

Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Throw Your Hatred Down

Here in the conscious world
We place our theories down
Why man must bring us to our knees
Before he sees the weakness of his sinful plan
The power in his hand
Will never touch a friend

Throw your hatred down
Throw your hatred down

Meanwhile in the underworld
The weaknesses are seen
By peasants and presidents
Who plan the counter-scheme
Children in the schoolyard
Finish choosing teams
Divided by their dreams
While a TV screams

Throw your weapons down
Throw your weapons down

The wheel of fortune
Keeps on rollin' down
The street that's paved with sinful plans
There but for circumstance
May go you or I
Dressed in gold lame
Find a place to stay

Throw your hatred down
Throw your hatred down
Throw your hatred down
Throw your weapons down