

Neil Young, Grey Riders

The night was cold
And the wind was howling
I was awoken by the sound
Of hoof beats pounding.

Outside the window,
on the ground
Our hound dog was growling
Grey Riders flew across my lawn
I looked again
and they all were gone.

That voice was calling
And it cut through the night
Come on boys, let her go.

Up on a hill
They rode in one long column
They were freezing with the chills
Of the new day dawning.

Their hair long and grey
They heard just one voice calling
Grey Riders on the morning sky,
The sun made diamonds
of their road-weary eyes.

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And it cut through the night
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