

# Neil Young, Stringman

You can say the soul is gone  
And the feeling is just not there  
Not like it was so long ago.

On the empty page before you  
You can fill in what you care  
Try to make it new before you go.

Take the simple case of the sarge  
Who can't go back to war  
'Cause the hippies  
tore down everything  
that he was fighting for.

Or the lovers on the blankets  
That the city turned to whores  
With memories  
of green kissed by the sun.

You can say the soul is gone  
And close another door  
Just be sure  
that yours is not the one.

And I'm singing for the stringman  
Who lately lost his wife  
There is no dearer friend of mine  
That I know in this life.

On his shoulder rests a violin  
For his head where chaos reigns  
But his heart  
can't find a simple way  
To live with all those things.

All those things  
He's a stringman  
A stringman  
All those strings to pull