

# Neil Young, Time Fades Away

Fourteen junkies  
too weak to work  
One sells diamonds  
for what they're worth  
Down on pain street,  
disappointment lurks  
Son, don't be home too late.  
Try to get back by eight  
Son, don't wait  
till the break of day  
'Cause you know  
how time fades away.  
Time fades away  
You know how time fades away.

All day presidents  
look out windows  
All night sentries  
watch the moonglow  
All are waiting till  
the time is right  
Son, don't be home too late  
Try to get back by eight  
Son, don't wait  
till the break of day  
'Cause you know  
how time fades away.  
Time fades away  
You know how time fades away.

Back in Canada I spent my days  
Riding subways through a haze  
I was handcuffed,  
I was born & raised  
Son, don't be home too late  
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