

# Neil Young, The Old Homestead

Up and down the old homestead  
The naked rider gallops  
through his head  
And although the moon isn't full  
He still feels the pull.

Out on the floor  
where the cowboys dance  
Approaching slowly at a glance  
Here comes the shadow of his stance  
The reins are fallin'  
from his hands.

Why do you ride that crazy horse?  
Inquires the shadow  
with little remorse  
Just then a priest  
comes down the stairs  
With a sack of dreams  
and old nightmares.

Who are you, the rider says  
You dress in black  
but you talk like a Fed  
You spout ideas  
from books that you read  
Don't you care about  
this guy's head?

Just then the sound  
of hoofbeats was heard  
And the sky was darkened  
by a prehistoric bird  
Who flew between  
the unfulfilled moon  
And the naked rider,  
to a telephone booth.

We'll call the moon  
and see what's up  
I've got some change  
in this little tin cup  
We'll say that  
the shadow is growin' dim  
And we need some light  
to get back to him  
Just one call should do it all  
I'll carve this number on the wall  
With my beak.

Flying feathers were all around  
The air was filled  
with a ringing sound.  
Two more birds,  
the second and the third  
Came down from the sky  
to deliver the word.

Where have you been,  
they said to the first  
Get back to the clouds,  
we're dying of thirst  
There's not enough time  
to make that call

Let's ditch this rider,  
shadow and all.

The sky was filled  
with the beautiful birds  
Still on the ground  
some crying was heard  
With his dime in his hand  
and his hand on the dial  
His ears were sweating  
as he forced a smile.

Hoofbeats beating across the range  
He rode through the night  
with his cup of change  
Tired and beaten  
he fell into slumber  
But up in the sky  
they still had his number.

Up and down the old homestead  
The naked rider gallops  
through his head  
And although the moon isn't full  
He still feels the pull,  
Still feels the pull.