

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Don't Let It Bring Y

Old man sitting by the side of the road
With the lorries rolling by
Blue moon sinking from the weight of the load
And the building scrape the sky
Cold wind ripping down the alley at dawn
And the morning paper flies
Dead man lying by the side of the road
With the daylight in his eyes

Don't let it bring you down
It's only castles burnning
Find someone who's turning
And you will come around

Blind man running through the light of the night
With an answer in his hand
Come on down to the river of sight
And you can really understand
Red lights flashing through the window in the rain
Can you hear the sirens moan
White cane lying in a gutter in the lane
If you're walking home alone