Dark Hollow

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
G C
Would cause me to lose my mind.

Chorus:
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.

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: