

# Neil Young, Ambulance Blues

Back in the old folky days  
The air was magic when we played.  
The riverboat was rockin'  
in the rain  
Midnight was the time  
for the raid.

Oh, Isabela, proud Isabela,  
They tore you down and  
plowed you under.  
You're only real  
with your make-up on  
How could I see you  
and stay too long?

All along the Navajo Trail,  
Burn-outs stub their toes  
on garbage pails.  
Waitresses are cryin'  
in the rain  
Will their boyfriends  
pass this way again?

Oh, Mother Goose,  
she's on the skids  
Shoe ain't happy,  
neither are the kids.  
She needs someone  
that she can scream at  
And I'm such a heel  
for makin' her feel so bad.

I guess I'll call it  
sickness gone  
It's hard to say  
the meaning of this song.  
An ambulance can only  
go so fast  
It's easy to get buried  
in the past  
When you try to make  
a good thing last.

I saw today  
in the entertainment section  
There's room at the top  
for private detection.  
To Mom and Dad  
this just doesn't matter,  
But it's either that  
or pay off the kidnapper.

So all you critics sit alone  
You're no better than me  
for what you've shown.  
With your stomach pump and  
your hook and ladder dreams  
We could get together  
for some scenes.

I never knew a man  
could tell so many lies  
He had a different story  
for every set of eyes.

How can he remember  
who he's talkin' to?  
'Cause I know it ain't me,  
and I hope it isn't you.

Well, I'm up in T.O.  
keepin' jive alive,  
And out on the corner  
it's half past five.  
But the subways are empty  
And so are the cafes.

Except for the Farmer's Market  
And I still can hear him say:  
You're all just pissin'  
in the wind  
You don't know it but you are.

And there ain't nothin'  
like a friend  
Who can tell you  
you're just pissin'  
in the wind.

I never knew a man  
could tell so many lies  
He had a different story  
for every set of eyes  
How can he remember  
who he's talking to?  
Cause I know it ain't me,  
and hope it isn't you.