

# Neil Young, Big Green Country

Across the plain  
flew the lone grey rider  
Leather bag  
pounding on his back  
Above the clouds the moon  
was climbing higher  
A pack of wolves wanted  
their money back

With folded arms  
the chief stood watching  
Painted braves  
slipped down the hill  
In his ears  
the spirit talking  
As they closed in  
For an easy kill

At the house  
the door was wide open  
Wind blew  
curtains off the rod  
She was waiting and hoping  
She was praying to her god

He was luckier than most men  
He was barely in his prime  
As she stood there  
in the doorway  
Her long dress flowing  
Would he make it this time

[solo]

Over the hill  
in the big green country  
That's the place where  
the cancer cowboy rides  
Pure as the driven snow  
before it got him  
Sometimes I feel like  
he's all right

Sometimes I feel  
like a piece of paper  
Sometimes I feel  
like my own name  
Sometimes I feel  
different later  
Sometimes I feel  
I feel just the same

[solo]