

The Byrds, (See The Sky) About To Rain

Written by Neil Young

See the sky about to rain
Locomotive pull the train

Whistle blowin through my brain

Rolling down the track again
Signals curling on an open plain

See the sky, about to rain

Some are bound for happiness
Some are bound for glory

Some are bound to live with less
Who can tell your story

See the sky about to rain
Locomotive pull the train

Whistle blowin through my brain
Signals curling on an open plain
Rolling down the track again

See the sky, about to rain

I was down in Dixie land
Played a silver fiddle
Played it loud and then the man

broke it down the middle

See the sky about to rain