

Neil Young, Mideast Vacation

I used to watch "Highway Patrol";
Whittlin' with my knife
But the thought never struck me
I'd be black and white for life
I was raised on law and order
I a community of strife
Became a restless boarder
And I never took a wife.

I went lookin' for Khaddafi
Aboard Air Force One
But I never did find him
And the C.I.A. said Son,
You'll never be a hero
Your flyin' days are done
It's time for you to go home now
Stop sniffin' that smokin' gun.

I was travellin' with my family
In the Mideast late one night
In the hotel all was quiet
The kids were out like little lights
Then the street was filled with jeeps
There was an explosion to the right
They chanted "Death to America";
I was feelin' like a fight.

So I ran downstairs
And out into the street
Someone kicked me in the belly
Someone else kissed my feet
I was Rambo in the disco
I was shootin' to the beat
When they burned me in effigy
My vacation was complete.