

# 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.

That voice is calling  
And it cut through the night  
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