

Neil Young, Driveby

It's a random kind of thing
Came upon a delicate flower
I can't believe
a machine gun sings
Driveby, driveby,
driveby, driveby

Well he borrowed
his girlfriend's car
Went out riding with the boys
Now she's gone
like a shooting star
Driveby, driveby,
driveby, driveby

Now she's gone
like a shooting star
Trail of dreams
tragic trail of fire
Now she's gone
like a shooting star
Driveby, driveby,
driveby, driveby

Well you feel invincible
It's just a part of life
There's a feud going on
and you don't know
Driveby, driveby,
driveby, driveby