

Neil Young, The Great Divide

In the canyons of the great divide
Familiar places
that we can run and hide
Are filled with strangers
Walking in our houses alone

In the great divide
Nothing to decide
No one else to care for or love
In the great divide
You won't fit in too well

On the horses of the carousel
She rides alone with you and me
She rides like she knows
Wherever she goes, we'll be there

On the carousel
Life is going well
Anyone can tell, we're in love
On the Carousel
You're gonna like the way you feel

You and I we got caught down there
In the twisted canyons
of the great divide
We walked the floor
Now we don't go there anymore

In the great divide
Nothing to decide
No one else to care for or love
In the great divide
You don't fit in too well

In the great divide
Nothing to decide
No one else to care for or love
In the great divide
You won't fit in too well