

Goin' Down the Road

The Wailin' Jennys

In the isle of Cape Breton my father did stay
And his father's father before
Fishing the banks and digging for coal
From the mines that don't give no more ore

I remember the fishing boats returning so gay
Their nets with the silver cod blessed
But they couldn't compete with the company fleets
Now it's welfare, relief, or go west

So I'm goin' down the road, boys
Seeking what I'm owed, boys
And I know it must get better
If far enough I go

I came to the city with the sun in my eyes
My mouth full of laughter and dreams
But all that I found was concrete and dust
And hard times sold in vending machines

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