

# 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!