

Neil Young, Goin' Home

On the hill where Custer was,
Making his last stand,
With the Indians all around,
And his gun in his hand.

Such a wind was blowing that day,
Through the battleground,
I could feel it in my hair,
As I turned towards downtown.

Weaving through the buildings,
Cutting through the streets,
Slicing through the culture,
Piling on the weeks.

Going home, I'm going home.
Going home, I'm going home.
Going home.

Dropping in on you my friend,
Is just like old times,
Said the fool who signed the paper,
To assorted slimes.

It's hard to get blood from a stone
But for you I'll give it a try,
To provide your accommodations,
And leave you satisfied.

You'd think it was easy,
To give your life away,
To not have to live up to,
The promises you made.

Going home, I'm going home.
Going home, I'm going home.
Going home.

Elusively she cut the phone,
Moved from cell to cell,
Really looking remarkable,
And obviously doing well.

She made a turn on a wooden bridge,
Into the battleground,
With a thousand warriors on the ridge,
She tried to turn her radio down.

Battle drums were pounding,
All around her car,
She saw her clothes were changing,
Into sky and stars.

Going home, I'm going home.
Going home, I'm going home.
Going home, I'm going home.
Going home, I'm going home.
Going home.