

Neil Young, Here We Are In The Years

Now that the holidays have come
They can relax and watch the sun
Rise above all
of the beautiful things
They've done.

Go to the country take the dog
Look at the sky without the smog
See the world laugh
at the farmers feeding hogs
Eat hot dogs.

What a pity
That the people from the city
Can't relate to the slower things
That the country brings.

Time itself is bought and sold.
The spreading fear of growing old
Contains a thousand foolish games
That we play.

While people
planning trips to stars
Allow another boulevard to claim
A quiet country lane
It's insane.

So the subtle face is a loser
This time around.
Here we are in the years
Where the showman
shifts the gears
Lives become careers
Children cry in fear
Let us out of here!