

Neil Young, Lost In Space

Live with me, live with me
Live with me, live with me
Live with me.

Lost in space
I heard you were lost in space
That's such a lonely place
for you to be.

Out of control
Singin' with too much soul
I heard you got out on parole
Workin' for the queen.

Gardening again
Landscape again
Keepin' all the grounds
around her clean
Workin' for the queen.

Don't take out the magic pen
Don't draw on the infinity board
Your buildings, if they rise again
Would do much better
on the ocean floor
They'll never feel the way
they did before
They did before.

Out on the ocean floor,
out on the ocean floor
What could be stranger
than the unknown danger
That lies on the ocean floor?

Breakers crash on the beach
I count them like lambs in my sleep
They come at me steady
They know I'm not ready
They pound on my mattress door
Have they got a big one in store.

Losing you
I heard I was losing you
That's not the only thing
that I got to lose
I got to lose
The deep sea blues
Look at these blues
The deep sea blues

Live with me, live with me.