

Five hundred miles / Hedy West

If you miss the train I`m on, you will know that I am gone
you can hear the wistle blow one hundred miles.

One hundred miles, one hundred miles, one hundred miles,
one hundred miles
you can hear the wistle blow one hundred miles.

Lord I`m one, Lord I`m two, Lord I`m three, Lord I`m four
Lord I`m five hundred miles from my home.

Five hundred miles, five hundred miles, five hundred miles,
five hundred miles
Lord I`m five hundred miles from my home.

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name,
Lord I can`t go a home thisaway.

Thisaway, thisaway, thisaway, thisaway
Lord I can`t go a home thisaway.

Wiederhole erste Strophe