

# Neil Young, Interstate

Children are laughing  
in the sun  
I count the voices  
one by one  
But I'm not there  
to share the fun  
I'm out on the interstate  
I can hear  
a soft voice calling  
Calling me  
to bring my guitar home.

I'm happy singing  
in a crowd  
The lights are bright,  
the music's loud  
I like to look  
in every face  
But out on the interstate  
I can hear  
a soft voice calling  
Calling me  
to bring my guitar home.

Out in the dusty  
desert wind  
The fox goes looking  
for a friend  
She sees a light  
around the bend  
I'm out on the interstate  
I can hear  
a soft voice calling  
Calling me  
to bring my guitar home.