

Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Big Green Country

Across the plain flew the lone grey rider
Leather bang 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

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