

Going South

Dead Moon

Bring me my whiskey
I'm checking out
Gonna be a long time, girl
I'm going south
Shot up the mountain
Robbed that train
No way out, little girl
To get away clean

The sheriff's like lightning
Raised from the dead
A bullet with my name, little girl
Came at my head
Two-time loser
Breaking the law
Can't get away, little girl, because
A somebody saw

The sheriff is coming - found me out
The lines of confusion are burning me down
I know what I done - lotta men do
But all that I wanted was to get home to you
Baby, I'm going south

So bring me my whiskey
In the tallest glass
Gonna be a long time, little girl
But it might be the last
Take me down to Folsom
Sheriff John Law
Flirting with death, little girl
Somebody talked