

# Neil Young, Comin' Apart At Every Nail

It's awful hard to find a job  
On one side the government,  
the other the mob  
Hey, hey ain't that right  
The workin' man's in  
for a hell of a fight.

Oh, this country  
sure looks good to me  
But these fences are  
comin' apart at every nail.

Way up on the old dew line  
Some of the boys were feelin' fine  
A big light flashed across the sky  
But somethin' else went slippin' by  
Meanwhile at the Pentagon  
The brass was a wonderin'  
what went wrong.

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