the first plane stateside I could find

If they could they would have stopped me  
They'd say I'm gaping at a dream  
I'm leaving, I'm leaving

So I polish up my brand new car  
Then take my tunes from door to door  
I try not to see their faces as I'm dealing out my aces  
The horizon seems so far away

From a penthouse for a king and queen  
I expected more of the stuff of dreams

If they can they like to get their man and cut him right down to his knees  
And I'm leaving, once again I'm leaving  
I'm leaving, once again I'm leaving  
I'm reeling, and once again I'm leaving