

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
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Wake it up
Wake it up
Wake it up