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Title: Going South

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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 clean

The 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 saw

The sheriff is 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 south

So 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