

The sun that's falling from the southwestern sky  
Tells me that I must depart,  
So, by sundown today, I'll be on my way,  
But I'll be leaving my heart.  
It's not the countryside that appealed to my eyes,  
It's the spirit and it captured my mind,  
But the things I tried to be made a wreck out of me,  
Now a different road, I must find.  
These things I think are new, I guess they're really old,  
It seems I've done 'em once before  
Now, to go back to that fork in the road,  
Takes all the strength of my soul and more.  
Oh, goodbye, goodbye you cruel town,  
You've been a fair-weather friend,  
Now I will go to some places that I know  
Where things don't start just to end.  
These things I think are new, I guess they're really old,  
It seems that I've done 'em once before,  
Now, to go back to that fork in the road,  
Takes all the strength of my soul and more.  
Oh, goodbye, good goodbye you cruel town,  
You've been a fair-weather friend,  
Now I will go to some place that I know  
Where things don't start just to end.