

# Neil Young, Bad News

Bad news is come to town  
He's walking  
three feet off the ground  
He's ordering another round.  
Bound by his own ideas,  
Lost, doesn't know  
where she is found.

Bad news is fighting mad  
He went and lost  
the biggest prize  
he ever had  
But a prizefighter  
can't be sad  
When he smiles under  
golden lights and lamps  
Taking daylight fights  
again and again.

Bad news is come to town  
He's walking  
three feet off the ground  
He's ordering another round.  
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Lost, doesn't know  
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