

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.