

The Stopping-Off Place

The Walkabouts

well the fog's rollin' thick in the trees
and the fire burns deep in the hole
my conscience a wound with no salve
it betrays me wherever I go
said the best way a man can go down
is to die with his face to the street
and you guessed that the
way I'd go down
like a gambler who rolls off to sleep
but that night on the mountain,
I staged my own death
left my clothes scattered far
down the trail
and I dreamed of your neck,
your raven-haired crown
with no trace, I jumped over the rail
Move along, cannot stay
The Stoppin'-off place
Move along, cannot stay
The Stoppin'-off place
plain clothes knows nothin' bout me
and plain clothes knows
nothin' bout you
he'll call off the chase in a snap
he'll give up the chase if you ask
and I promised to you, that I'd
see my way clear
and I'd come back to get
you someday
with silver for teeth and blood
in my hair
I'd come back and get you someday
Move along, cannot stay
The Stoppin'-off place
Move along, cannot stay
The Stoppin'-off place
Move along, cannot stay
The Stoppin'-off place
Move along, cannot stay
The Stoppin'-off place