

# Neil Young, Rent Is Always Due

Your silver child  
suspended in space  
Crying out  
to you  
Beckons you  
to yet another fine place  
Where the trials of life are few

Don't think you're living long  
Who says you are coming on  
They won't remember you  
The rent is always due

The cloudy men  
who take their place  
And stand in line  
they do  
Know not of  
the satin face  
That separates them from you

Just put your blue jeans on  
Grab your guitar and sing a song  
Don't think I'm kidding you  
The rent is always due

She rides a broom  
with gold-plated straw  
She flutters around  
and she cries  
The Brylcream fools  
just standing on  
Digesting all their lives

But then you walk along  
And she starts coming on  
Beneath her melting broom  
The rent is always due