Neil Young, Let Your Fingers Do The Walking

Back in the days of covered wagons
A man had his own way
Whether talkin' to a woman
Or crossing the U.S.A.
No telephones were ringing
No angry words exchanged.
I wish I was back in the saddle now
Riding on the range.

Let your fingers do the walking
Call me up some time
I'm listed under Broken Hearts
Looking for a good time.
I can't reach out and touch you
You're hung up on the line
I'm your disconnected number now
And you're a private line.

Well, I used to be so happy,
When you gave good 'phone.
I could call you up from anywhere
For a little bit of home
But now my heart is aching
After every call
By the way you talk you'd think
You never gave good 'phone at all.

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