

# Neil Young, Bound For Glory

Out on the trans-Canada highway  
There was a girl  
hitchhiking with her dog  
Fireflies buzzin' round her head  
Like candles in the fog.

He was three miles down the road  
Tryin' to stay up,  
but he knew that he couldn't  
She was looking  
for a ride through the night  
But out there, who wouldn't.

They were bound for glory  
Bound for living on the edge  
They were bound for each other  
Like two comets heading for a bed.

She had a new way of living  
New way of looking at life  
He had an  
'84 International and two kids  
He left back home with his wife.

He was tired of  
writin' letters to himself  
And living in the dark  
She was open to suggestions  
And some say  
she had a broken heart.

He had everything he wanted  
'Til it all  
turned out to be a job  
One fallen asleep trucker  
And a girl  
hitchhiking with her dog.

They were bound for glory  
Bound for living on the edge  
They were bound for each other  
Like two comets heading for a bed.

She had a new way of living  
New way of looking at life  
He had an  
'84 International and two kids  
He left back home with his wife.

Out on the trans-Canada highway  
The sun came climbing up the cab  
By the time it hit the window  
they were wakin' up  
From what little sleep they had.

When that heat hit the blankets  
They were looking  
for love at second sight  
Just starin' in each others' eyes  
Findin' it in the mornin' light.

They were bound for glory  
Bound for living on the edge  
They were bound for each other

Like two blankets layin' on a bed.

She had a new way of living  
New way of looking at life  
He had an  
'84 International and two kids  
He left back home with his wife.