

Neil Young, Country Home

I don't like to go down to flats
'Cause I can't park on a hill
Instead getting a rolling start
I have to pay the bill.

I guess I need that city life
It sure has lots of style
But pretty soon it wears me out
And I have to think to smile.

I'm thankful for my country home
It gives me peace of mind
Somewhere I can walk alone
And leave myself behind.

It's only someone else's potatoes
You pickin' someone else's patch
And if you go down there anyway
It very seldom lasts.

I found that out once long ago
And it sure got me confused
I still don't know which way to go
To lose those old spud blues.

I'm thankful for my country home
It gives me peace of mind
Somewhere I can walk alone
And leave myself behind.