

Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Ambulance Blues

Back in the old folky days
The air was magic when we played.
The riverboat was rockin' in the rain
Midnight was the time for the raid.

Oh, Isabela, proud Isabela,
They tore you down and plowed you under.
You're only real with your make-up on
How could I see you and stay too long?

All along the Navajo Trail,
Burn-outs stub their toes on garbage pails.
Waitresses are cryin' in the rain
Will their boyfriends pass this way again?

Oh, Mother Goose, she's on the skids
Sure ain't happy, neither are the kids.
She needs someone that she can scream at
And I'm such a heel for makin' her feel so bad.

I guess I'll call it sickness gone
It's hard to say the meaning of this song.
An ambulance can only go so fast
It's easy to get buried in the past
When you try to make a good thing last.

I saw today in the entertainment section
There's room at the top for private detection.
To Mom and Dad this just doesn't matter,
But it's either that or pay off the kidnapper.

So all you critics sit alone
You're no better than me for what you've shown.
With your stomach pump and your hook and ladder dreams
We could get together for some scenes.

I never knew a man could tell so many lies
He had a different story for every set of eyes.
How can he remember who he's talkin' to?
'Cause I know it ain't me, and I hope it isn't you.

Well, I'm up in T.O. keepin' jive alive,
And out on the corner it's half past five.
But the subways are empty
And so are the cafes.

Except for the Farmer's Market
And I still can hear him say:
You're all just pissin' in the wind
You don't know it but you are.

And there ain't nothin' like a friend
Who can tell you you're just pissin' in the wind.

I never knew a man could tell so many lies
He had a different story for every set of eyes
How can he remember who he's talking to?
Cause I know it ain't me, and hope it isn't you.