

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, For The Turnstiles

All the sailors with their seasick mamas  
Hear the sirens on the shore,  
Singin' songs for pimps with tailors  
Who charge ten dollars at the door.

You can really learn a lot that way  
It will change you in the middle of the day.  
Though your confidence may be shattered,  
It doesn't matter.

All the great explorers  
Are now in granite laid, (in Granite Lake?)  
Under white sheets for the great unveiling  
At the big parade.

You can really learn a lot that way  
It will change you in the middle of the day.  
Though your confidence may be shattered,  
It doesn't matter.

All the bushleague batters  
Are left to die on the diamond.  
In the stands the home crowd scatters  
For the turnstiles,  
For the turnstiles,  
For the turnstiles.