

Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Leave The Driving

Out on the old coast highway
Flying through the night
Jed got stopped by the CHP
For speedin' and no brake lights

Rolled down the driver's window
Slipped his gun down under the seat
The glove-box full of cocaine
The trunk was full of weed

"Driver's license and registration,"
Said the officer with his flashlight
Search around the floor, look hard
Smellin' like something ain't right

Jed's life flashed before him
Like a black and white super-8
He heard the sound of the future
On a scratchy old 78

Nothing was still, all was moving
When the flashlight found the gun
Then Jed pulled the trigger
In a split-second tragic blunder

"It makes you think about living
And what life has to tell"
Said Jed to Grandpa
From inside his cell

Camouflage hung in his closet
Guns all over the wall
Plans for buildings and engineers
And a book with no numbers at all

The whole town was stunned
They closed the coast highway for twelve hours
No one could get in
Jed was one of ours

Meanwhile across the ocean
Living in the internet
Is the cause of an explosion
No one has heard yet

But there's no need to worry
There's no reason to fuss
Just go on about your work now
And leave the drivin' to us

And we'll be watching you
No matter what you do
And you can do your part
By watching others too

Grandpa put down the paper
Staring in disbelief
Jed had always been good to him
Never gave him any grief

The moral of this story
Is try not to get too old
The more time you spend on earth
The more you see unfold

And as an afterthought
This must, too, be told
Some people have taken pure bullshit
And turned it into gold