

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.