

Going south

1

**A}** When things start going south  
It's always winter in the north  
Even if that's not what's meant  
Seasons change in any event

Em  
F  
Em  
F

**B}** We see what we must see  
    and ignore the rest  
Hoping that the enemy  
    will do the same  
Our enemies despise us  
    as we despise them  
Even if weren't enemies  
    never would be friends

Am  
F  
Am  
F  
Em  
F  
Am  
F

**A}** The flocks sense winter's coming  
Their down thickens daily  
They've eaten all of what was left  
Fattened for the journey

**B}** The hunter in his bivouac  
    aiming at the sky  
The flocks try not to notice,  
    knowing they will die  
Our enemies seek our weakness  
    as we seek theirs  
What we have in common  
    we refuse to share

Going south

2

**A}** It's never too late, that's what's said  
But that old homeless guy, thinks otherwise  
In his blanket, under a Douglas Fir  
Protects him a little from the weather

Em  
F  
Em  
F

**B}** He's never seen a dentist,  
has a toothbrush doesn't floss  
There's a place he can take his clothes  
If he does nothing comes back  
in the wash it disintegrates  
so He's an expert in a dumpster,  
sometimes clothes often food  
some of it is edible.

Am  
F  
Am  
F  
Em  
F  
Am  
F

**A}** Doesn't smoke, too expensive,  
spare change doesn't exist anymore  
Cards provide what's desired  
but what's desired

*(slight pause)*

***Outro;***

Is going south, It's all going south.

Am | F 2x