

# 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