

Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Shots

Shots

Ringed all along the borders can be heard
Striking out like a venom in the sky
Cutting through the air faster than a bird
In the night.

Children

Are lost in the sand, building roads with little hands
Trying to join their father's castles together again
Will they make it? Who knows where or when
Old wounds will mend?

Machines

Are winding their way along, looking strong
Building roads and bringing back loads and loads
Of building materials
In the night

Men

Are trying to move the borders on the ground
Lines between the different spots that each has found
But back home another scene was going down
In the night.

Lust

Comes creepin' through the night to feed on hearts
Of suburban wives who learned to pretend
When they met their dream's end
In the night.

Shots

I hear shots, I keep hearing shots
I keep hearing shots
I hear shots.

Shots

I hear shots, I keep hearing shots
I keep hearing shots
I hear shots.

But I'll never use your love,
You know I'm not that kind
And so if you give your heart away
I promise to you
Whatever we do
That I will always be true.