

Neil Young, Sharpshooter

Someone's hanging out,
We can't forget about.
Things that people do
when they're free.
Like visitors from space,
It's hard to find a place,
To blend in and go unrecognized.

I'm waiting for a sign,
I'm standing on the road,
My mind outstretched to you.
I'm picking something up,
I'm letting something go,
Like a dog I'm fetching
this for you.

Pictures in mind:
Rows of poppy fields,
Harmony entwined,
Changing gears that grind.
Pictures in my mind.

Pictures in my brain:
Electrical energy,
Fighting drugs with pain,
There's a war inside.
Pictures in my brain.

I'm looking for a job,
I don't know what I'm doing,
My software's
not compatible with you.
But this I can't deny,
I know that you can fly,
'Cause I'm here
on the ground without you.

Angel without wings,
Owner without things,
Sharpshooter
without rings around you.
The road we used to ride,
Together side by side
Has flowers pushing
through the dotted line.