

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, The Last Trip To Tulsa

Well, I used to drive a cab, you know  
I heard a siren scream  
Pulled over to the corner  
And I fell into a dream  
There were two men eating pennies  
And three young girls who cried  
The West coast is falling,  
I see rocks in the sky.  
The preacher took his bible  
And laid it on the stool.  
He said: with the congregation running,  
Why should I play the fool?

Well, I used to be a woman, you know  
I took you for a ride,  
I let you fly my airplane  
It looked good for your pride.  
'Cause you're the kind of man you know  
Who likes what he says.  
I wonder what's it's like  
To be so far over my head.  
Well, the lady made the wedding  
And she brought along the ring.  
She got down on her knees  
And said: Let's get on with this thing.

Well, I used to be a folk singer  
Keeping managers alive,  
When you saw me on a corner  
And told me I was jive.  
So I unlocked your mind, you know  
To see what I could see.  
If you guarantee the postage,  
I'll mail you back the key.  
Well I woke up in the morning  
With an arrow through my nose  
There was an Indian in the corner  
Tryin' on my clothes.

Well, I used to be asleep you know  
With blankets on my bed.  
I stayed there for a while  
'Til they discovered I was dead.  
The coroner was friendly  
And I liked him quite a lot.  
If I hadn't 've been a woman  
I guess I'd never have been caught.  
They gave me back my house and car  
And nothing more was said.

Well, I was driving down the freeway  
When my car ran out of gas.  
Pulled over to the station  
But I was afraid to ask.  
The servicemen were yellow  
And the gasoline was green.  
Although I knew I couldn't  
I thought that I was gonna scream.  
That was on my last trip to Tulsa  
Just before the snow.  
If you ever need a ride there,  
Be sure to let me know.

I was chopping down a palm tree

When a friend dropped by to ask  
If I would feel less lonely  
If he helped me swing the axe.  
I said: No, it's not a case of being lonely  
We have here,  
I've been working on this palm tree  
For eighty seven years  
I said: No, it's not a case of being lonely  
We have here,  
I've been working on this palm tree  
For eighty seven years  
He said: Go get lost!  
And walked towards his Cadillac.  
I chopped down the palm tree  
And it landed on his back.

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