

C G C

I'd rather be in some dark hollow

F C

Where the sun don't ever shine

C7 F

Than to be at home knowing that you're gone

C G

Would cause me to lose my mind

CH

So blow your whistle freight train

Carry me further on down the track

I'm going away, I'm leaving today

I'm going but I ain't coming back

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I'd rather be in some dark hollow

Where the sun don't ever shine

Than to be in some big city

In a small room with your love on my mind

Chorus

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