

# Goodbye (To All That)

The Walkabouts

Wisecracks and hijacks  
And contracts to sell  
Old wine in new bottles  
Times are the same  
Diggin' the ditch quick  
And quick to escape  
The patent is pending  
On flood tides and bones  
Goodbye  
To all that  
Goodbye  
To all that

Brittle and hollow  
And sharp as the hills  
It hasn't rained on us  
In 25 years  
Home fires burning  
The branches of trees  
No train well  
No train has ever stopped here

Goodbye  
To all that  
Goodbye  
To all that

Wake it up  
Wake it up  
Wake it up  
Wake it up  
Wake it up

Short cut to nowhere  
Long haul to desperate  
Roots in the cellar  
And bombs in the pipes.  
Don't call me river  
I'd rather be nameless  
River don't choose  
What she carries away

Goodbye  
To all that  
Goodbye  
To all that

Wake it up  
Wake it up  
Wake it up  
Wake it up  
Wake it up