

Neil Young, Lady Wingshot

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.