

## 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  
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