

# Walkabouts, On The Beach

( written by Neil Young )

The world is turning, I hope it don't turn away  
The world is turning, I hope it don't turn away  
All my pictures are falling  
From the wall where I placed them yesterday  
The world is turning, I hope it don't turn away

I need a crowd of people, but I can't face them day to day  
I need a crowd of people, but I can't face them day to day  
Though my problems are meaningless  
That don't make them go away  
I need a crowd of people, but I can't face them day to day

I went to the radio interview, but I ended up alone at the microphone  
I went to the radio interview, but I ended up alone at the microphone  
Now I'm living out here on the beach  
But those seagulls are still out of rach  
I went to the radio interview, but I ended up alone at the microphone

Get outta town, I think I'll get outta town  
Get outta town, I think I'll get outta town  
I head for the stick (mumble mumble mumble)  
I follow a road I don't know where it goes  
Get outta town, I think I'll get outta town

Cos the world is turning, I hope it don't turn away