# Going South

## Indian Jewelry

Bring me my whiskey
I'm checking out
Gonna be a long time, girl
I'm going south
Shot up the mountain
Robbed that train
No way out, little girl
To get away cleanThe sheriff's like lightning
Raised from the dead
A bullet with my name, little girl
Came at my head
Two-time loser
Breaking the law
Can't get away, little girl, because
A somebody sawThe sheriff ist coming - found me out
The lines of confusion are burning me down
I know what I done - lotta men do
But all that I wanted was to get home to you
Baby, I'm going southSo bring me my whiskey
In the tallest glass
Gonna be a long time, little girl
But it might be the last
Take me down to folsom
Sheriff john law
Flirting with death, little girl
Somebody talked

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