

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Without Rings

Someone's hiding out &!--Someone's hanging out--&gt;  
who can't forget about &!--We can't forget about--&gt;  
Things that people do when they're free.  
Like visitors from space  
It's hard to find a place  
To blend in and go unrecognized.

I'm waiting for a sign  
I'm standing on the road  
My mind outstretched to you  
I'm picking something up  
I'm letting something go  
Like a dog I'm fetching this for you.

Pictures in my mind  
Rows of poppy fields  
Harmony entwined  
Changing gears that grind  
Pictures in my mind.

Pictures in my brain  
Electrical energy  
Fighting drugs with pain  
There's a war inside  
Pictures in my brain.

I'm looking for a job  
I don't know what I'm doing  
My software's not compatible with you.  
But this I can't deny  
I know that you can fly  
'cause I'm here on the ground without you.

Angel without wings  
Owner without things  
Sharpshooter without rings around you.  
The road we used to ride  
Together side by side  
Has flowers pushing through the dotted line.