Neil Young, Walk On

I hear some people
been talkin' me down,
Bring up my name,
pass it 'round.
They don't mention
happy times
They do their thing,
I'll do mine.

Ooh baby,
that's hard to change
I can't tell them
how to feel.
Some get stoned,
some get strange,
But sooner or later
it all gets real.

Walk on, walk on,
Walk on, walk on.

I remember
the good old days,
Stayed up all night
gettin' crazed.
Then the money
was not so good,
But we still did
the best we could.

Ooh baby,
that's hard to change
I can't tell them
how to feel.
Some get stoned,
some get strange,
But sooner or later
it all gets real.

Walk on, walk on,
Walk on, walk on.