Leaving of Liverpool (New Version)

Leaving of Liverpool (New Version)
(Bob Dylan)

Fare thee well, my own true love
I'm leaving the first hour of the morn
I'm bound for the Bay of Mexico
Or maybe the coast of Californ

So fare thee well, my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It's not the leaving that's grieving me
But my own true love who's bound to stay behind

The weather is against me, the wind blows hard
And the sun she's turning into hail
But I still might strike it lucky on a highway going West
Tho I'm traveling a path, beating a trail

I'll write you a letter from time to time
As I'm rambling you can travel with me too
With my hands and my head and my heart, my love
I will send what I know back to you

There's a place that I heard of where I might as well be bound
Down round the Mexico plain
And they say that the people all are friendly there
All they ask of you is your name

I'll tell you of the laughter and the trouble
Be they someone else's or my own
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar turned high
I will travel unnoticed and unknown

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A Bob Dylan rewrite of a traditional song
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