

Neil Young, In Tune With You

When you see the golden trigger
Stand before your eyes
By the time you stop to figure
Lady Wingshot flies away.

You are so inviting
And I feel so in tune with you.
Your draw is fast as lightning
My eyes are captured by your moves.

You ride in three-ring splendor
I find I'm rising with the crowd
Too small for you to see me
Although I'm yelling right out loud.

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Stand before your eyes
By the time you stop to figure
Lady Wingshot flies away.

You are so inviting
And I feel so in tune with you.
Your draw is fast as lightning
My eyes are captured by your moves.

My my, Lady Wingshot
Why can't you slow down in a crowd.
Bye bye, Lady Wingshot,
Each blow is ringing true and loud.