

# Neil Young, Saddle Up The Palomino

Oh, oh, Carmelina,  
The daughter  
of the wealthy banker.  
Since she came to town  
all my friends are gone,  
And I'm stuck  
out here with melody.

Saddle up the palomino,  
the sun is going down.  
The way I feel,  
this must be real.

If you can't cut it,  
don't pick up the knife.  
There's no reward  
in your conscience stored  
When you're sleepin'  
with another man's wife.

Saddle up the palomino,  
the sun is going down.  
The way I feel,  
this must be real.

I wanna lick the platter,  
the gravy doesn't matter.  
It's a cold bowl of chili  
when love lets you down,  
But it's the neighbor's wife  
I'm after.

Saddle up the palomino,  
the sun is going down.  
The way I feel,  
this must be real.