

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Driveby

It's a random kind of thing  
Came upon a delicate flower  
I can't believe a machine gun sings  
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby

Well he borrowed his girlfriend's car  
Went out riding with the boys  
Now she's gone like a shooting star  
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby

Now she's gone like a shooting star  
Trail of dreams Tragic trail of fire  
Now she's gone like a shooting star  
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby

Well you feel invincible  
It's just a part of life  
There's a feud going on and you don't know  
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby