

Neil Young, Hard Luck Stories

Don't tell me hard luck stories
And I won't tell you mine
Don't tell me hard luck stories
And I won't tell you mine.

Every time you're feelin' fine
Got another good one on the line
It slips away,
You feel it slip away, slip away.

I don't want no more from you
Won't do what you want me to
Turn me loose
Come on turn me loose,
turn me loose.

Every time I'm feelin' good
The phone rings
and I knock on wood
Hoping that it won't be you
Calling like you always do.

All you ever seem to say is
How much bad luck came your way
You won't try to start again
You just count
on your old friends.

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Now you call up every day
Got no money no place to stay
That girl made a mess of you
You got what was comin' too.

Build her up and let her down
Tastin' everythin' in town
Treat her right, you never
Treat her right, treat her right.

Now she's gone and you're alone
Bite your fingers to the bone
Slip away,
You feel it slip away, slip away.

You don't know what's goin' on
How you lost it, what went wrong
What ever happened to
The love that you once knew.

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