

# 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